Shakespeare

KADAMBARI.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

NEW SERIES.

II.

THE

KĀDAMBARĪ OF BĀṆA.

Translated, with Occasional Omissions,

AND ACCOMPANIED BY A FULL ABSTRACT OF THE CONTINUATION OF THE ROMANCE BY THE AUTHOR'S SON BHŪSHAṆABHAṬṬA.

BY

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To

MRS. COWELL,

WHO FIRST TOLD ME

THE STORY OF KĀDAMBARĪ

THIS TRANSLATION

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

'Anenākāraṇāvishkṛitavātsalyena caritena kasya na bandhutvam adhyāropayasi.'

INTRODUCTION.[1]

The story of Kādambarī is interesting for several reasons. It is a standard example of classical prose; it has enjoyed a long popularity as a romance; and it is one of the comparatively few Sanskrit works which can be assigned to a certain date, and so it can serve as a landmark in the history of Indian literature and Indian thought.

THE AUTHOR.

Bāṇabhaṭṭa, its author, lived in the reign of Harshavardhana of Thāṇeçar, the great king mentioned in many inscriptions,[2] who extended his rule over the whole of Northern India, and from whose reign (A.D. 606) dates the Harsha era, used in Nepal. Bāṇa, as he tells us, both in the 'Harsha-Carita' and in the introductory verses of 'Kādambarī,' was a Vātsyāyana Brahman. His mother died while he was yet young, and his father's tender care of him, recorded in the 'Harsha-Carita,'[3] was doubtless in his memory as he recorded the unselfish love of Vaiçampāyana's father in 'Kādambarī'

[1] It is needless to give here more than the few facts essential for the understanding of 'Kādambarī,' for the life and times of Bāṇa will probably be treated of in the translation of the 'Harsha-Carita' by Professor Cowell and Mr. Thomas in this series; and Professor Peterson's Introduction to his edition of 'Kādambarī' (Bombay Sanskrit Series, 1889) deals fully with Bāṇa's place in literature. The facts here given are, for the most part, taken from the latter work.

[2] *E.g.*, the Madhuban grant of Saṃ 25, E. I. i., 67 ff. For this and other chronological references I am indebted to Miss C. M. Duff, who has let me use the MS. of her 'Chronology of India.'

[3] For Bāṇa's early life, *V.* 'Harsha-Carita,' chs. i., ii. I have to thank Mr. F. W. Thomas for allowing me to see the proof-sheets of his translation.

(p. 22). In his youth he travelled much, and for a time 'came into reproach,' by reason of his unsettled life; but the experience gained in foreign lands turned his thoughts homewards, and he returned to his kin, and lived a life of quiet study in their midst. From this he was summoned to the court of King Harsha, who at first received him coldly, but afterwards attached him to his service; and Bāṇa in the 'Harsha-Carita' relates his own life as a prelude to that of his master.

The other works attributed to him are the 'Caṇḍikā-çataka,'[1] or verses in honour of Caṇḍikā; a drama, 'The Pārvatīpariṇaya'; and another, called 'Mukuṭatāḍitaka,' the existence of which is inferred from Guṇavinayagaṇi's commentary on the 'Nalacampū.' Professor Peterson also mentions that a verse of Bāṇa's ('Subhāshitāvali,' 1087) is quoted by Kshemendra in his 'Aucityavicāracarcā,' with a statement that it is part of a description of Kādambarī's sorrow in the absence of Candrāpīḍa, whence, he adds, 'it would seem that Bāṇa wrote the story of Kādambarī in verse as well as in prose,' and he gives some verses which may have come from such a work.

Bāṇa himself died, leaving 'Kādambarī' unfinished, and his son Bhūshaṇabhaṭṭa took it up in the midst of a speech in which Kādambarī's sorrows are told, and continued the speech without a break, save for a few introductory verses in honour of his father, and in apology for his having undertaken the task, 'as its unfinished state was a grief to the good.' He continued the story on the same plan, and with careful, and, indeed, exaggerated, imitation of his father's style.

The story of 'Kādambarī' is a very complex one, dealing as it does with the lives of two heroes, each of whom is reborn twice on earth.

THE PLOT OF KĀDAMBARĪ.

(1-47) A learned parrot, named Vaiçampāyana, was brought by a Caṇḍāla maiden to King Çūdraka, and told him how it was carried from its birthplace in the Vindhyā

[1] Peterson, 'Kādambarī,' pp. 96-98; and 'The Subhāshitāvali,' edited by Peterson (Bombay Sanskrit Series, 1886), pp. 62-66.

Forest to the hermitage of the sage Jābāli, from whom it learnt the story of its former life.

(47-95) Jābāli's story was as follows: Tārāpīḍa, King of Ujjayinī, won by penance a son, Candrāpīḍa, who was brought up with Vaiçampāyana, son of his minister, Çukanāsa. In due time Candrāpīḍa was anointed as Crown Prince, and started on an expedition of world-conquest. At the end of it he reached Kailāsa, and, while resting there, was led one day in a vain chase of a pair of kinnaras to the shores of the Acchoda Lake. (95-141) There he beheld a young ascetic maiden, Mahāçvetā, who told him how she, being a Gandharva princess, had seen and loved a young Brahman Puṇḍarīka; how he, returning her feeling, had died from the torments of a love at variance with his vow; how a divine being had carried his body to the sky, and bidden her not to die, for she should be reunited with him; and how she awaited that time in a life of penance. (141-188) But her friend Kādambarī, another Gandharva princess, had vowed not to marry while Mahāçvetā was in sorrow, and Mahāçvetā invited the prince to come to help her in dissuading Kādambarī from the rash vow. Love sprang up between the prince and Kādambarī at first sight; but a sudden summons from his father took him to Ujjayinī without farewell, while Kādambarī, thinking herself deserted, almost died of grief.

(188-195) Meanwhile news came that his friend Vaiçampāyana, whom he had left in command of the army, had been strangely affected by the sight of the Acchoda Lake, and refused to leave it. The prince set out to find him, but in vain; and proceeding to the hermitage of Mahāçvetā, he found her in despair, because, in invoking on a young Brahman, who had rashly approached her, a curse to the effect that he should become a parrot, she learnt that she had slain Vaiçampāyana. At her words the prince fell dead from grief, and at that moment Kādambarī came to the hermitage.

(195-202) Her resolve to follow him in death was broken by the promise of a voice from the sky that she and

Mahāçvetā should both be reunited with their lovers, and she stayed to tend the prince's body, from which a divine radiance proceeded; while King Tārāpīḍa gave up his kingdom, and lived as a hermit near his son.

(202 to end) Such was Jābāli's tale; and the parrot went on to say how, hearing it, the memory of its former love for Mahāçvetā was reawakened, and, though bidden to stay in the hermitage, it flew away, only to be caught and taken to the Caṇḍāla princess. It was now brought by her to King Çūdraka, but knew no more. The Caṇḍāla maiden thereupon declared to Çūdraka that she was the goddess Lakshmī, mother of Puṇḍarīka or Vaiçampāyana, and announced that the curse for him and Çūdraka was now over. Then Çūdraka suddenly remembered his love for Kādambarī, and wasted away in longing for her, while a sudden touch of Kādambarī restored to life the Moon concealed in the body of Candrāpīḍa, the form that he still kept, because in it he had won her love. Now the Moon, as Candrāpīḍa and Çūdraka, and Puṇḍarīka, in the human and parrot shape of Vaiçampāyana, having both fulfilled the curse of an unsuccessful love in two births on earth, were at last set free, and, receiving respectively the hands of Kādambarī and Mahāçvetā, lived happily ever afterwards.

The plot is involved, and consists of stories within each other after the fashion long familiar to Europeans in the 'Arabian Nights'; but the author's skill in construction is shown by the fact that each of the minor stories is essential to the development of the plot, and it is not till quite the end that we see that Çūdraka himself, the hearer of the story, is really the hero, and that his hearing the story is necessary to reawaken his love for Kādambarī, and so at the same time fulfil the terms of the curse that he should love in vain during two lives, and bring the second life to an end by his longing for reunion. It may help to make the plot clear if the threads of it are disentangled. The author in person tells all that happens to Çūdraka (pp. 3-16 and pp. 205 to end). The parrot's tale (pp. 16-

205) includes that of Jābāli (pp. 47-202) concerning Candrāpīḍa, and Vaiçampāyana the Brahman, with the story told by Mahāçvetā (pp. 101-136) of her love for Puṇḍarīka.

The Story as told in the Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara.

The story as told in the Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara of Somadeva[1] differs in some respects from this. There a Nishāda princess brought to King Sumanas a learned parrot, which told its life in the forest, ended by a hunt in which its father was killed, and the story of its past life narrated by the hermit Agastya. In this story a prince, Somaprabha, after an early life resembling that of Candrāpīḍa, was led in his pursuit of kinnaras to an ascetic maiden, Manorathaprabhā, whose story is that of Mahāçvetā, and she took him, at his own request, to see the maiden Makarandikā, who had vowed not to marry while her friend was unwed. He was borne through the air by a Vidyādhara, and beheld Makarandikā. They loved each other, and a marriage was arranged between them. The prince, however, was suddenly recalled by his father, and Makarandikā's wild grief brought on her from her parents a curse that she should be born as a Nishāda. Too late they repented, and died of grief; and her father became a parrot, keeping from a former birth as a sage his memory of the Çāstras, while her mother became a sow. Pulastya added that the curse would be over when the story was told in a king's court.

The parrot's tale reminded King Sumanas of his former birth, and on the arrival of the ascetic maiden, sent by Çiva, 'who is merciful to all his worshippers,' he again became the young hermit she had loved. Somaprabha, too, at Çiva's bidding, went to the king's court, and at the sight of him the Nishāda regained the shape of Makarandikā, and became his wife; while the parrot 'left the body of a bird, and went to the home earned by his asceticism.' 'Thus,' the story ends, 'the appointed union of human

[1] Translated by Mr. C. Tawney (Calcutta, 1884), vol. ii., pp. 17-26. Somadeva's date is about A.D. 1063.

beings certainly takes place in this world, though vast spaces intervene.'

The main difference between the stories is in the persons affected by the curse; and here the artistic superiority of Bāṇa is shown in his not attaching the degrading forms of birth to Kādambarī or her parents. The horse is given as a present to the hero by Indra, who sends him a message, saying: 'You are a Vidyādhara, and I give you the horse in memory of our former friendship. When you mount it you will be invincible.' The hero's marriage is arranged before his sudden departure, so that the grief of the heroine is due only to their separation, and not to the doubts on which Bāṇa dwells so long. It appears possible that both this story and 'Kādambarī' are taken from a common original now lost, which may be the Bṛihatkathā of Guṇāḍhya.[1] In that case the greater refinement of Bāṇa's tale would be the result of genius giving grace to a story already familiar in a humbler guise.

REFERENCES TO KĀDAMBARĪ IN THE SĀHITYA-DARPAṆA AND ELSEWHERE.

The author of the Sāhitya-Darpaṇa[2] speaks of the Kathā as follows: 'In the Kathā (tale), *which is one of the species of poetical composition in prose*, a poetical matter is represented in verse, and sometimes the Āryā, and sometimes the Vaktra and Apavaktraka are the metres employed in it. It begins with stanzas in salutation to some divinity, as also descriptive of the behaviour of bad men and others.' To this the commentary adds: 'The "Kādambarī" of Bāṇabhaṭṭa is an example.' Professor Peterson corrects the translation of the words 'Kathāyām sarasaṃ vastu padyair eva vinirmitam,' giving as their sense, 'A narration in prose, with here and there a stray verse or two, *of matter already existing in a metrical form*.'[3] According to his rendering, the Kathā is in its essence a story claiming to be based on previous works in verse, whether in this case the original were Bāṇa's own

[1] V. Peterson, 'Kādambarī,' pp. 82-96.
[2] Translated by Ballantyne and Pramadā-Dāsa-Mitra (Calcutta, 1875), § 567. The italics represent words supplied by the translators.
[3] 'Kādambarī,' p. 69.

metrical version of 'Kādambarī,'[1] or the work which was also the original of the Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara story.

The story of Puṇḍarīka and Mahāçvetā receives mention, firstly, for the introduction of death, contrary to the canon; secondly, for the determination of the nature of their sorrow, and its poetic quality, and consequent appeal to the feelings of the reader. Firstly: (§ 215) 'Death, *which is a condition to which one may be brought by love, is not described in poetry and the drama, where the other conditions, such as anxiety, etc., are constantly described*, because it, *instead of enhancing*, causes the destruction of "Flavour."[2] But it may be spoken of (1) as having nearly taken place, or (2) as being mentally wished for; and it is *with propriety* described (3) if there is to be, at no distant date, a restoration to life.' The commentary takes the story of Puṇḍarīka as an example of the third condition, and describes it as a 'case of pathetic separation.' Secondly: (§ 224) 'Either of two young lovers being dead, and being yet to be regained *through some supernatural interposition*, when the one *left behind* is sorrowful, then let it be called the separation of tender sadness' (*karuṇavipralambha*). The commentary gives Mahāçvetā as the instance, and continues: 'But if *the lost one* be not regainable, or regainable *only after transmigration* in another body, the flavour is called the "Pathetic" simply, *there being in this case no room for any admixture of the "Erotic"*; but in the case just mentioned—of Puṇḍarīka and Mahāçveta—immediately on Sarasvatī's declaration from the sky *that the lovers should be reunited*, there is the "Erotic in its form of tender sadness," for desire arises on the expectation of reunion, but PREVIOUSLY *to Sarasvatī's promise* there was the "Pathetic"; such is the opinion of the competent authorities And as for what some say in regard to the case of *Puṇḍarīka and Mahaçveta*, that "moreover AFTER the expectation of reunion, *excited by Sarasvatī's promise to that effect*, there is merely your

[1] Professor Peterson does not, however, make this deduction in favour of Bāṇa's own version.
[2] *I.e.*, *rasa*, poetic charm.

honour's variety of "love in absence," (§ 222) the one which you call "being abroad" (§ 221)—others hold it to be distinct, because of the presence of that distinction, DEATH, *which is something else than merely being abroad.*' These are the passages in which direct mention is made of 'Kādambarī,' and in § 735, which defines special mention (*parisaṃkhyā*) as taking place 'when something is affirmed for the denial, expressed or understood, of something else similar to it,' the commentary adds: 'When founded upon a Paronomasia, it is peculiarly striking, *e.g.*, "When that king, the conqueror of the world, was protecting the earth, the mixture of colours (or castes) was in painting, etc,"—a passage from the description of Çūdraka in "Kādambarī" (p. 5).'

References to Bāṇa in other works are given by Professor Peterson, so that three only need be mentioned here. The first I owe to the kindness of Professor C. Bendall. In a collection of manuscripts at the British Museum (Or., 445-447) 'consisting chiefly of law-books transcribed (perhaps for some European) on European paper in the Telugu-Canarese character,' one, Or., 446 c., the Kāmandakīya-Nīti-Çāstra, contains on folios 128-131 a passage from 'Kādambarī' (pp. 76-84, *infra*)[1] on the consecration of a crown-prince, and the duties and dangers of a king. It forms part of an introduction to the Kāmandakīya-Nīti-Çastra, and occurs without any hint of its being a quotation from another work. The author of the Nalacampū not only writes a verse in honour of Bāṇa,[2] but models his whole style upon him. A curious instance of the long popularity of 'Kādambarī' is that in the 'Durgeçanandinī' by Chattaji, an historical novel, published in 1871, and treating of the time of Akbar, the heroine is represented as reading in her boudoir the romance of 'Kādambarī.'[3]

[1] 'Kādambarī,' Nirṇaya Sāgara Press, Bombay, pp. 205-221. 'Evaṃ samatikrāmatsu—ājagāma.'
[2] Bombay edition, p. 6.
[3] Professor Cowell's review of 'A Bengali Historical Novel.' Macmillan, April, 1872.

THE INTEREST OF 'KĀDAMBARĪ.'

It may be asked What is the value of 'Kādambarī' for European readers? and to different persons the answer will doubtless be different. Historical interest, so far as that depends on the narration of historical facts, appears to be entirely lacking, though it may be that at some future time our knowledge from other sources may be so increased that we may recognise portraits and allusions in what seems now purely a work of romance. But in the wider sense in which history claims to deal with the social ideas that belong to any epoch, 'Kādambarī' will always have value as representing the ways of thinking and feeling which were either customary or welcome at its own time, and which have continued to charm Indian readers. It is indeed true that it probably in many ways does not give a picture of contemporary manners, just as a mediæval illuminated manuscript often represents the dress and surroundings prior to the time of the illuminator, so as to gain the grace of remoteness bestowed by reverence for the past. In India, where change works but slowly, the description of the court and city life, where all the subjects show by outward tokens their sympathy with the joys and sorrows of their ruler, as in a Greek chorus, is vivid in its fidelity.[1] The quiet yet busy life of the hermits in the forest, where the day is spent in worship and in peaceful toils, where at eve the sunbeams 'linger like birds on the crest of hill and tree,' and where night 'darkens all save the hearts of the hermits,' is full of charm.[2]

[1] P. Peterson, 'Kādambarī,' p. 42.

[2] Indeed, this description is so like in spirit to that of Clairvaux, that I cannot forbear quoting a few lines of the latter. The writer describes the workshops where the brethren labour, and the orchard used for rest and quiet thought, and goes on to say how the Aube is raised by the toils of the brethren to the level of the Abbey; it throws half its water into the Abbey, 'as if to salute the brethren, and seems to excuse itself for not coming in its whole force.' Then 'it returns with rapid current to the stream, and renders to it, in the name of Clairvaux, thanks for all the services which it has performed.' The writer then goes on to tell of the fountain which, protected by a grassy pavilion, rises from the mountain, and is quickly engulfed in the valley, 'offering itself to charm the sight and supply the wants of the brethren, as if it were not willing to have communion with any others than saints.' This last is surely a touch worthy

The coronation of the crown prince, the penances performed by the queen to win a son, the reverence paid to Mahākāla, also belong to our picture of the time. The description of Ujjayinī, surrounded by the Siprā, is too general in its terms to give a vivid notion of what it then was. The site of the temple of Mahākāla is still shown outside the ruins of the old town. A point of special interest is the argument against the custom of suicide on the death of a friend. Candrāpīḍa consoles Mahāçvetā that she has not followed her lover in death by saying that one who kills himself at his friend's death makes that friend a sharer in the guilt, and can do no more for him in another world, whereas by living he can give help by sacrifices and offerings. Those, too, who die may not be reunited for thousands of births. In the 'Kathā-Koça'[1] a prince is dissuaded from following his wife to death because 'Even the idea of union with your beloved will be impossible when you are dead'; but the occurrence of the idea in a romance is more noteworthy than in a work which illustrates Jain doctrines. The question of food as affected by caste is touched on also (p. 205), when the Caṇḍāla maiden tells the parrot that a Brahman may, in case of need, receive food of any kind, and that water poured on the ground, and fruit, are pure even when brought by the lowest. Another point to be remarked is the mention of followers of many sects as being present at court. Çiva, especially under the name of Mahākāla at Ujjayinī, receives special worship, and Agni and the Mātṛikās (p. 14) also receive reverence. The zenanas include aged ascetic women (p. 217); followers of the Arhat, Krishṇa, Viçravasa, Avalokiteçvara, and Viriñca (p. 162); and the courtyard of Çukanāsa has Çaivas and followers of Çākyamuni (p. 217), also Kshapaṇakas (explained by the Commentary as Digambaras). The king,[2]

of Bāṇa. V. Dr. Eale's translation of 'St. Bernard's Works.' London, 1889, vol. ii., pp. 462-467.

[1] Translated by Mr. C. Tawney. Oriental Translation Fund Series, p. 113.

[2] V. 'Kādambarī,' Nirṇaya Sāgara, p. 19, l. 2.

however, is described as having an *ūrṇā* (the hair meeting between the brows), which is one of Buddha's marks: but the Commentary describes the *ūrṇā* as *cakravartiprabhṛtīnām eva nānyasya*, so probably it only belongs to Buddha as *cakravarti*, or universal ruler. This shows that the reign of Harsha was one of religious tolerance. Hiouen Thsang, indeed, claims him as a Buddhist at heart, and mentions his building Buddhist stūpas,[1] but he describes himself as a Çaiva in the Madhuban grant,[2] and the pre-eminence yielded in 'Kādambarī' to Çiva certainly shows that his was then the popular worship.

Another source of interest in 'Kādambarī' lies in its contribution to folklore. It may perhaps contain nothing not found elsewhere, but the fact of its having a date gives it a value. The love of snakes for the breeze and for sandal-trees, the truth of dreams at the end of night, the magic circles, bathing in snake-ponds to gain a son, the mustard-seed and ghī put in a baby's mouth, may all be familiar ideas, but we have a date at which they were known and not despised. Does the appeal to the truth of her heart by Mahāçvetā in invoking the curse (p. 193) rest on the idea that fidelity to a husband confers supernatural power,[3] or is it like the 'act of truth' by which Buddha often performs miracles in the 'Jātaka'?

THE STYLE OF 'KĀDAMBARĪ.'

The unsettled chronology of Indian literature makes it impossible to work out at present Bāṇa's relations with other Sanskrit writers. Professor Peterson,[4] indeed, makes some interesting conjectures as to his connection with other authors of his own country, and also suggests, from similarity of phrase, that he may have fallen indirectly under the influence of Alexandrian literature. Be that as it may,

[1] 'Hiouen Thsang,' translated by St. Julien, 'Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales,' I., pp. 247-265. *Cf.* also 'Harsha-Carita,' ch. viii. (p. 236 of the translation), where he pays great honour to a Buddhist sage.

[2] E. I. i. 67.

[3] *V.* 'Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara,' i. 505.

[4] *V.* 'Kādambarī,' pp. 97-104.

he has been for many centuries a model of style, and it is therefore worth while to consider briefly the characteristics of his style compared with European standards. The first thing that strikes the reader is that the sense of proportion, the very foundation of style as we know it, is entirely absent. No topic is let go till the author can squeeze no more from it. In descriptions every possible minor detail is given in all its fulness; then follows a series of similes, and then a firework of puns. In speeches, be they lamentations or exhortations, grief is not assuaged, nor advice ended, till the same thing has been uttered with every existing variety of synonym. This defect, though it springs from the author's richness of resource and readiness of wit, makes the task of rendering in English the merit of the Sanskrit style an impossible one. It gives also a false impression; for to us a long description, if good, gives the effect of 'sweetness long drawn out,' and, if bad, brings drowsiness; whereas in Sanskrit the unending compounds suggest the impetuous rush of a torrent, and the similes and puns are like the play of light and shade on its waters. Bāṇa, according to Professor Weber,[1] 'passes for the special representative of the Pāñcālī style,'[2] which Bhoja, quoted in the commentary of the 'Sāhitya-Darpaṇa,' defines as 'a sweet and soft style characterized by force (*ojas*) and elegance (*kānti*), containing compounds of five or six words.' But style, which is to poetic charm as the body to the soul, varies with the sense to be expressed, and Bāṇa in many of his speeches is perfectly simple and direct. Owing to the peacefulness of 'Kādambarī,' there is little opportunity for observing the rule that in the 'Kathā' letters 'ought not to be too rough, even when the flavour is furious.'[3] Of the alliteration of initial consonants, the only long passage is in the description of Çukanāsa (p. 50), but in its subtler forms it constantly occurs. Of shorter passages there are several examples—*e.g.*, Candra Caṇḍāla

[1] *V.* 'History of Indian Literature,' translation, London, 1878, p. 232.
[2] *V.* 'Sāhitya-Darpaṇa,' § 626-628.
[3] *Ibid.*, § 630.

(*infra*, p. 127); Candrāpīḍa Caṇḍālo (Sanskrit text, p. 116): Utkaṇṭhām sotkaṇṭhaṃ kaṇṭhe jagrāha (*Ibid.*, p. 367): Kāmam sakāmaṃ kuryām (*Ibid.*, p. 350): Candrāpīḍa pīḍanayā (*Ibid.*, p. 370). The ornament of *çlesha*, or paronomasia, which seems to arise from the untrained philological instinct of mankind seeking the fundamental identity of like sounds with apparently unlike meaning, and which lends dramatic intensity when, as sometimes in Shakespeare,[1] a flash of passionate feeling reveals to the speaker an original sameness of meaning in words seemingly far apart, is by Bāṇa used purely as an adornment. He speaks of pleasant stories interwoven with puns 'as jasmine garlands with campak buds,' and they abound in his descriptions. The *rasanopamā*,[2] or girdle of similes, is exemplified (p. 115), 'As youth to beauty, love to youth, spring to love' so was Kapiñjala to Puṇḍarīka. *Vishamam* (incongruity) is the figure used in 'the brightness of his glory, free from heat, consumed his foes; constant, ever roamed' (p. 48). It can scarcely be separated from *virodha* (contradiction)—often used, as in 'I will allay on the funeral pyre the fever which the moon, sandal, and all cool things have increased' (p. 195)—or from *vicitram*[3] (strangeness), where an act is contrary to its apparent purpose: 'There lives not the man whom the virtues of the most courteous lady Kādambarī do not discourteously enslave' (p. 159). *Arthāpatti*[4] (*a fortiori* conclusion) is exemplified in 'Even the senseless trees, robed in bark, seem like fellow-ascetics of this holy man. How much more, then, living beings endowed with sense!' (p. 43). Time and space would alike fail for analysis of Bāṇa's similes according to the rules of the 'Sāhitya-Darpaṇa.'[5]

[1] 'Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen.'
'Merchant of Venice,' IV. 1, 123 (Globe edition).

'Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.'
'Julius Cæsar,' I. 2, 156.

[2] *V.* 'Sāhitya-Darpaṇa,' § 664.

[3] *Ibid.*, § 718-722.

[4] *Ibid.*, § 738.

[5] *V.* Peterson, 'Kādambarī,' p. 36.

The author of the 'Rāghavapāṇḍavīya' considers Subandhu and Bāṇa as his only equals in *vakrokti*, or crooked speech, and the fault of a 'meaning to be guessed out' ('Sāhitya-Darpaṇa,' § 574) is not rare. The 'Kāvya-Prakāça,' in addition to the references given by Professor Peterson, quotes a stanza describing a horse in the 'Harsha-Carita' (chap. iii.) as an example of *svabhāvokti.*

The hero belongs to the division described as the high-spirited, but temperate and firm ('Sāhitya-Darpaṇa,' § 64), *i.e.*, he who is 'not given to boasting, placable, very profound, with great self-command, resolute, whose self-esteem is concealed, and faithful to his engagements,' and who has the 'eight manly qualities' of 'brilliancy, vivacity, sweetness of temper, depth of character, steadfastness, keen sense of honour, gallantry, and magnanimity' (*Ibid.*, § 89). Kādambarī is the type of the youthful heroine who feels love for the first time, is shy, and gentle even in indignation (*Ibid.*, § 98). The companions of each are also those declared in the books of rhetoric to be appropriate.

LITERARY PARALLELS.

The work which most invites comparison with 'Kādambarī' is one far removed from it in place and time—Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.' Both have in great measure the same faults and the same virtues. The lack of proportion,—due partly to too large a plan, partly to an imagination wandering at will—the absence of visualization—which in Spenser produces sometimes a line like

> 'A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside
> Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
> *Yet she much whiter*,'

and in Bāṇa many a description like that of Mahāçvetā's fairness (pp. 95-97)—the undiscriminating praise bestowed on those whom they would fain honour, the shadowy nature of many of their personages, and the intricacies in which the story loses itself, are faults common to both. Both, too, by a strange coincidence, died with their work unfinished. But if they have the same faults, they have also many of the same virtues. The love of what is

beautiful and pure both in character and the world around, tenderness of heart, a gentle spirit troubled by the disquiet of life,[1] grace and sweetness of style, and idyllic simplicity, are common to both. Though, however, Candrāpīḍa may have the chivalry and reverence of the Red Cross Knight, and Una share with Kādambarī or Rohiṇī 'nobility, tenderness, loftiness of soul, devotion and charm,'[2] the English hero and heroine are more real and more strenuous. We are, indeed, told in one hurried sentence of the heroic deeds of Candrāpīḍa in his world-conquest, and his self-control and firmness are often insisted on; but as he appears throughout the book, his self-control is constantly broken down by affection or grief, and his firmness destroyed by a timid balancing of conflicting duties, while his real virtue is his unfailing gentleness and courtesy. Nor could Kādambarī, like Una, bid him, in any conflict, 'Add faith unto your force, and be not faint.' She is, perhaps, in youth and entire self-surrender, more like Shakespeare's Juliet, but she lacks her courage and resolve.

The Purpose of 'Kadambarī.'

The likeness of spirit between these two leads to the question, Had Bāṇa, like Spenser, any purpose, ethical or political, underlying his story? On the surface it is pure romance, and it is hard to believe that he had any motive but the simple delight of self-expression and love for the children of his own imagination. He only claims to tell a story 'tender with the charm of gracious speech, that comes of itself, like a bride, to the possession of its lord';[3] but it may be that he gladly gathered up in old age the fruits of his life's experience, and that his own memory of his father's tenderness to his childhood, of the temptations of youth, and of the dangers of prosperity and flattery that assail the heart of kings, was not used only to adorn a tale, but to be a guide to others on the perilous path of life. Be that as it may, the interest of 'Kādambarī,' like that of the 'Faerie

[1] *Cf.* Spenser's stanzas on Mutability.
[2] *V. infra*, p. 208. [3] *V. infra*, p. 2.

Queene,' does not depend for us now on any underlying purpose, but on the picture it presents in itself of the life and thought of a world removed in time, but not in sympathy, from our own; on the fresh understanding it gives of those who are in the widest sense our fellow-countrymen; and on the charm, to quote the beautiful words of Professor Peterson, 'of a story of human sorrow and divine consolation, of death and the passionate longing for a union after death, that goes straight from the heart of one who had himself felt the pang, and nursed the hope, to us who are of like frame with him . . . the story which from the beginning of time mortal ears have yearned to hear, but which mortal lips have never spoken.'

THE PLAN OF THE TRANSLATION.

The translation of Bāṇa presents much difficulty from the elaboration of his style, and it has been a specially hard task, and sometimes an impossible one, to give any rendering of the constant play on words in which he delights. I have sometimes endeavoured to give what might be an English equivalent, and in such cases I have added in a note the literal meaning of both alternatives; perhaps too much freedom may have been used, and sometimes also the best alternative may not have been chosen to place in the text; but those who have most experience will know how hard it is to do otherwise than fail. Some long descriptions have been omitted, such, *e.g.*, as a passage of several pages describing how the dust rose under the feet of Candrāpīḍa's army, and others where there seemed no special interest or variety to redeem their tediousness. A list of these omissions[1] is given at the end, together with an appendix, in which a few passages, chiefly interesting as mentioning religious sects, are added. I have acted on Professor Cowell's advice as to the principle on which omissions are made, as also in giving only a full abstract, and not a translation, of the continuation of 'Kādambarī' by

[1] The list looks long, but the pages in the 'Nirṇaya-Sāgara' edition contain frequently but few lines, and many of the omissions are a line or two of oft-repeated similes.

Bhūshaṇa. It is so entirely an imitation of his father's work in style, with all his faults, and without the originality that redeems them, that it would not reward translation. In my abstract I have kept the direct narration as more simple, but even when passages are given rather fully, it does not profess in any case to be more than a very free rendering; sometimes only the sense of a whole passage is summed up. I regret that the system of transliteration approved by the Royal Asiatic Society came too late for adoption here.

The edition of 'Kādambarī' to which the references in the text are given is that of the Nirṇaya-Sāgara Press (Bombay, 1890), which the full commentary makes indispensable, but I have also throughout made use of Professor Peterson's edition (Bombay Sanskrit Series, No. xxiv.). For the last half of the Second Part[1] I have referred to an anonymous literal translation, published by the New Britannia Press Depository, 78, Amherst Street, Calcutta.

I have now to offer my grateful thanks to the Secretary of State for India, without whose kind help the volume could not have been published. I have also to thank Miss C. M. Duff for allowing me to use the MS. of her 'Indian Chronology'; Miss E. Dale, of Girton College, for botanical notes, which I regret that want of space prevented my printing in full; Mr. C. Tawney, librarian of the Indian Office, for information as to the sources of Indian fiction; Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot and Professor Rhys-Davids, for valuable advice; Professor C. Bendall, for his description of the Kāmandakīya-Nītī-Çāstra, and his constant kindness about my work; Mr. F. W. Thomas, of Trinity College, for letting me see the proof-sheets of the translation of the 'Harsha Carita'; and others for suggested renderings of difficult phrases, and for help of various kinds.

But especially my thanks are due to Professor Cowell[2]

[1] Beginning at p. 566 of the 'Nirṇaya-Sāgara' edition.

[2] I here take the opportunity to acknowledge what by an oversight was omitted in its proper place, my indebtedness to Professor Cowell for the rendering into English verse of two couplets given on pp. 11 and 113.

for a generosity and unwearied helpfulness which all his pupils know, and which perhaps few but they could imagine. I read through with him the whole of the First Part before translating it myself, so that mistakes in the translation, many as they may be, can arise only from misunderstanding on my part, from too great freedom of rendering, or from failing to have recourse to the knowledge he so freely gives.

> 'Vrihatsahāyaḥ kāryāntaṃ kshodīyānapi gacchati;
> Sambhūyāmbodhim abhyeti mahānadyā nagāpagā.'

KĀDAMBARĪ.

(1) Hail to the Birthless, the cause of creation, continuance, and destruction, triple[1] in form and quality, who shows activity in the birth of things, goodness in their continuance, and darkness in their destruction.

(2) Glory to the dust of Tryambaka's feet, caressed by the diadem of the demon Bāṇa[2]; even that dust that kisses the circle of Rāvaṇa's ten crest-gems, that rests on the crests of the lords of gods and demons, and that destroys our transitory life.

(3) Glory to Vishṇu, who, resolving to strike from afar, with but a moment's glance from his wrath-inflamed eye stained the breast of his enemy, as if it had burst of itself in terror.

I salute the lotus feet of Bhatsu,[3] honoured by crowned Maukharis: the feet which have their tawny toes rubbed on a footstool made by the united crowns of neighbouring kings.

Who is there that fears not the wicked, pitiless in causeless enmity; in whose mouth calumny hard to bear is always ready as the poison of a serpent?

The wicked, like fetters, echo harshly, wound deeply, and leave a scar; while the good, like jewelled anklets, ever charm the mind with sweet sounds.

(4) In a bad man gentle words sink no deeper than the throat, like nectar swallowed by Rāhu. The good man bears them constantly on his heart, as Hari his pure gem.

[1] As the three Vedas, or the triad. [2] Vishṇu Purāṇa, Bk. v., ch. 33.
[3] His guru.

A story tender with the charm of gracious speech, creates in the heart joy full of fresh interest[1]; and it comes of itself, with native feeling, to its lord's possession, like a fresh bride.[2]

Who is not carried captive by tales fashioned in freshness of speech, all alight with similes, and the lamps of glowing words[3]: pleasant tales interwoven with many a contrast of words,[4] as jasmine garlands with campak buds?

There was once a Brahman, Kuvera by name, sprung from the race of Vātsyāyana, sung throughout the world for his virtue, a leader of the good: his lotus feet were worshipped by many a Gupta, and he seemed a very portion of Brahma.

(5) On his mouth Sarasvatī ever dwelt: for in it all evil was stilled by the Veda; it had lips purified by sacrificial cake, and a palate bitter with soma, and it was pleasant with smṛiti and çāstra.

In his house frightened boys, as they repeated verses of the Yajur and Sāma Veda, were chidden at every word by caged parrots and mainas, who were thoroughly versed in everything belonging to words.

From him was born Arthapati, a lord of the twice-born, as Hiraṇyagarbha from the world-egg, the moon from the Milky Ocean, or Garuḍa from Vinatā.

As he unfolded his spreading discourse day by day at dawn, new troops of pupils, intent on listening,[5] gave him a new glory, like fresh sandal-shoots fixed on the ear.

(6) With countless sacrifices adorned with gifts duly offered,[6] having glowing Mahāvīra fires in their midst,[7] and raising the sacrificial posts as their hands,[8] he won easily, as if with a troop of elephants, the abode of the gods.

[1] *Rasa*=(*a*) the eight *rasas*; (*b*) love.

[2] *Çayyā*=(*a*) composition; (*b*) couch.

[3] (*a*) Which sparkle with emphatic words and similes; (*b*) like flashing lamps.

[4] (*a*) Pun; (*b*) proximity. [5] Hanging on his ear (as an ornament).

[6] In the case of elephants, 'having their ichor regulated by a proper regimen.'

[7] With renowned warriors on their backs.

[8] Having trunks as thick as sacrificial posts.

He in due course obtained a son, Citrabhānu, who amongst his other noble and glorious sons, all versed in çruti and çāstra, shone as crystal, like Kailāsa among mountains.

The virtues of that noble man, reaching far and gleaming bright as a digit of the moon, yet without its spot, pierced deep even into the hearts of his foes, like the budding claws of Nṛisiṃha (Vishṇu).

The dark smoke of many a sacrifice rose like curls on the brow of the goddesses of the sky; or like shoots of tamāla on the ear of the bride, the Threefold Veda, and only made his own glory shine more bright.

From him was born a son, Bāṇa, when the drops that rose from the fatigue of the soma sacrifice were wiped from his brow by the folded lotus hands of Sarasvatī, and when the seven worlds had been illuminated by the rays of his glory.

(7) By that Brahman, albeit with a mind keeping even in his unspoken words its original dulness blinded by the darkness of its own utter folly, and simple from having never gained the charm of ready wit, this tale, surpassing the other two,[1] was fashioned, even Kādambarī.

There was once upon a time a king named Çūdraka. Like a second Indra, he had his commands honoured by the bent heads of all kings; he was lord of the earth girt in by the four oceans; he had an army of neighbouring chiefs bowed down in loyalty to his majesty; he had the signs of a universal emperor; (8) like Vishṇu, his lotus-hand bore the sign of the conch and the quoit; like Çiva, he had overcome Love; like Kārtikeya, he was unconquerable in might[2]; like Brahma, he had the circle of great kings humbled[3]; like the ocean, he was the source of Lakshmī; like the stream of Ganges, he followed in the course of the pious king Bhagīratha; like the sun, he rose daily in fresh splendour; like Meru, the brightness of his foot was

[1] *I.e.*, Vāsavadattā and the Brihatkathā; or, r., *advitīya*, unrivalled.
[2] (*a*) Unconquerable in might; (*b*) having unconquerable shafts.
[3] In the case of Brahma, 'he made his chariot of flamingoes.'

honoured by all the world; like the elephant of the quarters,[1] he constantly poured forth a stream of generosity. He was a worker of wonders, an offerer of sacrifices, a mirror of moral law, a source of the arts, a native home of virtue; a spring of the ambrosial sweetness of poetry, a mountain of sunrise to all his friends,[2] and a direful comet to all his foes. (9) He was, moreover, a founder of literary societies, a refuge for men of taste, a rejecter of haughty bowholders, a leader among the bold, a chief among the wise. He was a cause of gladness to the humble, as Vainateya[3] was to Vinatā. He rooted up with the point of his bow the boundary-mountains of his foes as Prithurāja did the noble mountains. He mocked Kṛishṇa, also, for while the latter made his boast of his man-lion form, he himself smote down the hearts of his foes by his very name, and while Kṛishṇa wearied the universe with his three steps, he subdued the whole world by one heroic effort. Glory long dwelt on the watered edge of his sword, as if to wash off the stain of contact with a thousand base chieftains, which had clung to her too long.

By the indwelling of Dharma in his mind, Yama in his wrath, Kuvera in his kindness, Agni in his splendour, Earth in his arm, Lakshmī in his glance, Sarasvatī in his eloquence, (10) the Moon in his face, the Wind in his might, Bṛihaspati in his knowledge, Love in his beauty, the Sun in his glory, he resembled holy Nārāyaṇa, whose nature manifests every form, and who is the very essence of deity. Royal glory came to him once for all, like a woman coming to meet her lover, on the nights of battle stormy with the showers of ichor from the elephants' temples, and stood by him in the midst of the darkness of thousands of coats of mail, loosened from the doors of the breasts of warriors. She seemed to be drawn irresistibly by his sword, which was uneven in its edge, by reason of the drops of water forced out by the pressure of his strong hand, and which

[1] (*a*) His hand was wet with a stream of constant giving; (*b*) the trunk was wet with ichor.

[2] Or, to the sun's orb. [3] Vinatā = (*a*) mother of Garuḍa; (*b*) humble.

was decked with large pearls clinging to it when he clove the frontal bones of wild elephants. The flame of his majesty burnt day and night, as if it were a fire within his foes' fair wives, albeit reft of their lords, as if he would destroy the husbands now only enshrined in their hearts.

(11) While he, having subdued the earth, was guardian of the world, the only mixing of colour[1] was in painting; the only pulling of hair in caresses; the only strict fetters in the laws of poetry; the only care was concerning moral law; the only deception was in dreams; the only golden rods[2] were in umbrellas. Banners alone trembled; songs alone showed variations[3]; elephants alone were rampant;[4] bows alone had severed cords;[5] lattice windows alone had ensnaring network; lovers' disputes alone caused sending of messengers; dice and chessmen alone left empty squares; and his subjects had no deserted homes. Under him, too, there was only fear of the next world, only twisting in the curls of the zenana women, only loquacity in anklets, only taking the hand[6] in marriage, only shedding of tears from the smoke of ceaseless sacrificial fires; the only sound of the lash was for horses, while the only twang of the bow was Love's.

(15) When the thousand-rayed sun, bursting open the young lotus-buds, had not long risen, though it had lost somewhat of the pinkness of dawn, a portress approached the king in his hall of audience, and humbly addressed him. Her form was lovely, yet awe-inspiring, and with the scimitar (a weapon rarely worn by women) hanging at her left side, was like a sandal-tree girt by a snake. Her bosom glistened with rich sandal ointment like the heavenly Ganges when the frontal-bone of Airāvata rises from its waters. (16) The chiefs bent before her seemed, by her reflection on their crests, to bear her on their foreheads as a royal command in human form. Like autumn,[7] she was robed in the whiteness of haṃsas; like the blade

[1] Or, caste. [2] Or, fines of gold. [3] Or, fickle affections.
[4] Had, *mada* = (*a*) pride; (*b*) ichor.
[5] Or, breaking away from virtue. [6] Or, tribute.
[7] In autumn, the *haṃsas*, or wild geese, return.

of Paraçurāma she held the circle of kings in submission; like the forest land of the Vindhyas, she bore her wand,[1] and she seemed the very guardian-goddess of the realm. Placing on the ground her lotus hand and knee, she thus spake: 'Sire, there stands at the gate a Caṇḍāla maiden from the South, a royal glory of the race of that Triçaṃku[2] who climbed the sky, but fell from it at the murmur of wrathful Indra. She bears a parrot in a cage, and bids me thus hail your majesty: "Sire, thou, like the ocean, art alone worthy to receive the treasures of the whole earth. In the thought that this bird is a marvel, and the treasure of the whole earth, I bring it to lay at thy feet, and desire to behold thee." (17) Thou, O king, hast heard her message, and must decide!' So saying, she ended her speech. The king, whose curiosity was aroused, looked at the chiefs around him, and with the words 'Why not? Bid her enter?' gave his permission.

Then the portress, immediately on the king's order, ushered in the Caṇḍāla maiden. And she entered and beheld the king in the midst of a thousand chiefs, like golden-peaked Meru in the midst of the noble mountains crouching together in fear of Indra's thunderbolt; or, in that the brightness of the jewels scattered on his dress almost concealed his form, like a day of storm, whereon the eight quarters of the globe are covered by Indra's thousand bows. He was sitting on a couch studded with moon-stones, beneath a small silken canopy, white as the foam of the rivers of heaven, with its four jewel-encrusted pillars joined by golden chains, and enwreathed with a rope of large pearls. Many cowries with golden handles waved around him; (18) his left foot rested on a footstool of crystal that was like the moon bent in humiliation before the flashing beauty of his countenance, and was adorned by the brightness of his feet, which yet were tinged with blue from the light rays of the sapphire pavement, as though darkened by the sighs of his conquered foes. His breast, crimsoned by the rubies which shone on his throne, recalled

[1] Or, bamboos. [2] Rām. I. 60.

Kṛishṇa, red with blood from the fresh slaughter of Madhu-kaiṭabha; his two silken garments, white as the foam of ambrosia, with pairs of haṃsas painted in yellow on their hem, waved in the wind raised by the cowries; the fragrant sandal unguent with which his chest was whitened, besprinkled with saffron ointment, was like snowy Kailāsa with the early sunshine upon it; his face was encircled by pearls like stars mistaking it for the moon; the sapphire bracelets that clasped his arms were as a threat of chains to bind fickle fortune, or as snakes attracted by the smell of sandal-wood; (19) the lotus in his ear hung down slightly; his nose was aquiline, his eyes were like lotuses in full blossom, the hair grew in a circle between his brows, and was purified by the waters that inaugurated his possession of universal rule; his forehead was like a piece of the eighth-day moon made into a block of pure gold, garlanded with sweet jasmine, like the Western Mountain in the dawn with the stars growing pale on its brow. He was like the God of Love when struck by Çiva's fire, for his body was tawny from the colour of his ornaments. His hand-maidens surrounded him, as if they were the goddesses of the quarters of the globe come to worship him; the earth bore him, as on her heart, through loyalty, in the reflection of his image in her clear mosaic pavement; fortune seemed his alone, though by him she was given to all to enjoy. (20) He was without a second, though his followers were without number; he trusted only to his own sword, though he had countless elephants and horses in his retinue; he filled the whole earth, though he stood in a small space of ground; he rested only on his bow, and yet was seated on his throne; he shone with the flame of majesty, though all the fuel of his enemies was uprooted; he had large eyes, and yet saw the smallest things; he was the home of all virtues, and yet was overreaching;[1] he was beloved of his wives, and yet was a despotic lord; he was free from intoxication, though he had an unfailing stream of bounty; he was fair in nature, yet in conduct a Kṛishṇa;[2] he laid

[1] He had (*a*) great faults; (*b*) a long arm.

[2] Dark.

no heavy hand[1] on his subjects, and yet the whole world rested in his grasp.

Such was this king. And she yet afar beholding him, with a hand soft as the petal of a red lotus, and surrounded by a tinkling bracelet, and clasping the bamboo with its end jagged, (21) struck once on the mosaic floor to arouse the king; and at the sound, in a moment the whole assemblage of chiefs turned their eyes from the king to her, like a herd of wild elephants at the falling of the cocoanut. Then the king, with the words, 'Look yonder,' to his suite, gazed steadily upon the Caṇḍāla maiden, as she was pointed out by the portress. Before her went a man, whose hair was hoary with age, whose eyes were the colour of the red lotus, whose joints, despite the loss of youth, were firm from incessant labour, whose form, though that of a Mātanga, was not to be despised, and who wore the white raiment meet for a court. Behind her went a Caṇḍāla boy, with locks falling on either shoulder, bearing a cage, the bars of which, though of gold, shone like emerald from the reflection of the parrot's plumage. (22) She herself seemed by the darkness of her hue to imitate Kṛishṇa when he guilefully assumed a woman's attire to take away the amṛita seized by the demons. She was, as it were, a doll of sapphire walking alone; and over the blue garment, which reached to her ankle, there fell a veil of red silk, like evening sunshine falling on blue lotuses. The circle of her cheek was whitened by the earring that hung from one ear, like the face of night inlaid with the rays of the rising moon; she had a tawny tilaka of gorocana, as if it were a third eye, like Parvatī in mountaineer's attire, after the fashion of the garb of Çiva.

She was like Çrī, darkened by the sapphire glory of Nārāyaṇa reflected on the robe on her breast; or like Rati, stained by smoke which rose as Madana was burnt by the fire of wrathful Çiva; or like Yamunā, fleeing in fear of being drawn along by the ploughshare of wild Balarāma;

[1] *I.e.*, imposed no heavy tribute.

or, from the rich lac that turned her lotus feet into budding shoots, like Durgā, with her feet crimsoned by the blood of the Asura Mahisha she had just trampled upon.

(23) Her nails were rosy from the pink glow of her fingers; the mosaic pavement seemed too hard for her touch, and she came forward, placing her feet like tender twigs upon the ground.

The rays of her anklets, rising in flame-colour, seemed to encircle her as with the arms of Agni, as though, by his love for her beauty, he would purify the stain of her birth, and so set the Creator at naught.

Her girdle was like the stars wreathed on the brow of the elephant of Love; and her necklace was a rope of large bright pearls, like the stream of Gangā just tinged by Yamunā.

Like autumn, she opened her lotus eyes; like the rainy season, she had cloudy tresses; like the circle of the Malaya Hills, she was wreathed with sandal; (24) like the zodiac, she was decked with starry gems;[1] like Çrī, she had the fairness of a lotus in her hand; like a swoon, she entranced the heart; like a forest, she was endowed with living[2] beauty; like the child of a goddess, she was claimed by no tribe;[3] like sleep, she charmed the eyes; as a lotus-pool in a wood is troubled by elephants, so was she dimmed by her Mātaṅga[4] birth; like a spirit, she might not be touched; like a letter, she gladdened the eyes alone; like the blossoms of spring, she lacked the jāti flower;[5] her slender waist, like the line of Love's bow, could be spanned by the hands; with her curly hair, she was like the Lakshmī of the Yaksha king in Alaka.[6] She had but reached the flower of her youth, and was beautiful exceedingly. And the king was amazed; and the thought arose in his mind, (25) 'Ill-placed was the labour of the Creator in producing this beauty! For if she has been created as

[1] Or, 'with *citrā* and *çravaṇa*,' lunar mansions.
[2] Or, living creatures.
[3] (*a*) Of lowly birth; (*b*) not dwelling on earth.
[4] (*a*) Caṇḍāla; (*b*) elephant.
[5] Or, *ajāti*, without caste.
[6] *Alaka* = (*a*) curls; (*b*) a city.

though in mockery of her Caṇḍāla form, such that all the world's wealth of loveliness is laughed to scorn by her own, why was she born in a race with which none can mate? Surely by thought alone did Prajāpati create her, fearing the penalties of contact with the Mātanga race, else whence this unsullied radiance, a grace that belongs not to limbs sullied by touch? Moreover, though fair in form, by the baseness of her birth, whereby she, like a Lakshmī of the lower world, is a perpetual reproach to the gods,[1] she, lovely as she is, causes fear in Brahma, the maker of so strange a union.' While the king was thus thinking the maiden, garlanded with flowers, that fell over her ears, bowed herself before him with a confidence beyond her years. And when she had made her reverence and stepped on to the mosaic floor, her attendant, taking the parrot, which had just entered the cage, advanced a few steps, and, showing it to the king, said: 'Sire, this parrot, by name Vaiçampāyana, knows the meaning of all the çāstras, is expert in the practice of royal policy, (26) skilled in tales, history, and Purāṇas, and acquainted with songs and with musical intervals. He recites, and himself composes graceful and incomparable modern romances, love-stories, plays, and poems, and the like; he is versed in witticisms, and is an unrivalled disciple of the vīnā, flute, and drum. He is skilled in displaying the different movements of dancing, dextrous in painting, very bold in play, ready in resources to calm a maiden angered in a lover's quarrel, and familiar with the characteristics of elephants, horses, men, and women. He is the gem of the whole earth; and in the thought that treasures belong to thee, as pearls to the ocean, the daughter of my lord has brought him hither to thy feet, O king! Let him be accepted as thine.'

Having thus said, he laid the cage before the king and retired. (27) And when he was gone, the king of birds, standing before the king, and raising his right foot, having uttered the words, 'All hail!' recited to the king, in a song

[1] Or, whose love would be a reproach.

perfect in the enunciation of each syllable and accent, a verse[1] to this effect :

> 'The bosoms of your foemen's queens now mourn,
> Keeping a fast of widowed solitude,
> Bathed in salt tears, of pearl-wreaths all forlorn,
> Scorched by their sad hearts' too close neighbourhood.'

And the king, having heard it, was amazed, and joyfully addressed his minister Kumārapālita, who sat close to him on a costly golden throne, like Brihaspati in his mastery of political philosophy, aged, of noble birth, first in the circle of wise councillors: 'Thou hast heard the bird's clear enunciation of consonants, and the sweetness of his intonation. This, in the first place, is a great marvel, that he should raise a song in which the syllables are clearly separated; and there is a combination of correctness with clearness in the vowels and *anunāsikas*. (28) Then, again, we had something more than that: for in him, though a lower creation, are found the accomplishments, as it were, of a man, in a pleasurable art, and the course of his song is inspired by knowledge. For it was he who, with the cry, "All hail!" straightened his right foot and sang this song concerning me, whereas, generally, birds and beasts are only skilled in the science of fearing, eating, pairing, and sleeping. This is most wonderful.' And when the king had said this, Kumārapālita, with a slight smile, replied: 'Where is the wonder? For all kinds of birds, beginning with the parrot and the maina, repeat a sound once heard, as thou, O king, knowest; so it is no wonder that exceeding skill is produced either by the efforts of men, or in consequence of perfection gained in a former birth. Moreover, they formerly possessed a voice like that of men, with clear utterance. The indistinct speech of parrots, as well as the change in elephants' tongues, arose from a curse of Agni.'

Hardly had he thus spoken when there arose the blast of the mid-day conch, following the roar of the drum distinctly struck at the completion of the hour, and

[1] A verse in the *āryā* measure.

announcing that the sun had reached the zenith. (29) And, hearing this, the king dismissed his band of chiefs, as the hour for bathing was at hand, and arose from his hall of audience.

Then, as he started, the great chiefs thronged together as they rose, tearing their silk raiment with the leaf-work of their bracelets, as it fell from its place in the hurried movement. Their necklaces were swinging with the shock; the quarters of space were made tawny by showers of fragrant sandal-powder and saffron scattered from their limbs in their restlessness; the bees arose in swarms from their garlands of mālatī flowers, all quivering; their cheeks were caressed by the lotuses in their ears, half hanging down; their strings of pearls were trembling on their bosoms—each longed in his self-consciousness to pay his respects to the king as he departed.

The hall of audience was astir on all sides with the sound of the anklets of the cowrie bearers as they disappeared in all directions, bearing the cowries on their shoulders, their gems tinkling at every step, broken by the cry of the kalahaṃsas, eager to drink the lotus honey; (30) with the pleasant music of the jewelled girdles and wreaths of the dancing-girls coming to pay their respects as they struck their breast and sides; with the cries of the kalahaṃsas of the palace lake, which, charmed by the sound of the anklets, whitened the broad steps of the hall of audience; with the voices of the tame cranes, eager for the sound of the girdles, screaming more and more with a prolonged outcry, like the scratching of bell-metal; with the heavy tramp on the floor of the hall of audience struck by the feet of a hundred neighbouring chiefs suddenly departing, which seemed to shake the earth like a hurricane; with the cry of 'Look!' from the wand-bearing ushers, who were driving the people in confusion before them, and shouting loudly, yet good-naturedly, 'Behold!' long and shrill, resounding far by its echo in the bowers of the palace; (31) with the ringing of the pavement as it was scratched by the points of diadems with their projecting aigrettes, as the

kings swiftly bent till their trembling crest-gems touched the ground; with the tinkling of the earrings as they rang on the hard mosaic in their owners' obeisance; with the space-pervading din of the bards reciting auspicious verses, and coming forward with the pleasant continuous cry, 'Long life and victory to our king!'; with the hum of the bees as they rose up leaving the flowers, by reason of the turmoil of the hundreds of departing feet; with the clash of the jewelled pillars on which the gems were set jangling from being struck by the points of the bracelets as the chieftains fell hastily prostrate in their confusion. The king then dismissed the assembled chiefs, saying, 'Rest awhile'; and after saying to the Caṇḍāla maiden, 'Let Vaiçampāyana be taken into the inner apartments,' and giving the order to his betel-nut bearer, he went, accompanied by a few favourite princes, to his private apartments. There, laying aside his adornments, like the sun divested of his rays, or the sky bare of moon and stars, he entered the hall of exercise, where all was duly prepared. Having taken pleasant exercise therein with the princes of his own age, (32) he then entered the bathing-place, which was covered with a white canopy, surrounded by the verses of many a bard. It had a gold bath, filled with scented water in its midst, with a crystal bathing-seat placed by it, and was adorned with pitchers placed on one side, full of most fragrant waters, having their mouths darkened by bees attracted by the odour, as if they were covered with blue cloths, from fear of the heat. (33) Then the handmaidens, some darkened by the reflection of their emerald jars, like embodied lotuses with their leafy cups, some holding silver pitchers, like night with a stream of light shed by the full moon, duly besprinkled the king. (34) Straightway there arose a blare of the trumpets sounded for bathing, penetrating all the hollows of the universe, accompanied by the din of song, lute, flute, drum, cymbal, and tabor, resounding shrilly in diverse tones, mingled with the uproar of a multitude of bards, and cleaving the path of hearing. Then, in due order, the

king put upon him two white garments, light as a shed snake-skin, and wearing a turban, with an edge of fine silk, pure as a fleck of white cloud, like Himālaya with the stream of the heavenly river falling upon it, he made his libation to the Pitṛis with a handful of water, consecrated by a hymn, and then, prostrating himself before the sun, proceeded to the temple. When he had worshipped Çiva, and made an offering to Agni, (35) his limbs were anointed in the perfuming-room with sandal-wood, sweetened with the fragrance of saffron, camphor, and musk, the scent of which was followed by murmuring bees; he put on a chaplet of scented mālatī flowers, changed his garb, and, with no adornment save his jewelled earrings, he, together with the kings, for whom a fitting meal was prepared, broke his fast, with the pleasure that arises from the enjoyment of viands of sweet savour. Then, having drunk of a fragrant drug, rinsed his mouth, and taken his betel, he arose from his daïs, with its bright mosaic pavement. The portress, who was close by, hastened to him, and leaning on her arm, he went to the hall of audience, followed by the attendants worthy to enter the inner apartments, whose palms were like boughs, very hard from their firm grasp of their wands.

The hall showed as though walled with crystal by reason of the white silk that draped its ends; the jewelled floor was watered to coolness with sandal-water, to which was added very fragrant musk; the pure mosaic was ceaselessly strewn with masses of blossoms, as the sky with its bevy of stars; (36) many a golden pillar shone forth, purified with scented water, and decked with countless images, as though with the household gods in their niches; aloe spread its fragrance richly; the whole was dominated by an alcove, which held a couch white as a cloud after storm, with a flower-scented covering, a pillow of fine linen at the head, castors encrusted with gems, and a jewelled footstool by its side, like the peak of Himālaya to behold.

Reclining on this couch, while a maiden, seated on the ground, having placed in her bosom the dagger she was

wont to bear, gently rubbed his feet with a palm soft as the leaves of fresh lotuses, the king rested for a short time, and held converse on many a theme with the kings, ministers, and friends whose presence was meet for that hour.

He then bade the portress, who was at hand, to fetch Vaiçampāyana from the women's apartments, for he had become curious to learn his story. And she, bending hand and knee to the ground, with the words 'Thy will shall be done!' taking the command on her head, fulfilled his bidding. (37) Soon Vaiçampāyana approached the king, having his cage born by the portress, under the escort of a herald, leaning on a gold staff, slightly bent, white robed, wearing a top-knot silvered with age, slow in gait, and tremulous in speech, like an aged flamingo in his love for the race of birds, who, placing his palm on the ground, thus delivered his message: 'Sire, the queens send thee word that by thy command this Vaiçampāyana has been bathed and fed, and is now brought by the portress to thy feet.' Thus speaking, he retired, and the king asked Vaiçampāyana: 'Hast thou in the interval eaten food sufficient and to thy taste?' 'Sire,' replied he, 'what have I not eaten? I have drunk my fill of the juice of the jambū fruit, aromatically sweet, pink and blue as a cuckoo's eye in the gladness of spring; I have cracked the pomegranate seeds, bright as pearls wet with blood, which lions' claws have torn from the frontal bones of elephants. I have torn at my will old myrobalans, green as lotus leaves, and sweet as grapes. (38) But what need of further words? For everything brought by the queens with their own hands turns to ambrosia.' And the king, rebuking his talk, said: 'Let all this cease for a while, and do thou remove our curiosity. Tell us from the very beginning the whole history of thy birth—in what country, and how wert thou born, and by whom was thy name given? Who were thy father and mother? How came thine attainment of the Vedas, and thine acquaintance with the Çāstras, and thy skill in the fine arts? What caused thy remembrance of a

former birth? Was it a special boon given thee? Or dost thou dwell in disguise, wearing the form only of a bird, and where didst thou formerly dwell? How old art thou, and how came this bondage of a cage, and the falling into the hands of a Caṇḍāla maiden, and thy coming hither?' Thus respectfully questioned by the king, whose curiosity was kindled, Vaiçampāyana thought a moment, and reverently replied, 'Sire, the tale is long; but if it is thy pleasure, let it be heard.'

'There is a forest, by name Vindhya, that embraces the shores of the eastern and western ocean, and decks the central region as though it were the earth's zone. (39) It is beauteous with trees watered with the ichor of wild elephants, and bearing on their crests masses of white blossom that rise to the sky and vie with the stars; in it the pepper-trees, bitten by ospreys in their spring gladness, spread their boughs; tamāla branches trampled by young elephants fill it with fragrance; shoots in hue like the wine-flushed cheeks of Malabārīs, as though roseate with lac from the feet of wandering wood-nymphs, overshadow it. Bowers there are, too, wet with drippings from parrot-pierced pomegranates; bowers in which the ground is covered with torn fruit and leaves shaken down by restless monkeys from the kakkola trees, or sprinkled with pollen from ever-falling blossoms, or strewn with couches of clove-branches by travellers, or hemmed in by fine cocoanuts, ketakīs, karīras, and bakulas; bowers so fair that with their areca trees girt about with betel vines, they make a fitting home for a woodland Lakshmī. Thickly growing ēlās make the wood dark and fragrant, as with the ichor of wild elephants; (40) hundreds of lions, who meet their death from barbaric leaders eager to seize the pearls of the elephants' frontal-bones still clinging to their mouth and claws, roam therein; it is fearful as the haunt of death, like the citadel of Yama, and filled with the buffaloes dear to him; like an army ready for battle, it has bees resting on its arrow-trees, as the points on arrows, and the roar of

the lion is clear as the lion-cry of onset: it has rhinoceros tusks dreadful as the dagger of Durgā, and like her is adorned with red sandal-wood; like the story of Karṇisuta, it has its Vipula, Acala and Çaça in the wide mountains haunted by hares,[1] that lie near it: as the twilight of the last eve of an aeon has the frantic dance of blue-necked Çiva, so has it the dances of blue-necked peacocks, and bursts into crimson; as the time of churning the ocean had the glory of Çrī and the tree which grants all desires, and was surrounded by sweet draughts of Vāruṇa,[2] so is it adorned by Çrī trees and Varuṇa[2] trees. It is densely dark, as the rainy season with clouds, and decked with pools in countless hundreds;[3] like the moon, it is always the haunt of the bears, and is the home of the deer.[4] (41) Like a king's palace, it is adorned by the tails of cowrie deer,[5] and protected by troops of fierce elephants. Like Durgā, it is strong of nature,[6] and haunted by the lion. Like Sītā, it has its Kuça, and is held by the wanderer of night.[7] Like a maiden in love, it wears the scent of sandal and musk, and is adorned with a *tilaka* of bright aloes;[8] like a lady in her lover's absence, it is fanned with the wind of many a bough, and possessed of Madana;[9] like a child's neck, it is bright with rows of tiger's-claws,[10] and adorned with a rhinoceros;[11] like a hall of revelry with its honeyed draughts, it has hundreds of beehives[12] visible, and is strewn with flowers. In parts it has a circle of earth torn up by the tusks of large boars, like the end of the world when the circle of the earth was lifted up by the tusks of Mahāvarāha;

[1] Vipula, Acala, and Çaça, characters in the Brihatkathā. Or, broad mountains and hares.

[2] *Varuṇa*, tree; *vāruṇa*, wine.

[3] Or, with lightning.

[4] Constellations. The moon was supposed to have a deer dwelling in it.

[5] (*a*) The cowries held by the suite; (*b*) different kinds of deer.

[6] (*a*) Rocky; (*b*) having Çiva.

[7] *Kuça:* (*a*) Sītā's son; (*b*) grass. *Niçācara*: (*a*) Rāvaṇa; (*b*) owls.

[8] (*a*) Mark of aloes on the brow; (*b*) tilaka trees and aloe trees all bright.

[9] (*a*) Love; (*b*) madana trees.

[10] As an amulet.

[11] Name of an ornament.

[12] Wine-cups.

here, like the city of Rāvaṇa, it is filled with lofty çālas[1] inhabited by restless monkeys; (42) here it is, like the scene of a recent wedding, bright with fresh kuça grass, fuel, flowers, acacia, and palāça; here, it seems to bristle in terror at the lions' roar; here, it is vocal with cuckoos wild for joy; here it is, as if in excitement, resonant with the sound of palms[2] in the strong wind; here, it drops its palm-leaves like a widow giving up her earrings; here, like a field of battle, it is filled with arrowy reeds;[3] here, like Indra's body, it has a thousand *netras*;[4] here, like Vishṇu's form, it has the darkness of tamālas;[5] here, like the banner of Arjuna's chariot, it is blazoned with monkeys; here, like the court of an earthly king, it is hard of access, through the bamboos; here, like the city of King Virāṭa, it is guarded by a Kīcaka;[6] here, like the Lakshmī of the sky, it has the tremulous eyes of its deer pursued by the hunter;[7] here, like an ascetic, it has bark, bushes, and ragged strips and grass.[8] (43) Though adorned with Saptaparṇa,[9] it yet possesses leaves innumerable; though honoured by ascetics, it is yet very savage;[10] though in its season of blossom, it is yet most pure.

'In that forest there is a hermitage, famed throughout the world—a very birthplace of Dharma. It is adorned with trees tended by Lopāmudrā as her own children, fed with water sprinkled by her own hands, and trenched round by herself. She was the wife of the great ascetic Agastya; he it was who at the prayer of Indra drank up the waters of ocean, and who, when the Vindhya mountains, by a thousand wide peaks stretching to the sky in

[1] (*a*) Halls; (*b*) çāl trees.
[2] (*a*) Clapping of hands; (*b*) palm-trees.
[3] (*a*) Arrows; (*b*) reeds.
[4] (*a*) Trees; (*b*) eyes.
[5] (*a*) As tamāla trees (very dark); (*b*) with tamāla trees.
[6] Virāṭa, a king who befriended the Pāṇḍavas. The chief of his army was named Kīcaka. *V.* Mbh., Bk. iv., 815. *Kīcaka* also means 'bamboo.'
[7] Or, the twinkling stars of the Deer constellation, pursued by the Hunter (a constellation).
[8] Bark garments, matted locks, and rags of grass.
[9] (*a*) Seven leaves; (*b*) a tree.
[10] (*a*) Of fierce disposition; (*b*) full of wild beasts.

rivalry of Meru, were striving to stop the course of the sun's chariot, and were despising the prayers of all the gods, yet had his commands obeyed by them; who digested the demon Vātāpi by his inward fire; who had the dust of his feet kissed by the tips of the gold ornaments on the crests of gods and demons; who adorned the brow of the Southern Region; and who manifested his majesty by casting Nahusha down from heaven by the mere force of his murmur.

(44) 'The hermitage is also hallowed by Lopāmudrā's son Dṛiḍhadasyu, an ascetic, bearing his staff of palāça,[1] wearing a sectarial mark made of purifying ashes, clothed in strips of kuça grass, girt with muñja, holding a cup of green leaves in his roaming from hut to hut to ask alms. From the large supply of fuel he brought, he was surnamed by his father Fuelbearer.

'The place is also darkened in many a spot by green parrots and by plantain groves, and is girt by the river Godāverī, which, like a dutiful wife, followed the path of the ocean when drunk by Agastya.

'There, too, Rāma, when he gave up his kingdom to keep his father's promise, dwelt happily for some time at Pañcavaṭī with Sītā, following the great ascetic Agastya, living in a pleasant hut made by Lakshmaṇa, even Rāma, the vexer of the triumphs of Rāvaṇa's glory.[2]

'There, even now, the trees, though the hermitage has long been empty, show, as it were, in the lines of white doves softly nestling in the boughs, the hermits' pure lines of sacrificial smoke clinging to them; and there a glow bursts forth on the shoots of creepers, as if it had passed to them from Sītā's hand as she offered flowers of oblation; (45) there the water of ocean drunk and sent forth by the ascetic seems to have been wholly distributed among the great lakes round the hermitage; there the wood, with its fresh foliage, shines as if its roots had been

[1] The sign of a vow.

[2] Or perhaps, 'not caring for the fascination of the *beauty* of Rāvaṇa,' *i.e.* his sister. He was loved by Rāvaṇa's sister.

watered with the blood of countless hosts of demons struck down by Rāma's many keen shafts, and as if now its palāças were stained with their crimson hue; there, even yet, the old deer nurtured by Sītā, when they hear the deep roar of fresh clouds in the rainy season, think on the twang of Rāma's bow penetrating all the hollows of the universe, and refuse their mouthfuls of fresh grass, while their eyes are dimmed by ceaseless tears, as they see a deserted world, and their own horns crumbling from age; there, too, the golden deer, as if it had been incited by the rest of the forest deer slain in the ceaseless chase, deceived Sītā, and led the son of Raghu far astray; there, too, in their grief for the bitter loss of Sītā, Rāma and Lakshmaṇa seized by Kabandha, like an eclipse of sun and moon heralding the death of Rāvaṇa, filled the universe with a mighty dread; (46) there, too, the arm of Yojanabāhu, struck off by Rāma's arrow, caused fear in the saints as it lay on the ground, lest it should be the serpent form of Nahusha, brought back by Agastya's curse; there, even now, foresters behold Sītā painted inside the hut by her husband to solace his bereavement, as if she were again rising from the ground in her longing to see her husband's home.

'Not far from that hermitage of Agastya, of which the ancient history is yet clearly to be seen, is a lotus lake called Pampā. It stands near that hermitage, as if it were a second ocean made by the Creator in rivalry with Agastya, at the prompting of Varuṇa, wrathful at the drinking of ocean; it is like the sky fallen on earth to bind together the fragments of the eight quarters when severed in the day of doom.[1] (48) It is, indeed, a peerless home of waters, and its depth and extent none can tell. There, even now, the wanderer may see pairs of cakravākas, with their wings turned to blue by the gleam of the blossoming lotuses, as if they were swallowed up by the impersonate curse of Rāma.

'On the left bank of that lake, and near a clump of palms

[1] Does this refer to the reflection of the sky in its clear water?

broken by Rāma's arrows, was a large old çālmali tree.[1] It shows as though it were enclosed in a large trench, because its roots are always encircled by an old snake, like the trunk of the elephants of the quarters: (49) it seems to be mantled with the slough of serpents, which hangs on its lofty trunk and waves in the wind; it strives to compass the measurement of the circle of space by its many boughs spreading through the firmament, and so to imitate Çiva, whose thousand arms are outstretched in his wild dance at the day of doom, and who wears the moon on his crest. Through its weight of years, it clings for support even to the shoulder of the wind; it is girt with creepers that cover its whole trunk, and stand out like the thick veins of old age. Thorns have gathered on its surface like the moles of old age; not even the thick clouds by which its foliage is bedewed can behold its top, when, after drinking the waters of ocean, they return from all sides to the sky, and pause for a moment, weary with their load of water, like birds amongst its boughs. From its great height, it seems to be on tiptoe to look[2] at the glory of the Nandana[3] Wood; its topmost branches are whitened by cotton, which men might mistake for foam dropped from the corners of their mouths by the sun's steeds as, beset with weariness of their path through the sky, they come near it in their course overhead; (50) it has a root that will last for an aeon, for, with the garland of drunken bees sticking to the ichor which clings to it where the cheeks of woodland elephants are rubbed against it, it seems to be held motionless by iron chains; it seems alive with swarms of bees, flashing in and out of its hollow trunk. It beholds the alighting of the wings of birds, as Duryodhana receives proofs of Çakuni's[4] partizanship; like Krishṇa, it is encircled by a woodland chaplet;[5] like a mass of fresh clouds its rising is seen in the sky. It is a temple whence wood-

[1] *Çālmalī* = silk cotton-tree.
[2] Lit., 'striving upwards to see.'
[3] Indra's wood.
[4] *Çakuni* = (*a*) bird; (*b*) name of Duryodhana's supporter.
[5] Or, 'by *Vanamālā*,' Krishṇa's chaplet.

land goddesses can look out upon the whole world. It is the king of the Daṇḍaka Wood, the leader of the lordly trees, the friend of the Vindhya Mountains, and it seems to embrace with the arms of its boughs the whole Vindhya Forest. There, on the edge of the boughs, in the centre of the crevices, amongst the twigs, in the joints of the trunks, in the holes of the rotten bark, flocks of parrots have taken their abode. From its spaciousness, they have confidently built in it their thousand nests; from its steepness, they have come to it fearlessly from every quarter. Though its leaves are thin with age, this lord of the forest still looks green with dense foliage, as they rest upon it day and night. (51) In it they spend the nights in their own nests, and daily, as they rise, they form lines in the sky; they show in heaven like Yamunā with her wide streams scattered by the tossing of Bala's ploughshare in his passion; they suggest a lotus-bed of the heavenly Ganges flowing away, uprooted by the elephant of heaven; they show forth a sky streaked, as it were, with the brightness of the steeds of the sun's chariot; they wear the semblance of a moving floor of emerald; they stretch out in the lake of heaven like long twines of Vallisneria; they fan the faces of the quarters wearied with the mass of the sun's keen rays, with their wings spread against the sky like plantain leaves; they form a grassy path stretching through the heaven, and as they roam they grace the firmament with a rainbow. After their meal they return to the young birds which stay in the nest, and give them, from beaks pink as tiger's claws reddened with the blood of slain deer, the juice of fruits and many a dainty morsel of rice-clusters, for by their deep love to their children all their other likings are subdued; (52) then they spend the night in this same tree with their young under their wings.

'Now my father, who by reason of his great age barely dragged on his life, dwelt with my mother in a certain old hollow, and to him I was, by the decree of Fate, born as his only son. My mother, overcome by the pains of child-birth when I was born, went to another world, and, in

spite of his grief for the death of his loved wife, my father, from love to his child, checked the keen onrush of his sorrow, and devoted himself in his loneliness wholly to my nurture. From his great age, the wide wings he raised had lost their power of flight, and hung loose from his shoulders, so that when he shook them he seemed to be trying to shake off the painful old age that clung to his body, while his few remaining tail feathers were broken like a tatter of kuça grass; and yet, though he was unable to wander far, he gathered up bits of fruit torn down by parrots and fallen at the foot of the tree, and picked up grains of rice from rice-stalks that had fallen from other nests, with a beak the point of which was broken and the edge worn away and rubbed by breaking rice-clusters, and pink as the stalk of the sephālikā flower when still hard, and he daily made his own meal on what I left.

(53) 'But one day I heard a sound of the tumult of the chase. The moon, reddened by the glow of dawn, was descending to the shore of the Western Ocean, from the island of the heavenly Ganges, like an old haṃsa with its wings reddened by the honey of the heavenly lotus-bed; the circle of space was widening, and was white as the hair of a ranku deer; the throng of stars, like flowers strewn on the pavement of heaven, were being cast away by the sun's long rays, as if they were brooms of rubies, for they were red as a lion's mane dyed in elephant's blood, or pink as sticks of burning lac; the cluster of the Seven Sages was, as it were, descending the bank of the Mānasa Lake, and rested on the northern quarter to worship the dawn; the Western Ocean was lifting a mass of pearls, scattered from open shells on its shore, as though the stars, melted by the sun's rays, had fallen on it, whitening the surface of its alluvial islands. The wood was dropping dew; its peacocks were awake; its lions were yawning; (54) its wild elephants were wakened by herds of she-elephants, and it, with its boughs raised like reverential hands, sent up towards the sun, as he rested on the peak of the Eastern Mountain, a mass of flowers, the filaments of which were heavy with

the night dews. The lines of sacrificial smoke from the hermitages, gray as the hair of an ass, were gleaming like banners of holiness, and rested like doves on the tree-tops whereon the wood-nymphs dwelt. The morning breeze was blowing, and roamed softly, for it was weary at the end of night; it gladdened swarms of bees by the flowers' perfume; it rained showers of honey dew from the opened lotuses; it was eager to teach the dancing creepers with their waving boughs; it carried drops of foam from the rumination of woodland buffaloes; it removed the perspiration of the weary mountaineers; it shook the lotuses, and bore with it the dewdrops. The bees, who ought to be the drums on the elephant's frontal-bones to recite auspicious songs for the wakening of the day lotus-groves, now sent up their hum from the hearts of the night-lotuses, as their wings were clogged in the closing petals; (55) the deer of the wood had the markings on their breast, gray with resting on the salt ground, and slowly opened eyes, the pupils of which were still squinting with the remains of sleep, and were caught by the cool morning breeze as if their eyelashes were held together by heated lac; foresters were hastening hither and thither; the din of the kalahaṃsas on the Pampā Lake, sweet to the ear, was now beginning; the pleasant flapping of the wild elephant's ears breaking forth caused the peacocks to dance; in time the sun himself slowly arose, and wandered among the tree-tops round the Pampā Lake, and haunted the mountain peaks, with rays of madder, like a mass of cowries bending downwards from the sun's elephant as he plunges into the sky; the fresh light sprung from the sun banished the stars, falling on the wood like the monkey king who had again lost Tārā;[1] the morning twilight became visible quickly, occupying the eighth part of the day, and the sun's light became clear.

'The troops of parrots had all started to the places they desired; that tree seemed empty by reason of the great

[1] *Tārā* = (*a*) wife of Sugrīva, the monkey king; (*b*) star.

stillness, though it had all the young parrots resting quietly in their nests. (56) My father was still in his own nest, and I, as from my youth my wings were hardly fledged and had no strength, was close to him in the hollow, when I suddenly heard in that forest the sound of the tumult of the chase. It terrified every woodland creature; it was drawn out by a sound of birds' wings flying hastily up; it was mingled with cries from the frightened young elephants; it was increased by the hum of drunken bees, disturbed on the shaken creepers; it was loud with the noise of wild boars roaming with raised snouts; it was swollen by the roar of lions wakened from their sleep in mountain caves: it seemed to shake the trees, and was great as the noise of the torrents of Ganges, when brought down by Bhagīratha; and the woodland nymphs listened to it in terror.

'When I heard this strange sound I began to tremble in my childishness; the cavity of my ear was almost broken; I shook for fear, and thinking that my father, who was close by, could help me, I crept within his wings, loosened as they were by age.

'Straightway I heard an outcry of "Hence comes the scent of the lotus beds the leaders of the elephants have trampled! Hence the perfume of rushes the boars have chewed! Hence the keen fragrance of gum-olibanum the young elephants have divided! Hence the rustling of dry leaves shaken down! (57) Hence the dust of antheaps that the horns of wild buffaloes have cleft like thunderbolts! Hence came a herd of deer! Hence a troop of wild elephants! Hence a band of wild boars! Hence a multitude of wild buffaloes! Hence the shriek of a circle of peacocks! Hence the murmur of partridges! Hence the cry of ospreys! Hence the groan of elephants with their frontal bones torn by lion's claws! This is a boar's path stained with fresh mud! This a mass of foam from the rumination of deer, darkened by the juice of mouthfuls of grass just eaten! This the hum of bees garrulous as they cling to the scent left by the rubbing of elephants' foreheads with

ichor flowing! That the path of the ruru deer pink with withered leaves bedewed with blood that has been shed. That is a mass of shoots on the trees crushed by the feet of elephants! Those are the gambols of rhinoceroses; that is the lion's track jagged with pieces of the elephant's pearls, pink with blood, and engraved with a monstrous device by their claws; that is the earth crimsoned with the blood of the newly born offspring of the does; that is the path, like a widow's braid, darkened with the ichor of the lord of the herd wandering at his will! Follow this row of yaks straight before us! Quickly occupy this part of the wood where the dung of the deer is dried! (58) Climb the tree-top! Look out in this direction! Listen to this sound! Take the bow! Stand in your places! Let slip the hounds!" The wood trembled at the tumult of the hosts of men intent on the chase shouting to each other and concealed in the hollows of the trees.

'Then that wood was soon shaken on all sides by the roar of lions struck by the Çabaras' arrows, deepened by its echo rebounding from the hollows of the mountains, and strong as the sound of a drum newly oiled; by the roar from the throats of the elephants that led the herd, like the growl of thunder, and mixed with the ceaseless lashing of their trunks, as they came on alone, separated from the frightened herd; by the piteous cry of the deer, with their tremulous, terrified eyes, when the hounds suddenly tore their limbs; by the yell of she-elephants lengthening in grief for the death of their lord and leader, as they wandered every way with ears raised, ever pausing to listen to the din, bereft of their slain leaders and followed by their young; (59) by the bellowing of she-rhinoceroses seeking with outstretched necks their young, only born a few days before, and now lost in the panic; by the outcry of birds flying from the tree-tops, and wandering in confusion; by the tramp of herds of deer with all the haste of limbs made for speed, seeming to make the earth quake as it was struck simultaneously by their hurrying feet; by the twang of bows drawn to the ear, mingled, as they rained their arrows,

with the cry from the throats of the loving she-ospreys; by the clash of swords with their blades whizzing against the wind and falling on the strong shoulders of buffaloes; and by the baying of the hounds which, as it was suddenly sent forth, penetrated all the recesses of the wood.

'When soon afterwards the noise of the chase was stilled and the wood had become quiet, like the ocean when its water was stilled by the ceasing of the churning, or like a mass of clouds silent after the rainy season, I felt less of fear and became curious, and so, moving a little from my father's embrace, (60) I stood in the hollow, stretched out my neck, and with eyes that, from my childishness, were yet tremulous with fear, in my eagerness to see what this thing was, I cast my glance in that direction.

'Before me I saw the Çabara[1] army come out from the wood like the stream of Narmadā tossed by Arjuna's[2] thousand arms; like a wood of tamālas stirred by the wind; like all the nights of the dark fortnight rolled into one; like a solid pillar of antimony shaken by an earthquake; like a grove of darkness disturbed by sunbeams; like the followers of death roaming; like the demon world that had burst open hell and risen up; like a crowd of evil deeds come together; like a caravan of curses of the many hermits dwelling in the Daṇḍaka Forest; like all the hosts of Dūshaṇa[3] and Khara struck by Rāma as he rained his ceaseless shafts, and they turned into demons for their hatred to him; like the whole confraternity of the Iron Age come together; like a band of buffaloes prepared for a plunge into the water; like a mass of black clouds broken by a blow from a lion's paw as he stands on the mountain peak;[4] like a throng of meteors risen for the destruction of all form; it darkened the wood; it numbered many thousands; it

[1] Mountaineer.

[2] Arjuna, or Kārttavīrya, was captured by Rāvaṇa when sporting in the Nerbuddha, and was killed by Paraçurāma. *V.* Vishṇu Purāṇa, Bk. iv., ch. 11.

[3] Dūshaṇa was one of Rāvaṇa's generals; Khara was Rāvaṇa's brother, and was slain by Rāma.

[4] *Cf.* Uttararāmacarita, Act V.

inspired great dread; it was like a multitude of demons portending disasters.

(61) 'And in the midst of that great host of Çabaras I beheld the Çabara leader, Mātanga by name. He was yet in early youth; from his great hardness he seemed made of iron; he was like Ekalavya[1] in another birth; from his growing beard, he was like a young royal elephant with its temples encircled by its first line of ichor; he filled the wood with beauty that streamed from him sombre as dark lotuses, like the waters of Yamunā; he had thick locks curled at the ends and hanging on his shoulders, like a lion with its mane stained by elephant's ichor; his brow was broad; his nose was stern and aquiline; his left side shone reddened by the faint pink rays of a jewelled snake's hood that was made the ornament for one of his ears, like the glow of shoots that had clung to him from his resting on a leafy couch; he was perfumed with fragrant ichor, bearing the scent of saptacchada blossoms torn from the cheeks of an elephant freshly slain, like a stain of black aloes; (62) he had the heat warded off by a swarm of bees, like a peacock-feather parasol, flying about blinded by the scent, as if they were a branch of tamāla; he was marked with lines of perspiration on his cheek rubbed by his hand, as if Vindhya Forest, being conquered by his strong arm, were timidly offering homage under the guise of its slender waving twigs, and he seemed to tinge space by his eye somewhat pink, as if it were bloodshot, and shedding a twilight of the night of doom for the deer; he had mighty arms reaching to his knees, as if the measure of an elephant's trunk had been taken in making them, and his shoulders were rough with scars from keen weapons often used to make an offering of blood to Kālī; the space round his eyes was bright and broad as the Vindhya Mountain, and with the drops of dried deer's blood clinging on it, and the marking of drops of perspiration, as if they were adorned by large pearls from an elephant's frontal bone mixed with guñja fruit; his chest was scarred by constant and ceaseless

[1] Ekalavya, king of the Nishādas, killed by Kṛishṇa. Mbh., I., 132.

fatigue; he was clad in a silk dress red with cochineal, and with his strong legs he mocked a pair of elephants' posts stained with elephants' ichor; he seemed from his causeless fierceness to have been marked on his dread brow by a frown that formed three banners, as if Durgā, propitiated by his great devotion, had marked him with a trident to denote that he was her servant. (63) He was accompanied by hounds of every colour, which were his familiar friends; they showed their weariness by tongues that, dry as they were, seemed by their natural pinkness to drip deer's blood, and which hung down far from tiredness; as their mouths were open they raised the corners of their lips and showed their flashing teeth clearly, like a lion's mane caught between the teeth; their throats were covered with strings of cowries, and they were hacked by blows from the large boars' tusks; though but small, from their great strength they were like lions' cubs with their manes ungrown; they were skilled in initiating the does in widowhood; with them came their wives, very large, like lionesses coming to beg an amnesty for the lions. He was surrounded by troops of Çabaras of all kinds: some had seized elephants' tusks and the long hair of yaks; some had vessels for honey made of leaves closely bound; some, like lions, had hands filled with many a pearl from the frontal bones of elephants; some, like demons, had pieces of raw flesh; some, like goblins, were carrying the skins of lions; some, like Jain ascetics, held peacocks' tails; some, like children, wore crows' feathers;[1] some represented Krishṇa's[2] exploits by bearing the elephants' tusks they had torn out; (64) some, like the days of the rainy season, had garments dark as clouds.[3] He had his sword-sheath, as a wood its rhinoceroses;[4] like a fresh cloud, he held a bow[5] bright as peacocks' tails; like the demon Vaka,[6] he possessed a peerless army; like Garuḍa, he had torn out the teeth

[1] Or, curls. [2] *V.* Harivaṃça, 83.
[3] Or, with clouds. [4] She-rhinoceros. [5] Or, rainbows.
[6] *Ekacakra*=(*a*) a city possessed by Vaka; (*b*) one army, or one quoit.

of many large nāgas;[1] he was hostile to peacocks, as Bhīshma to Çikhaṇḍī;[2] like a summer day, he always showed a thirst for deer;[3] like a heavenly genius, he was impetuous in pride;[4] as Vyāsa followed Yojanagandhā,[5] so did he follow the musk deer; like Ghaṭotkaca, he was dreadful in form;[6] as the locks of Umā were decked with Çiva's moon, so was he adorned with the eyes in the peacocks' tails;[7] as the demon Hiraṇyakaçipu[8] by Mahāvarāha, so he had his breast torn by the teeth of a great boar; (65) like an ambitious man,[9] he had a train of captives around him; like a demon, he loved[10] the hunters; like the gamut of song, he was closed in by Nishādas;[11] like the trident of Durga, he was wet with the blood of buffaloes; though quite young, he had seen many lives pass;[12] though he had many hounds,[13] he lived on roots and fruits; though of Krishṇa's hue,[14] he was not good to look on; though he wandered at will, his mountain fort[15] was his only refuge; though he always lived at the foot of a lord of earth,[16] he was unskilled in the service of a king.

'He was as the child of the Vindhya Mountains, the partial avatar of death; the born brother of wickedness, the essence of the Iron Age; horrible as he was, he yet inspired awe by reason of his natural greatness,[17] and his form could not be surpassed.[18] His name I afterwards learnt. In my mind was this thought: "Ah, the life of

[1] *Nāga* = (*a*) elephant; (*b*) snake.
[2] Or, Çikhaṇḍī, a son of Drupada, a friend of the Pāṇḍavas.
[3] Or, mirage.
[4] Or, eager for the Mānasa lake. The Vidyādhāra was a good or evil genius attending the gods. *V.* Kullūka on Manu, xii., 47.
[5] Yojanagandhā, mother of Vyāsa,
[6] Or, 'bearing the form of Bhīma.' He was Bhīma's son. *V.* Mbh., I., 155.
[7] (*a*) Crescent moon of Çiva; (*b*) eyes of peacocks' tails.
[8] Hiraṇyakaçipu. *V.* Harivaṃça, 225.
[9] Or, an ambitious man surrounded by bards (to sing his praises).
[10] Or, loving blood.
[11] *Nishādas* = (*a*) mountaineers; (*b*) the highest note of the scale.
[12] (*a*) Had passed many ages; (*b*) had killed many birds.
[13] Or, great wealth. [14] Black. [15] Or, Durgā.
[16] Or, mountain.
[17] (*a*) Magnanimity; (*b*) great strength.
[18] *Anabhibhavanīyā*°.

these men is full of folly, and their career is blamed by the good. (66) For their one religion is offering human flesh to Durgā; their meat, mead, and so forth, is a meal loathed by the good; their exercise is the chase; their çastra[1] is the cry of the jackal; their teachers of good and evil are owls;[2] their knowledge is skill in birds;[3] their bosom friends are dogs; their kingdom is in deserted woods; their feast is a drinking bout; their friends are the bows that work their cruel deeds, and arrows, with their heads smeared, like snakes, with poison, are their helpers; their song is what draws on bewildered deer; their wives are the wives of others taken captive; their dwelling is with savage tigers; their worship of the gods is with the blood of beasts, their sacrifice with flesh, their livelihood by theft; the snakes' hood is their ornament; their cosmetic, elephants' ichor; and the very wood wherein they may dwell is utterly destroyed root and branch."

'As I was thus thinking, the Çabara leader, desiring to rest after his wandering through the forest, approached, and, laying his bow in the shade beneath that very cotton-tree, sat down on a seat of twigs gathered hastily by his suite. (67) Another youthful Çabara, coming down hastily, brought to him from the lake, when he had stirred its waters with his hand, some water aromatic with lotus-pollen, and freshly-plucked bright lotus-fibres with their mud washed off; the water was like liquid lapis lazuli, or showed as if it were painted with a piece of sky fallen from the heat of the sun's rays in the day of doom, or had dropped from the moon's orb, or were a mass of melted pearl, or as if in its great purity it was frozen into ice, and could only be distinguished from it by touch. After drinking it, the Çabara in turn devoured the lotus-fibres, as Rāhu does the moon's digits; when he was rested he rose, and, followed by all his host, who had satisfied their thirst, he went slowly to his desired goal. But one old Çabara from that barbarous troop had got no deer's flesh, and, with a

[1] (*a*) Awakening cry; (*b*) moral law.
[2] Owls are supposed to be descendants of the sage Viçvāmitra.
[3] As omens.

demoniac[1] expression coming into his face in his desire for meat, he lingered a short time by that tree. (68) As soon as the Çabara leader had vanished, that old Çabara, with eyes pink as drops of blood and terrible with their overhanging tawny brows, drank in, as it were, our lives; he seemed to reckon up the number in the parrots' nests like a falcon eager to taste bird's flesh, and looked up the tree from its foot, wishing to climb it. The parrots seemed to have drawn their last breath at that very moment in their terror at the sight of him. For what is hard for the pitiless? So he climbed the tree easily and without effort, as if by ladders, though it was as high as many palms, and the tops of its boughs swept the clouds, and plucked the young parrots from among its boughs one by one, as if they were its fruit, for some were not yet strong for flight; some were only a few days old, and were pink with the down of their birth, so that they might almost be taken for cotton-flowers;[2] some, with their wings just sprouting, were like fresh lotus-leaves; some were like the Asclepias fruit; some, with their beaks growing red, had the grace of lotus-buds with their heads rising pink from slowly unfolding leaves; while some, under the guise of the ceaseless motion of their heads, seemed to try to forbid him, though they could not stop him, for he slew them and cast them on the ground.

(69) 'But my father, seeing on a sudden this great, destructive, remediless, overwhelming calamity that had come on us, trembled doubly, and, with pupils quivering and wandering from fear of death, cast all round a glance that grief had made vacant and tears had dimmed; his palate was dry, and he could not help himself, but he covered me with his wing, though its joints were relaxed by fear, and bethought himself of what help could avail at such a moment. Swayed wholly by love, bewildered how to save me, and puzzled what to do, he stood, holding me to his breast. That miscreant, however, wandering among the

[1] *Piçitāçana*, a demon, or, according to the commentary here, a tiger.
[2] Lit., 'creating a doubt of.'

boughs, came to the entrance of the hollow, and stretched out his left arm, dreadful as the body of an old black snake, with its hand redolent of the raw fat of many boars, and its forearm marked with weals from ceaseless drawing of the bowstrings, like the wand of death; and though my father gave many a blow with his beak, and moaned piteously, that murderous wretch dragged him down and slew him. (70) Me, however, he somehow did not notice, though I was within the wings, from my being small and curled into a ball from fear, and from my not having lived my fated life, but he wrung my father's neck and threw him dead upon the ground. Meanwhile I, with my neck between my father's feet, clinging quietly to his breast, fell with him, and, from my having some fated life yet to live, I found that I had fallen on a large mass of dry leaves, heaped together by the wind, so that my limbs were not broken. While the Çabara was getting down from the tree-top, I left my father, like a heartless wretch, though I should have died with him; but, from my extreme youth, I knew not the love that belongs to a later age, and was wholly swayed by the fear that dwells in us from birth; I could hardly be seen from the likeness of my colour to the fallen leaves; I tottered along with the help of my wings, which were just beginning to grow, thinking that I had escaped from the jaws of death, and came to the foot of a very large tamāla tree close by. Its shoots were fitted to be the earrings of Çabara women, as if it mocked the beauty of Vishṇu's body by the colour of Balarāma's dark-blue robe, (71) or as if it were clad in pure strips of the water of Yamunā; its twigs were watered by the ichor of wild elephants; it bore the beauty of the tresses of the Vindhya Forest; the space between its boughs was dark even by day;[1] the ground round its root was hollow, and unpierced by the sun's rays; and I entered it as if it were the bosom of my noble father. Then the Çabara came down and

[1] *Cf.* Emerson's Essay on *Experience*: 'Sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir-tree.'

gathered up the tiny parrots scattered on the ground; he bound them hastily in a basket of leaves with a coil of creepers, and going off with hasty steps by the path trodden by his leader, he made for that region. I meanwhile had begun to hope for life, but my heart was dried up with grief for my father's recent death; my body was in pain from my long fall, and I was possessed by a violent thirst, caused by fright, which tortured all my limbs. Then I thought, "The villain has now gone some way," so I lifted my head a little and gazed around with eyes tremulous with fear, thinking even when a blade of grass moved that the wretch was coming back. I watched him go step by step, and then, leaving the root of the tamāla tree, I made a great effort to creep near the water. (72) My steps were feeble, because my wings were not yet grown, and again and again I fell on my face; I supported myself on one wing; I was weak with the weariness[1] of creeping along the ground, and from my want of practice; after each step I always lifted my head and panted hard, and as I crept along I became gray with dust. "Truly even in the hardest trials," I reflected, "living creatures never become careless of life. Nothing in this world is dearer to all created beings than life, seeing that when my honoured father, of well-chosen name, is dead, I still live with senses unimpaired! Shame on me that I should be so pitiless, cruel, and ungrateful! For my life goes on shamefully in that the grief of my father's death is so easily borne. I regard no kindness; truly my heart is vile! I have even forgotten how, when my mother died, my father restrained his bitter grief, and from the day of my birth, old as he was, reckoned lightly in his deep love the great toil of bringing me up with every care. And yet in a moment I have forgotten how I was watched over by him! (73) Most vile is this breath of mine which goes not straightway forth to follow my father on his path, my father, that was so good to me! Surely there is none that thirst of life does not harden, if the longing for water can make me take

[1] Read, *Çramā.*

trouble in my present plight. Methinks this idea of drinking water is purely hardness of heart, because I think lightly of the grief of my father's death. Even now the lake is still far off. For the cry of the kalahamsas, like the anklets of a water-nymph, is still far away; the cranes' notes are yet dim; the scent of the lotus-bed comes rarely through the space it creeps through, because the distance is great; noontide is hard to bear, for the sun is in the midst of heaven, and scatters with his rays a blazing heat, unceasing, like fiery dust, and makes my thirst worse; the earth with its hot thick dust is hard to tread; my limbs are unable to go even a little way, for they are weary with excessive thirst; I am not master of myself; (74) my heart sinks; my eyes are darkened. O that pitiless fate would now bring that death which yet I desire not!" Thus I thought; but a great ascetic named Jābāli dwelt in a hermitage not far from the lake, and his son Hārīta, a youthful hermit, was coming down to the lotus-lake to bathe. He, like the son of Brahmā, had a mind purified with all knowledge; he was coming by the very path where I was with many holy youths of his own age; like a second sun, his form was hard to see from its great brightness; he seemed to have dropped[1] from the rising sun, and to have limbs fashioned from lightning and a shape painted with molten gold; he showed the beauty of a wood on fire, or of day with its early sunlight, by reason of the clear tawny splendour of his form flashing out; he had thick matted locks hanging on his shoulders red as heated iron, and pure with sprinkling from many a sacred pool; his top-knot was bound as if he were Agni in the false guise of a young Brahman in his desire to burn the Khāṇḍava Wood;[2] he carried a bright crystal rosary hanging from his right ear, like the anklets of the goddesses of the hermitage, and resembling the circle of Dharma's commandments, made to turn aside all earthly joys; (75) he adorned his brow

[1] Lit., 'To have been an extract from.'
[2] Sacred to Indra, and burnt by Agni with the help of Arjuna and Krishṇa.

with a tripuṇḍraka[1] mark in ashes, as if with threefold truth;[2] he laid his left hand on a crystal pitcher with its neck held ever upwards as if to look at the path to heaven, like a crane gazing upwards to the sky; he was covered by a black antelope skin hanging from his shoulders, like thick smoke that was coming out again after being swallowed[3] in thirst for penance, with pale-blue[4] lustre; he wore on his left shoulder a sacrificial thread, which seemed from its lightness to be fashioned from very young lotus-fibres, and wavered in the wind as if counting the framework of his fleshless ribs; he held in his right hand an āshāḍha[5] staff, having on its top a leafy basket full of creeper-blossoms gathered for the worship of Çiva; he was followed by a deer from the hermitage, still bearing the clay of the bathing-place dug up by its horns, quite at home with the hermits, fed on mouthfuls of rice, and letting its eyes wander on all sides to the kuça grass flowers and creepers. Like a tree, he was covered with soft bark;[6] like a mountain, he was surrounded by a girdle;[7] like Rāhu, he had often tasted Soma;[8] like a day lotus-bed, he drank the sun's rays; (76) like a tree by the river's side, his tangled locks were pure with ceaseless washing; like a young elephant, his teeth were white as[9] pieces of moon-lotus petals; like Drauṇi, he had Kṛipa[10] ever with him; like the zodiac, he was adorned by having the hide[11] of the dappled deer; like a summer day, he was free from darkness;[12] like the rainy season, he had allayed the blinding dust of passion;[13] like Varuṇa, he dwelt on the

[1] Three horizontal lines.
[2] Truth in thought, word, and deed. [3] Read, *Nishpatatā*.
[4] *Nīlapāṇḍu*, mottled blue and white. The Hindu penance is to be between five fires: four on earth and the sun above. *V.* Manu, vi. 23.
[5] The sign of a vow.
[6] (*a*) Bark garment; (*b*) bark of trees.
[7] (*a*) Girdle. *V.* Manu, ii. 42; (*b*) mountain slope.
[8] Or, the moon. [9] Or, with.
[10] (*a*) *Kripā* = compassion; (*b*) Kripa was the teacher of Açvatthāma, or Drauṇi.
[11] Or, Virgo, Cervus, the Pleiads and Draco.
[12] (*a*) Having twilight drunk up; (*b*) having many faults eradicated.
[13] *Rajas* = (*a*) dust; (*b*) passion.

waters;[1] like Krishṇa, he had banished the fear of hell;[2] like the beginning of twilight, he had eyes tawny as the glow of dawn;[3] like early morn, he was gilded with fresh sunlight; like the chariot of the sun, he was controlled in his course;[4] like a good king, he brought to nought the secret guiles of the foe;[5] (77) like the ocean, his temples were cavernous with meditation;[6] like Bhagīratha, he had often beheld the descent of Ganges;[7] like a bee, he had often tasted life in a water-engirt wood;[8] though a woodsman, he yet entered a great home;[9] though unrestrained, he longed for release;[10] though intent on works of peace, he bore the rod;[11] though asleep, he was yet awake;[12] though with two well-placed eyes, he had his sinister eye abolished.[13] Such was he who approached the lotus-lake to bathe.

'Now the mind of the good is ever wont to be compassionate and kind instinctively. Wherefore he, seeing my plight, was filled with pity, and said to another young ascetic standing near: (78) "This little half-fledged parrot has somehow fallen from the top of that tree, or perhaps from a hawk's mouth. For, owing to his long fall, he has hardly any life left; his eyes are closed, and he ever falls on his face and pants violently, and opens his beak, nor can he hold up his neck. Come, then, take him before his breath deserts him. Carry him to the water." So saying,

[1] In performance of a vow. *V.* Manu, vi. 23.
[2] Or, 'of the demon Naraka,' slain by Krishṇa. Harivamça, 122.
[3] Or, had stars tawny at the junction of night and day.
[4] Lit., (*a*) Holding all his passions in firm restraint; (*b*) having the axle of its wheels firm.
[5] Lit., (*a*) He had a body wasted by secret performance of penance; (*b*) he brought to nought the enemies' plans of battle by secret counsel and by his army.
[6] Or, having caves with whirlpools and the circles of shells oblique.
[7] Or, quays.
[8] (*a*) Perhaps Pushkara, the place of pilgrimage in Ajmere; (*b*) lotus-grove.
[9] (*a*) Having entrance into great halls; (*b*) being absorbed in Brahma.
[10] Or, salvation.
[11] Or, inflicted punishment; or, though intent on the Sāma veda, he was yet a *daṇḍi; i.e.*, an ascetic who despises ritual.
[12] Having beautiful matted locks.
[13] (*a*) Having no left eye; (*b*) having no crooked glances.

he had me taken to the edge of the lake; and, coming there, he laid down his staff and pitcher near the water, and, taking me himself, just when I had given up all effort, he lifted up my head, and with his finger made me drink a few drops of water; and when I had been sprinkled with water and had gained fresh breath, he placed me in the cool wet shade of a fresh lotus-leaf growing on the bank, and went through the wonted rites of bathing. After that, he purified himself by often holding his breath, and murmuring the cleansing aghamarshaṇa[1], and then he arose and, with upraised face, made an offering to the sun with freshly-plucked red lotuses in a cup of lotus-leaves. Having taken a pure white robe, so that he was like the glow of evening sunlight accompanied by the moon's radiance, he rubbed his hair with his hands till it shone, and, (79) followed by the band of ascetic youths, with their hair yet wet from recent bathing, he took me and went slowly towards the penance grove.

'And after going but a short way, I beheld the penance grove, hidden in thick woods rich in flowers and fruit.

(80) 'Its precincts were filled by munis entering on all sides, followed by pupils murmuring the Vedas, and bearing fuel, kuça grass, flowers, and earth. There the sound of the filling of the pitchers was eagerly heard by the peacocks; there appeared, as it were, a bridge to heaven under the guise of smoke waving to exalt to the gods the muni race while yet in the body by fires satisfied with the ceaseless offering of ghee; all round were tanks with their waves traversed by lines of sunbeams stainless as though from contact with the hermits they rested upon, plunged into by the circle of the Seven Ṛishis who had come to see their penance, and lifting by night an open moon-lotus-bed, like a cluster of constellations descending to honour the ṛishis; the hermitage received homage from woodland creepers with their tops bent by the wind, and from trees with their ever-falling blossoms, and was worshipped by trees with the añjali of interlaced boughs; parched grain

[1] R. V., x. 190.

was scattered in the yards round the huts, and the fruit of the myrobalan, lavalī, jujube, banana, bread-tree, mango, panasa,[1] and palm pressed on each other: (81) the young Brahmans were eloquent in reciting the Vedas: the parrot-race was garrulous with the prayer of oblation that they learnt by hearing it incessantly; the subrahmaṇyā[2] was recited by many a maina; the balls of rice offered to the deities were devoured by the cocks of the forest, and the offering of wild rice was eaten by the young kalahaṃsas of the tanks close by. The eating-places of the sages were protected from pollution by ashes cast round them. (82) The fire for the munis' homa sacrifice was fanned by the tails of their friends the peacocks; the sweet scent of the oblation prepared with nectar, the fragrance of the half-cooked sacrificial cake was spread around; the crackling of flames in the offering of a stream of unbroken libations made the place resonant; a host of guests was waited upon; the Pitṛis were honoured; Vishṇu, Çiva, and Brahmā were worshipped. The performance of çrāddha rites was taught; the science of sacrifice explained; the çāstras of right conduct examined; good books of every kind recited; and the meaning of the çāstras pondered. Leafy huts were being begun; courts smeared with paste, and the inside of the huts scrubbed. Meditation was being firmly grasped, mantras duly carried out, yoga practised, and offerings made to woodland deities. Brahmanical girdles of muñja grass were being made, bark garments washed, fuel brought, deer-skins decked, grass gathered, lotus-seed dried, rosaries strung, and bamboos laid in order for future need.[3] Wandering ascetics received hospitality, and pitchers were filled.

(84) 'There defilement is found in the smoke of the oblations, not in evil conduct; redness of face in parrots, not in angry men; sharpness in blades of grass, not in dispositions; wavering in plantain-leaves, not in minds; red eyes[4] in cuckoos alone; clasping of necks with pitchers only;

[1] Another kind of bread-tree.

[2] The Commentary explains it as 'Veda.'

[3] The tridaṇḍaka or three staves of the mendicant Brahman who has resigned the world.

[4] Or, impassioned glances.

binding of girdles in vows, not in quarrels; *pakshapāta*[1] in cocks, not in scientific discussions; wandering in making the sunwise turn round the soma fire, but not error in the çāstras; mention of the Vasus in legends, but not longing for wealth; counting of beads for Rudra, but no account made of the body; loss of locks by the saints in the practice of sacrifice, but not loss of their children[2] by death; propitiation of Rāma by reciting the Rāmāyaṇa, not of women[3] by youth; wrinkles brought on by old age, not by pride of riches; the death of a Çakuni[4] in the Mahābhārata only: only in the Purāṇa windy talk;[5] in old age only loss of teeth;[6] coldness only in the park sandal-trees;[7] (85) in fires only turning to ashes;[8] only deer love to hear song: only peacocks care for dancing; only snakes wear hoods;[9] only monkeys desire fruit;[10] only roots have a downward tendency.

(85-89, condensed) 'There, beneath the shade of a red açoka-tree, beauteous with new oblations of flowers, purified with ointment of fresh gomaya, garlanded with kuça grass and strips of bark tied on by the hermitage maidens, I saw the holy Jabāli surrounded by most ascetic sages, like time by æons, the last day by suns, the sacrifice by bearers of the three fires,[11] the golden mountain by the noble hills, or the earth by the oceans.

(89) 'And as I looked on him I thought: "Ah! how great is the power of penance! His form, calm as it is, yet pure as molten gold, overpowers, like lightning, the brightness of the eye with its brilliance. Though ever tranquil, it inspires fear at first approach by its inherent majesty. The splendour of even those ascetics who have practised but little asceticism is wont to be easily provoked, like fire swiftly falling on dry reeds, kāça grass, or flowers. (90) How much more, then, that of holy men like these, whose feet

[1] (*a*) Moulting; (*b*) partisanship.
[2] *Bāla* = (*a*) hair; (*b*) children.
[3] *Rāmā*, woman.
[4] *Çakuni* = (*a*) a bird; (*b*) Duryodhana's uncle.
[5] *Vāyu* = (*a*) wind; (*b*) breath.
[6] (*a*) Teeth; (*b*) Brahmans.
[7] Or, dulness.
[8] Or, seeking prosperity.
[9] Or, seek enjoyment.
[10] Or good fortune.
[11] The Gārhapatya, Dakshiṇa, and Āhavanīya fires.

are honoured by the whole world, whose stains are worn away by penance, who look with divine insight on the whole earth as if it were a myrobalan[1] in the hand, and who purge away all sin. For even the mention of a great sage has its reward; much more, then, the sight of him! Happy is the hermitage where dwells this king of Brahmans! Nay, rather, happy is the whole world in being trodden by him who is the very Brahmā of earth! Truly these sages enjoy the reward of their good deeds in that they attend him day and night with no other duty, hearing holy stories and ever fixing on him their steady gaze, as if he were another Brahmā. Happy is Sarasvatī, who, encircled by his shining teeth, and ever enjoying the nearness of his lotus-mouth, dwells in his serene mind, with its unfathomable depths and its full stream of tenderness, like a haṃsa on the Mānasa lake. The four Vedas, that have long dwelt in the four lotus-mouths of Brahmā, find here their best and most fitting home. (91) All the sciences, which became turbid in the rainy season of the Iron Age, become pure when they reach him, as rivers coming to autumn. Of a surety, holy Dharma, having taken up his abode here after quelling the riot of the Iron Age, no longer cares to recall the Golden Age. Heaven, seeing earth trodden by him, no longer takes pride in being dwelt in by the Seven Ṛishis. How bold is old age, which fears not to fall on his thick matted locks, moonbeam-pale as they are, and hard to gaze on as the rays of the sun of doom.[2] For it falls on him as Ganges, white with flecks of foam, on Çiva, or as an offering of milk on Agni. Even the sun's rays keep far from the penance-grove, as if terrified by the greatness of the saint whose hermitage is darkened by the thick smoke of many an oblation. These fires, too, for love of him, receive oblations purified by hymns, for their flames are pressed together by the wind, like hands reverently raised. (92) The wind itself approaches him

[1] Proverbial phrase for clearness.

[2] Vishṇu Purāṇa, vi., ch. 3, 'The seven solar rays dilate to seven suns, and set the three worlds on fire.'

timidly, just stirring the linen and bark dresses, fragrant with the sweet creeper blossoms of the hermitage, and gentle in motion. Yet the glorious might of the elements is wont to be beyond our resistance! But this man towers above[1] the mightiest! The earth shines as if with two suns, being trodden by this noble man. In his support the world stands firm. He is the stream of sympathy, the bridge over the ocean of transient existence, and the home of the waters of patience; the axe for the glades of the creepers of desire, the ocean of the nectar of content, the guide in the path of perfection, the mountain behind which sets the planet of ill,[2] the root of the tree of endurance, the nave of the wheel of wisdom, the staff of the banner of righteousness, the holy place for the descent of all knowledge, the submarine fire of the ocean of craving, the touchstone of the jewels of the çāstras, the consuming flame of the buds of passion, the charm against the snake of wrath, the sun to dispel the darkness of delusion, the binder of the bolts of hell's gates, the native home of noble deeds, the temple of propitious rites, the forbidden ground for the degradation of passion, the sign-post to the paths of good, the birthplace of holiness, the felly of the wheel of effort, the abode of strength, the foe of the Iron Age, the treasury of penance, the friend of truth, the native soil of sincerity, the source of the heaping up of merit, the closed gate for envy, the foe of calamity. (93) Truly he is one in whom disrespect can find no place; for he is averse from pride, unclaimed by meanness, unenslaved by wrath, and unattracted by pleasure. Purely by the grace of this holy man the hermitage is free from envy and calm from enmity. Great is the power of a noble soul. Here, ceasing their constant feud, the very animals are quiet, and learn the joy of a hermitage life. For here a snake, wearied by the sun, fearlessly enters, as if into fresh grass, into the peacock's tail, like an interwoven grove of open lotuses, with its hundred beauteous eyes, changing in hue as the eyes of a deer. Here a young antelope, leaving his mother,

[1] Lit., 'is leader of.' [2] Or, caprice.

makes friends with the lion-cubs whose manes are not yet grown, and drinks at the bounteous breast of the lioness. Here a lion closes his eyes, and is pleased to have his moon-white mane pulled by the young elephants that mistake it for lotus-fibres. Here the monkey-tribe loses its capriciousness and brings fruit to the young munis after their bath. There the elephants, too, though excited, are tender-hearted, and do not drive away by their flapping the bees that dwell round their frontal bones, and stay motionless to drink their ichor. (94) But what need of more? There even the senseless trees, with roots and fruits, clad in bark, and adorned with outer garments of black antelope skin perpetually made for them by the upward creeping lines of sacrificial smoke, seem like fellow ascetics of this holy man. How much more, then, living beings, endowed with sense!"

'And while I was thus thinking, Hārīta placed me somewhere in the shade of the açoka tree, and embracing his father's feet and saluting him, sat down not far from him on a seat of kuça grass.

'But the hermits, looking on me, asked him as he rested: "Whence was this little parrot brought?" "When I went hence to bathe," replied he, "I found this little parrot fallen from its nest in a tree on the bank of the lotus-lake, faint with the heat, lying in hot dust, and shaken by the fall, with little life left in him. And as I could not replace him in his nest (for that tree was too hard for an ascetic to climb), I brought him hither in pity. So, while his wings are not grown, and he cannot fly into the sky, let him live in the hollow of some hermitage tree, (95) fed on the juice of fruits and on handfuls of rice brought to him by us and by the young hermits. For it is the law of our order to protect the weak. But when his wings are grown, and he can fly into the sky, he shall go where he likes. Or perhaps, when he knows us well, he will stay here." The holy Jābāli, hearing this and other remarks about me, with some curiosity bent his head slightly, and, with a very calm glance that seemed to purify me with holy waters,

he gazed long upon me, and then, looking again and again as if he were beginning to recognise me, said: "He is reaping the fruit of his own ill-conduct." For by the potency of penance the saint with divine insight beholds the past, present, and future, and sees the whole world as though placed on the palm of his hand. He knows past births. He tells things yet to come. He declares the length of days of beings within his sight.

'At these words the whole assemblage of hermits, aware of his power, became curious to know what was my crime, and why committed, and where, and who I was in a former birth; and implored the saint, saying: (96) "Vouchsafe, sir, to tell us of what kind of misconduct he is reaping the fruits. Who was he in a former birth, and how was he born in the form of a bird? How is he named? Do thou satisfy our curiosity, for thou art the fountain-head of all marvels."

'Thus urged by the assemblage, the great saint replied: "The story of this wonder is very long, the day is almost spent, our bathing-time is near, while the hour for worshipping the gods is passing. Arise, therefore; let each perform his duties as is meet. In the afternoon, after your meal of roots and fruits, when you are resting quietly, I will tell you the whole story from beginning to end—who he is, what he did in another birth, and how he was born in this world. Meanwhile, let him be refreshed with food. He will certainly recall, as it were, the vision of a dream when I tell the whole story of his former birth." So saying, he arose, and with the hermits bathed and performed their other daily duties.

(97) 'The day was now drawing to a close. When the hermits rose from their bathing, and were offering a sacrifice, the sun in the sky seemed to bear upwards before our eyes the offering cast on the ground, with its unguent of red sandal-wood. Then his glow faded and vanished; the effluence of his glory was drunk by the Ushmāpas[1] with faces raised and eyes fixed on his orb, as if they were ascetics; and he glided from the sky pink as a dove's foot,

[1] Vishṇu Purāṇa, i., 123.

drawing in his rays as though to avoid touching the Seven Ṛishis as they rose. His orb, with its network of crimson rays reflected on the Western Ocean, was like the lotus of Vishṇu on his couch of waters pouring forth nectar; his beams, forsaking the sky and deserting the lotus-groves, lingered at eve like birds on the crest of hill and tree; the splashes of crimson light seemed for a moment to deck the trees with the red bark garments hung up by the ascetics. And when the thousand-rayed sun had gone to rest, twilight sprang up like rosy coral from the Western Ocean. (98) Then the hermitage became the home of quiet thought, as the pleasant sound of milking the sacred cows arose in one quarter, and the fresh kuça grass was scattered on the altar of Agni, and the rice and oblations to the goddesses of space were tossed hither and thither by the hermitage maidens. And red-starred eve seemed to the hermits as the red-eyed cow of the hermitage roaming about, tawny in the fall of day. And when the sun had vanished, the lotus-bed, in the grief of bereavement, seemed to perform a vow in the hopes of rejoining the lord of day, for she lifted the goblets of her buds, and wore the fine white vesture of her haṃsas, and was girt with the sacrificial thread of white filaments, and bore a circle of bees as her rosary. And the starry host leapt up and filled the sky, like a splash of spray when the sun fell into the Western Ocean; and for a brief space the star-bespangled sky shone as though inlaid with flowers offered by the daughters of the Siddhas[1] in honour of twilight; but in a moment the whole glory of the gloaming vanished as though washed away by the libations which the hermits, with faces upraised, cast towards the sky; (99) and at its departure, night, as sorrowing for its loss, wore a deeper darkness, like a black antelope's skin—a blackness which darkened all save the hearts of the hermits.

'Learning that the sun had gone to rest, the lord of rays ambrosial, in pure severity of light, arrayed in the whiteness of clear gossamer, dwelling in the palace of his wives

[1] Semi-divine beings dwelling between the earth and the sun.

with Tārā,[1] mounted the sky which, in that it was outlined with the darkness of tamāla-trees, presided over by the circle of Seven Ṛishis, purified by the wanderings of Arundhatī,[2] surrounded by Āshāḍha,[3] showing its Mūla[4] with its soft-eyed white deer,[5] was a very hermitage of heaven. White as a haṃsa, moonlight fell on the earth, filling the seas; falling, as Ganges from the head of Çiva, from the sky which was decked with the moon, and inlaid with the shattered potsherds of the stars. (100) And in the moon-lake, white as an opening lotus, was seen the motionless deer, which went down in eagerness to drink the water of the moonbeams, and was caught, as it were, in the mud of ambrosia. The lakes of the night-lotus were fondly visited by the moonbeams, like haṃsas, falling on the ocean white as sinduvāra flowers in their fresh purity after the rains. At that moment the globe of the moon lost all the glow of its rising, like the frontal bone of the elephant Airāvata when its red lead is washed away by plunging into the heavenly stream; and his highness the cold-shedder had gradually risen high in the sky, and by his light had whitened the earth as with lime-dust; the breezes of early night were blowing, slackened in their course by the cold dew, aromatic with the scent of opening moon-lotuses, (101) and gladly welcomed by the deer, who, with eyes weighed down by the approach of sleep, and eyelashes clinging together, were beginning to ruminate and rest in quiet.

'Only half a watch of the night was spent, when Hārīta took me after my meal and went with the other holy hermits to his father, who, in a moonlit spot of the hermitage, was sitting on a bamboo stool, gently fanned by a pupil named Jālapāda, who held a fan of antelope skin white as dharba grass, and he spake, saying: "Father, the whole assemblage

[1] Tārā = (a) stars; (b) wife of Brihaspati, carried away by the moon.

[2] (a) Wife of the sage Vaçishṭha; (b) the morning star.

[3] (a) Constellation; (b) staff borne during a vow.

[4] (a) Constellation; (b) roots for the hermits' food.

[5] Or, constellation.

of hermits is in a circle round thee, with hearts eager to hear this wonder; the little bird, too, has rested. Tell us, therefore, what he has done, who was he, and who will he be in another birth?" Thus addressed, the great saint, looking at me, and seeing the hermits before him intently listening, slowly spake: "Let the tale be told, if ye care to hear it.

'"(102) There is a city named Ujjayinī, the proudest gem of earth, the very home of the golden age, created by Mahākāla,[1] creator, preserver, and destroyer of the three worlds, and lord of Pramathas, as a habitation meet for himself, as it were a second earth. There the sun is daily seen paying homage to Mahākāla, for his steeds vail their heads at the charm of the sweet chant of the women singing in concert in the lofty white palace, and his pennon droops before him.

(109) '"There darkness never falls, and the nights bring no separation to the pairs of cakravākas; nor need they any lamps, for they pass golden as with morning sunshine, from the bright jewels of women, as though the world were on fire with the flame of love. (110) There the only unending life is in jewelled lamps, the only wavering in pearl necklaces, the only variations in the sound of drum and song, the only disunion of pairs in cakravākas, the only testing of colour[2] in gold pieces, the only unsteadiness in banners, the only hatred of the sun[3] in night lotuses, the only concealment of metal in the sheathing of the sword. (111) Why should I say more? For he whose bright feet are kissed by the rays of the jewelled crests of gods and demons, who hath the river of heaven wandering lost in his locks tawny with a wreath of flame for the burning of the world; he the foe of Andhaka; he the holy one; he who hath given up his love for his home on Kailāsa; even he whose name is Mahākāla hath there made a habitation for himself. And in this city was a king named Tārāpīḍa. He was like unto the great kings Nala, Nahusha, Yayāti, Dundhumāra, Bharata, Bhagīratha, and Daçaratha;

[1] Çiva. [2] Caste. [3] Friends.

by the might of his arm he conquered the whole world; he reaped the fruits of the three powers;[1] wise and resolute, with an intellect unwearied in political science, and a deep study of the law books, he made in light and glory a third with the sun and moon. (112) His form was purified by many a sacrifice; by him the calamities of the whole world were set at rest; to him Lakshmī openly clung, deserting her lotus-woods and despising the happiness of her home in the breast of Nārāyaṇa, she the lotus-handed, who ever joys in the contest of heroes. He was the source of truth, ever honoured by the race of saints, as the foot of Vishṇu was of the stream of the heavenly Ganges.

'"From him arose glory, as from the ocean of the moon, for his brightness, free from heat, consumed his foes; constant, ever roamed; stainless, darkened the brightness of the lotus-faced widows of his foes; white, made all things gay. (113) He was the incarnation of justice, the very representative of Vishṇu and the destroyer of all the sorrows of his people.

(115) '"When he approached the throne that blossomed with the rays of many gems and was hung with clusters of pearls, like the elephant of space approaching the tree of desire, all the wide quarters of space, like creepers weighed down by bees, bowed down before his majesty; and of him, I think, even Indra was envious. From him, too, proceeded a host of virtues, like a flock of haṃsas from Mount Krauñca, brightening the earth's surface, and gladdening the hearts of all mankind. His fame wandered, so that the world echoed with it throughout the ten regions, making fair the world of gods and demons, like a streak of foam of the stream of milk tossed by Mandara, ambrosial sweet. His royal glory never for a moment laid aside the shade of her umbrella, as though scorched by the heat of a splendour hard to bear. (116) His achievements were heard by the people like news of good fortune, were received like the teaching of a guru, were valued like a good omen, were murmured like a hymn, and were remembered like a sacred

[1] *I.e.*, king, minister, and energy.

text. And while he was king, though the flight of the mountains was stayed, the flight of thought was free: suffixes alone were dependent, and the people feared no foe; nought dared to face him but his mirror; the pressure of Durgā[1] was given to Çiva's image alone: the bow was only borne by the clouds; there was no uprising save of banners, no bending save of bows, no shaft sped home save the bee's on the bamboo, no enforced wandering save of the images of gods in a procession, no imprisonment save of flowers in their calyx, no restraint save of the senses: wild elephants entered the pale, but none paled before the water-ordeal; the only sharpness was in the edge of the sword; the only endurance of the flame[2] was by ascetics; the only passing the Balance[3] was by the stars; the only clearing of baneful[4] waters was in the rising of Agastya; the only cutting short was of hair and nails: the only stained garb was of the sky on stormy days; the only laying bare was of gems, and not of secret counsels; the only mysteries[5] were those of religion; (117) none ceased to behold the light save slaughtered Tāraka[6] in the praises of Kumāra; none dreaded eclipse save the sun; none passed over the First-born[7] save the moon: none heard of the Disobedient save in the Mahābhārata; none grasped the rod[8] save in the decline of life; none clung to a sinister object save the sword-sheath; no stream of liberality was interrupted save the elephant's ichor; no squares were deserted save those on the dice-board.

"That king had a minister, by name Çukanāsa, a Brahman, whose intelligence was fixed on all the affairs of the kingdom, whose mind had plunged deeply into the arts and çāstras, and whose strong affection for the king had grown up in him from childhood. Skilled in the precepts of political science, pilot of the world's govern-

[1] Or, misfortune. [2] An ordeal. [3] An ordeal.

[4] (*a*) Clearing of the waters after the rainy season; (*b*) ordeal of poison.

[5] (*a*) Magic; (*b*) practice of Yoga.

[6] (*a*) Lit., 'tearing out of eyes;' (*b*) slaughter of the demon Tāraka by Kārtikeya.

[7] A star in the Scorpion's tail. [8] Seizing of tribute.

ment, unshaken in resolve by the greatest difficulties, he was the castle of constancy, the station of steadfastness, the bridge of bright truth, the guide to all goodness, the conductor in conduct, the ordainer of all ordered life. Like the serpent Çesha, enduring the weight of the world; like the ocean, full of life; like Jarāsandha, shaping war and peace;[1] (118) like Çiva, at home with Dūrgā[2]; like Yuddhishṭhira, a dayspring of Dharma, he knew all the Vedas and Vedāngas, and was the essence of the kingdom's prosperity. He was like Bṛihaspati[3] to Sunāsīra; like Çukra to Vṛishaparvan; like Vaçishṭha to Daçaratha; like Viçvāmitra to Rāma; like Dhaumya to Ajātaçatru; like Damanaka to Nala. He, by the force of his knowledge, thought that Lakshmī was not hard to win, resting though she were on the breast of Nārāyaṇa, terrible with the scars of the weapons of the demons of hell, and a strong shoulder hardened by the pitiless pressure of Mount Mandara as it moved to and fro. Near him knowledge spread wide, thick with many a tendril, and showed the fruits gained from conquered realms like a creeper near a tree. (119) To him throughout the earth's surface, measured by the circumference of the four oceans, and filled with the goings to and fro of many thousands of spies, every whisper of the kings was known as though uttered in his own palace.

'"Now, Tārāpīḍa while yet a child had conquered the whole earth ringed by the seven Dvīpas by the might of his arm, thick as the trunk of Indra's elephant, and he devolved the weight of the empire on that councillor named Çukanāsa, and having made his subjects perfectly contented, he searched for anything else that remained to be done.

'"And as he had crushed his enemies and had lost all cause for fear, and as the strain of the world's affairs had become a little relaxed, for the most part he began to pursue the ordinary pleasures of youth.

(121) '"And some time passed while the king pursued

[1] Or, having his body united. V. Dowson, 'Classical Dictionary.'
[2] Having fortresses subdued.
[3] These are teachers of the gods and heroes.

the pleasures of youth, and entrusted the affairs of state to his minister; and after a time he came to the end of all the other pleasures of life, and the only one he did not get was the sight of a son born to him; so that his zenana was like reeds showing only flowers without fruit; and as youth went by there arose in him a regret produced by childlessness, and his mind was turned away from the desire of the pleasures of sense, and he felt himself alone, though surrounded by a thousand princes; blind, though possessed of sight; without support, though supporting the world.

(125) '"But the fairest ornament of this king was his queen Vilāsavatī; as the moon's digit to the braided hair of Çiva, as the splendour of the Kaustubha gem to the breast of the foe[1] of Kaiṭabha, as the woodland garland to Balarāma, as the shore to the ocean, as the creeper to the tree, as the outburst of flowers to the spring, as the moonlight to the moon, as the lotus-bed to the lake, as the array of stars to the sky, as the circling of haṁsas to Lake Mānasa, as the line of sandal-woods to Mount Malaya, as the jewelled crest to Çesha, so was she to her lord; she reigned peerless in the zenana, and created wonder in the three worlds, as though she were the very source of all womanly grace.

'"And it chanced once that, going to her dwelling, he beheld her seated on a stately[2] couch, weeping bitterly, surrounded by her household mute in grief, their glances fixed in meditation, and attended by her chamberlains, who waited afar with eyes motionless in anxious thought, while the old women of the zenana were trying to console her. Her silken robes were wet with ceaseless tears; her ornaments were laid aside; her lotus-face rested on her left hand; and her tresses were unbound and in disorder. As she arose to welcome him, the king placed her on the couch again, and sitting there himself, ignorant of the cause of her weeping, and in great alarm, wiped away with his hand the tears from her cheeks, saying: (126) 'My queen, what means this weeping, voiceless and low with the weight of the heavy sorrow concealed in thy heart? For these eye-

[1] Vishṇu. [2] Lit., 'firm.'

lashes of thine are stringing, as it were, a network of pearls of dropping tears. Why, slender one, art thou unadorned? and why has not the stream of lac fallen on thy feet like early sunlight on rosy lotus-buds? And why are thy jewelled anklets, with their murmur like teals on the lake of love, not graced with the touch of thy lotus-feet? And why is this waist of thine bereft of the music of the girdle thou hast laid aside? And why is there no device painted on thy breast like the deer on the moon? and why is that slender neck of thine, fair-limbed queen, not adorned with a rope of pearls as the crescent on Çiva's brow by the heavenly stream? and why dost thou, erst so gay, wear in vain a face whose adornment is washed away with flowing tears? And why is this hand, with its petal-like cluster of soft fingers, exalted into an ear-jewel, as though it were a rosy lotus? (127) And why, froward lady, dost thou raise thy straight brow undecked with the mark of yellow pigment, and surrounded by the mass of thine unbound tresses? For these flowing locks of thine, bereft of flowers, grieve my eyes, like the loss of the moon in the dark fortnight, clouded in masses of thickest gloom. Be kind, and tell me, my queen, the cause of thy grief. For this storm of sighs with which the robe on thy breast is quivering bows my loving heart like a ruddy tendril. Has any wrong been done by me, or by any in thy service? Closely as I examine myself, I can truly see no failure of mine towards thee. For my life and my kingdom are wholly thine. Let the cause of thy woe, fair queen, be told.' But Vilāsavatī, thus addressed, made no reply, and turning to her attendants, he asked the cause of her exceeding grief. Then her betel-nut bearer, Makarikā, who was always near her, said to the king: 'My lord, how could any fault, however slight, be committed by thee? (128) and how in thy presence could any of thy followers, or anyone else, offend? The sorrow of the queen is that her union with the king is fruitless, as though she were seized by Rāhu, and for a long time she has been suffering. For at first our lady was like one in heavy grief, was only occupied

with difficulty by the persuasion of her attendants in the ordinary duties of the day, however fitting they might be, such as sleeping, bathing, eating, putting on of ornaments, and the like, and, like a Lakshmī of the lower world, ceaselessly upbraided divine love.[1] But in her longing to take away the grief of my lord's heart, she did not show her sad change. Now, however, as it was the fourteenth day of the month, she went to worship holy Mahākāla, and heard in a recitation of the Mahābhārata, "No bright abodes await the childless, for a son is he who delivers from the sunless shades"; and when she heard this, she returned to her palace, and now, though reverently entreated thereto by her attendants, she takes no pleasure in food, nor does she busy herself in putting on her jewels, nor does she vouchsafe to answer us; (129) she only weeps, and her face is clouded with a storm of ever-flowing tears. My lord has heard, and must judge.' So saying, she ceased; and, with a long and passionate sigh, the king spoke thus:

'"'My queen, what can be done in a matter decreed by fate? Enough of this weeping beyond measure! For it is not on us that the gods are wont to bestow their favours. In truth, our heart is not destined to hold the bliss of that ambrosial draught, the embrace of a child of our own. In a former life no glorious deed was done; for a deed done in a former life brings forth fruit in man's life on earth; even the wisest man cannot change destiny. Let all be done that may be done in this mortal life. Do more honour to the gurus; redouble thy worship of the gods; let thy good works be seen in thy reverence to the ṛishis; for the ṛishis are a powerful deity, and if we serve them with all our might, they will give boons that fulfil our heart's desire, hard though it be to gain. (130) For the tale is an old one how King Bṛihadratha in Magadha won by the power of Caṇḍakauçika a son Jarāsandha, victor of Vishṇu, peerless in prowess, fatal to his foes. Daçaratha, too, when very old, received by the favour of Ṛishyaçṛinga,

[illegible] (b) [illegible].

son of the great saint Vibhāṇḍaka, four sons, unconquerable as the arms of Nārāyaṇa, and unshaken as the depths of the oceans.[1] And many other royal sages, having conciliated ascetics, have enjoyed the happiness of tasting the ambrosia of the sight of a son. For the honour paid to saints is never without its reward.

'"'And for me, when shall I behold my queen ready to bear a child, pale as the fourteenth night when the rising of the full moon is at hand; and when will her attendants, hardly able to bear the joy of the great festival of the birth of my son, carry the full basket of gifts? When will my queen gladden me wearing yellow robes, and holding a son in her arms, like the sky with the newly-risen sun and the early sunlight; and when will a son give me joy of heart, with his curly hair yellow with many a plant, a few ashes mixed with mustard-seed on his palate, which has a drop of ghi on it as a talisman (131) and a thread bright with yellow dye round his neck, as he lies on his back and smiles with a little toothless mouth; when will this baby destroy all the darkness of sorrow in my eyes like an auspicious lamp welcomed by all the people, handed from one to another by the zenana attendants, shining tawny with yellow dye; and when will he adorn the courtyard, as he toddles round it, followed by my heart and my eyes, and gray with the dust of the court; and when will he walk from one place to another and the power of motion be formed in his knees, so that, like a young lion, he may try to catch the young tame deer screened behind the crystal walls? and when, running about at will in the courtyard, will he run after the tame geese, accompanied by the tinkling of the anklets of the zenana, and weary his nurse, who will hasten after him, following the sound of the bells of his golden girdle; (132) and when will he imitate the antics of a wild elephant, and have his cheeks adorned with a line of ichor painted in black aloe, full of joy at the sound of the bell held in his mouth, gray with the dust of sandal-wood scattered by his uplifted hand, shaking his

[1] Four was the number of the oceans and of the arms of Nārāyaṇa.

head at the beckoning of the hooked finger; and when will he disguise the faces of the old chamberlains with the juice of handfuls of lac left after being used to colour his mother's feet; and when, with eyes restless in curiosity, will he bend his glance on the inlaid floors, and with tottering steps pursue his own shadow; and when will he creep about during the audience in front of me as I stand in my audience-hall, with his eyes wandering bewildered by the rays of the gems, and have his coming welcomed by the outstretched arms of a thousand kings? Thinking on a hundred such desires, I pass my nights in suffering. Me, too, the grief arising from our want of children burns like a fire day and night. The world seems empty; I look on my kingdom as without fruit. But what can I do towards Brahmā, from whom there is no appeal? Therefore, my queen, cease thy continual grief. Let thy heart be devoted to endurance and to duty. For increase of blessings is ever nigh at hand for those who set their thoughts on duty.' (133) Thus saying, with a hand like a fresh tendril, he took water and wiped her tear-stained face, which showed as an opening lotus; and having comforted her again and again with many a speech sweet with a hundred endearments, skilled to drive away grief, and full of instruction about duty, he at last left her. And when he was gone, Vilāsavatī's sorrow was a little soothed, and she went about her usual daily duties, such as putting on of her adornments. And from that time forth she was more and more devoted to propitiating the gods, honouring Brahmans, and paying reverence to all holy persons; whatever recommendation she heard from any source she practised in her longing for a child, nor did she count the fatigue, however great; she slept within the temples of Durgā, dark with smoke of bdellium ceaselessly burnt, on a bed of clubs covered with green grass, fasting, her pure form clothed in white raiment; (134) she bathed under cows endued with auspicious marks, adorned for the occasion by the wives of the old cowherds in the herd-stations, with golden pitchers laden with all sorts of jewels,

decorated with branches of the pipal, decked with divers fruits and flowers and filled with holy water; every day she would rise and give to Brahmans golden mustard-leaves adorned with every gem; she stood in the midst of a circle drawn by the king himself, in a place where four roads meet, on the fourteenth night of the dark fortnight, and performed auspicious rites of bathing, in which the gods of the quarters were gladdened by the various oblations offered; she honoured the shrines of the siddhas and sought the houses of neighbouring Mātṛikās,[1] in which faith was displayed by the people; she bathed in all the celebrated snake-ponds; with a sun-wise turn, she worshipped the pipal and other trees to which honour was wont to be shown; after bathing, with hands circled by swaying bracelets, she herself gave to the birds an offering of curds and boiled rice placed in a silver cup; she offered daily to the goddess Durgā a sacrifice consisting of parched grain of oblation, boiled rice, sesamum sweetmeats, cakes, unguents, incense, and flowers, in abundance; (135) she besought, with a mind prostrate in adoration, the naked wandering ascetics, bearing the name of siddhas, and carrying their begging-bowls filled by her; she greatly honoured the directions of fortune-tellers; she frequented all the soothsayers learned in signs; she showed all respect to those who understood the omens of birds; she accepted all the secrets handed down in the tradition of a succession of venerable sages; in her longing for the sight of a son, she made the Brahmans who came into her presence chant the Veda; she heard sacred stories incessantly repeated; she carried about little caskets of mantras filled with birch-leaves written over in yellow letters; she tied strings of medicinal plants as amulets; even her attendants went out to hear passing sounds and grasped the omens arising from them; she daily threw out lumps of flesh in the evening for the jackals; she told the pandits the wonders of her dreams, and at the cross-roads she offered oblation to Çiva.

'"And as time went on, it chanced once that near the

[1] The divine mothers, or personified energies of the chief deities.

end of night, when the sky was gray as an old pigeon's wing, and but few stars were left, the king saw in a dream the full moon entering the mouth of Vilāsavatī, as she rested on the roof of her white palace, like a ball of lotus-fibres into the mouth of an elephant. (136) Thereupon he woke, and arising, shedding brightness through his dwelling by the joyous dilation of his eyes, he straightway called Çukanāsa and told him the dream: whereto the latter, filled with sudden joy, replied: 'Sire, our wishes and those of thy subjects are at length fulfilled. After a few days my lord will doubtless experience the happiness of beholding the lotus-face of a son; for I, too, this night in a dream saw a white-robed Brahman, of godlike bearing and calm aspect, place in Manoramā's[1] lap a lotus that rained drops of honey, with a hundred outspread white petals, like the moon's digits, and a thousand quivering stamens forming its matted locks. Now, all auspicious omens which come to us foretell the near approach of joy; and what other cause of joy can there be than this? for dreams seen at the close of night are wont to bear fruit in truth. (137) Certainly ere long the queen shall bear a son that, like Māndhātṛi, shall be a leader among all royal sages, and a cause of joy to all the world; and he shall gladden thy heart, O king, as the lotus-pool in autumn with its burst of fresh lotuses gladdens the royal elephant; by him thy kingly line shall become strong to bear the weight of the world, and shall be unbroken in its succession as the stream of a wild elephant's ichor.' As he thus spoke, the king, taking him by the hand, entered the inner apartments and gladdened the queen with both their dreams. And after some days, by the grace of the gods, the hope of a child came to Vilāsavatī, like the moon's image on a lake, and she became thereby yet more glorious, like the line of the Nandana wood with the tree of Paradise, or the breast of Vishṇu with the Kaustubha gem.

(138) "On one memorable day the king had gone at evening to an inner pavilion, where, encircled by a

[1] Wife of Çukanāsa.

thousand lamps, burning bright with abundance of scented oil, he was like the full moon in the midst of stars, or like Nārāyaṇa seated among the thousand jewelled hoods of the king of snakes; he was surrounded only by a few great kings who had received the sprinkling of coronation; his own attendants stood at some distance; close by Çukanāsa was sitting on a high stool, clad in white silk, with little adornment, a statesman profound as the depths of ocean; and with him the king was holding a conversation on many topics, full of the confidence that had grown with their growth, when he was approached by the handmaiden Kulavardhanā, the queen's chief attendant, always skilled in the ways of a court, well trained by nearness to royalty, and versed in all auspicious ceremonies, who whispered in his ear the news about Vilāsavatī. (139) At her words, so fresh to his ears, the king's limbs were bedewed as if with ambrosia, a thrill passed through his whole body, and he was bewildered with the draught of joy; his cheeks burst into a smile; under the guise of the bright flash of his teeth he scattered abroad the happiness that overflowed his heart, and his eye, with its pupil quivering, and its lashes wet with tears of gladness, fell on the face of Çukanāsa. And when Çukanāsa saw the king's exceeding joy, such as he had never seen before, and beheld the approach of Kulavardhanā with a radiant smile on her face, though he had not heard the tidings, yet, from constantly revolving the matter in his mind, he saw no other cause befitting the time of this excess of gladness; (140) he saw all, and bringing his seat closer to the king, said in a low voice: 'My lord, there is some truth in that dream; for Kulavardhanā has her eyes radiant, and thy twin eyes announce a cause of great joy, for they are dilated, their pupils are tremulous, and they are bathed in tears of joy, and as they seem to creep to the lobes of thy ears in their eagerness to hear the good tidings, they produce, as it were, the beauty of an ear-pendant of blue lotuses. My longing heart yearns to hear the festival that has sprung up for it. Therefore let my lord tell me what is this news.' When he had thus

said, the king replied with a smile: 'If it is true as she says, then all our dream is true; but I cannot believe it. How should so great a happiness fall to our lot? For we are no fitting vessel for the bearing of such good tidings. Kulavardhanā is always truthful, and yet when I consider how unworthy I am of such joy, I look upon her as having changed her nature. Rise, therefore; I myself will go and ask the queen if it is true, and then I shall know.' (141) So saying, he dismissed all the kings, and taking off his ornaments, gave them to Kulavardhanā, and when, on his gracious dismissal of her with gifts, he received her homage paid with a deep reverence as she touched the earth with her straight brow, he rose with Çukanāsa and went to the inner apartments, hurried on by a mind filled with exceeding happiness, and gladdened by the throbbing of his right eye, which seemed to mimic the play of a blue lotus-petal stirred by the wind. He was followed by a scanty retinue, as befitted so late a visit, and had the thick darkness of the courtyard dispelled by the brightness of the lamps of the women who went before him, though their steady flame flickered in the wind."'

[Bāṇa then describes the birth of Tārāpīḍa's son, who is named Candrāpīḍa, from the king's dream about the moon, and also that of Çukanāsa's son Vaiçampāyana.[1]]

(155) '"And as Candrāpīḍa underwent in due course all the circle of ceremonies, beginning with the tying of his top-knot, his childhood passed away; and to prevent distraction, Tārāpīḍa had built for him a palace of learning outside the city, stretching half a league along the Siprā river, surrounded by a wall of white bricks like the circle of peaks of a snow-mountain, girt with a great moat running along the walls, guarded by very strong gates, having one door kept open for ingress, with stables for horses and palanquins close by, and a gymnasium constructed beneath —a fit palace for the immortals. He took infinite pains in gathering there teachers of every science, and having placed

[1] Summary of pp. 141-155.

the boy there, like a young lion in a cage, forbidding all egress, surrounding him with a suite composed mainly of the sons of his teachers, removing every allurement to the sports of boyhood; and keeping his mind free from distraction, on an auspicious day (156) he entrusted him, together with Vaiçampāyana, to masters, that they might acquire all knowledge. Every day when he rose, the king, with Vilāsavatī and a small retinue, went to watch him, and Candrāpīḍa, undisturbed in mind and kept to his work by the king, quickly grasped all the sciences taught him by teachers, whose efforts were quickened by his great powers, as they brought to light his natural abilities; the whole range of arts assembled in his mind as in a pure jewelled mirror. He gained the highest skill in word, sentence, proof, law, and royal policy; in gymnastics; in all kinds of weapons, such as the bow, quoit, shield, scimitar, dart, mace, battle-axe, and club; in driving and elephant-riding; in musical instruments, such as the lute, fife, drum, cymbal, and pipe; in the laws of dancing laid down by Bharata and others, and the science of music, such as that of Nārada; in the management of elephants, the knowledge of a horse's age, and the marks of men; in painting, leaf-cutting, the use of books, and writing; in all the arts of gambling, knowledge of the cries of birds, and astronomy; in testing of jewels, (157) carpentry, the working of ivory; in architecture, physic, mechanics, antidotes, mining, crossing of rivers, leaping and jumping, and sleight of hand; in stories, dramas, romances, poems; in the Mahābhārata, the Purāṇas, the Itihāsas, and the Rāmāyaṇa; in all kinds of writing, all foreign languages, all technicalities, all mechanical arts; in metre, and in every other art. And while he ceaselessly studied, even in his childhood an inborn vigour like that of Bhīma shone forth in him and stirred the world to wonder. For when he was but in play the young elephants, who had attacked him as if he were a lion's whelp, had their limbs bowed down by his grasp on their ears, and could not move; with one stroke of his scimitar he cut down palm-trees as

if they were lotus-stalks; his shafts, like those of Paraçurāma when he blazed to consume the forest of earth's royal stems, cleft only the loftiest peaks; he exercised himself with an iron club which ten men were needed to lift; and, except in bodily strength, he was followed close in all his accomplishments by Vaiçampāyana, (158) who, by reason of the honour Candrāpīḍa felt for his deep learning, and of his reverence due to Çukanāsa, and because they had played in the dust and grown up together, was the prince's chief friend, and, as it were, his second heart, and the home of all his confidences. He would not be without Vaiçampāyana for a moment, while Vaiçampāyana never for an instant ceased to follow him, any more than the day would cease to follow the sun.

'"And while Candrāpīḍa was thus pursuing his acquaintance with all knowledge, the spring of youth, loved of the three worlds as the amṛita draught of the ocean, gladdening the hearts of men as moonrise gladdens the gloaming; transient in change of iridescent glow, like the full arch of Indra's bow to the rainy season; weapon of love, like the outburst of flowers to the tree of desire; beautiful in ever freshly revealed glow, like sunrise to the lotus-grove; ready for all play of graceful motion, like the plumes of the peacock, became manifest and brought to flower in him, fair as he was, a double beauty; love, lord of the hour, stood ever nigh, as if to do his bidding; his chest expanded like his beauty; his limbs won fulness, like the wishes of his friends; his waist became slender, like the host of his foes; (159) his form broadened, like his liberality; his majesty grew, like his hair; his arms hung down more and more, like the plaits of his enemies' wives; his eyes became brighter, like his conduct; his shoulders broad, like his knowledge; and his heart deep, like his voice.

'"And so in due course the king, learning that Candrāpīḍa had grown to youth, and had completed his knowledge of all the arts, studied all the sciences, and won great praise from his teachers, summoned Balāhaka, a mighty warrior, and, with a large escort of cavalry and infantry, sent him

on a very auspicious day to fetch the prince. And Balāhaka, going to the palace of learning, entered, announced by the porters, and bending his head till its crest-jewels rested on the ground, sat down, by the prince's permission, on a seat befitting his office, as reverently as though in the king's presence; after a short pause he approached Candrāpīḍa and respectfully gave the king's message: 'Prince, the king bids me say: "Our desires are fulfilled; the çāstras have been studied; all the arts have been learnt; thou hast gained the highest skill in all the martial sciences. (160) All thy teachers give thee permission to leave the house of learning. Let the people see that thou hast received thy training, like a young royal elephant come out from the enclosure, having in thy mind the whole orb of the arts, like the full moon newly risen. Let the eyes of the world, long eager to behold thee, fulfil their true function; for all the zenanas are yearning for thy sight. This is now the tenth year of thine abode in the school, and thou didst enter it having reached the experience of thy sixth year. This year, then, so reckoned, is the sixteenth of thy life. Now, therefore, when thou hast come forth and shown thyself to all the mothers longing to see thee, and hast saluted those who deserve thy honour, do thou lay aside thy early discipline, and experience at thy will the pleasures of the court and the delights of fresh youth. Pay thy respects to the chiefs; honour the Brahmans; protect thy people; gladden thy kinsfolk. There stands at the door, sent by the king, this horse, named Indrāyudha, swift as Garuda or as the wind, the chief jewel of the three worlds; (161) for in truth the monarch of Persia, who esteemed him the wonder of the universe, sent him with this message: 'This noble steed, sprung straight from the waters of ocean, was found by me, and is worthy for thee, O king, to mount;' and when he was shown to those skilled in a horse's points, they said: 'He has all the marks of which men tell us as belonging to Uccaihçravas; there never has been nor will be a steed like him.' Therefore let him be honoured by thy mounting

him. These thousand princes, all sons of anointed kings, highly-trained, heroic, wise, and accomplished, and of long descent, sent for thine escort, wait on horseback, all eager to salute thee."' Having thus said, Balāhaka paused, and Candrāpīḍa, laying his father's command on his head, in a voice deep as a new cloud gave the order, 'Let Indrāyudha be brought,' for he desired to mount him.

'"Immediately on his command Indrāyudha was brought, and he beheld that wondrous steed, led by two men on each side grasping the circle of the bit, and using all their efforts to curb him. He was very large, his back being just within reach of a man's uplifted hand; he seemed to drink the sky, which was on a level with his mouth; with a neigh which shook the cavity of his belly, and filled the hollows of the three worlds, he, as it were, upbraided Garuḍa for his vain trust in his fabled speed; (162) with a nostril snorting in wrath at any hindrance to his course, he, in his pride, examined the three worlds, that he might leap over them; his body was variegated with streaks of black, yellow, green, and pink, like Indra's bow; he was like a young elephant, with a many-hued rug spread over him; like Çiva's bull, pink with metallic dust from butting at Kailāsa's peaks; like Pārvatī's lion, with his mane crimsoned with the red streak of the demon's clotted blood; and like the very incarnation of all energy, with a sound emitted from his ever-quivering nostrils, he seemed to pour forth the wind inhaled in his swift course; he scattered the foam-flakes that frothed from his lips from the champing of the points of the bit which rattled as he rolled it in his mouth, as if they were mouthfuls of ambrosia drunk in his ocean home. (164) And, beholding this steed, whose like was never before seen, in form fit for the gods, meet for the kingdom of the whole universe, (165) possessed of all the favourable marks, the perfection of a horse's shape, the heart of Candrāpīḍa, though of a nature not easily moved, was touched with amazement, and the thought arose in his mind: 'What jewel, if not this wondrous horse, was brought up by the Suras and Asuras

when they churned the waters of ocean and whirled round Mount Mandara with the serpent Vāsuki revolving in ceaseless gyration? And what has Indra gained by his lordship of the three worlds if he did not mount this back, broad as Mount Meru? Surely Indra was cheated by the ocean when his heart was gladdened by Uccaiḥçravas! And I think that so far he has not crossed the sight of holy Nārayaṇa, who even now does not give up his infatuation for riding Garuḍa. My father's royal glory surpasses the riches of the kingdom of heaven, in that treasures such as this, which can hardly be gained in the whole universe, come here into servitude. From its magnificence and energy, this form of his seems the shrine of a god, and the truth of this makes me fear to mount him. For forms like this, fit for the gods and the wonder of the universe, belong to no common horse. Even deities, subject to a muni's curse, have been known to leave their own bodies and inhabit other bodies brought to them by the terms of the curse. (166) For there is a story of old how Sthūlaçiras, a muni of great austerity, cursed an Apsaras named Rambhā, the ornament of the three worlds; and she, leaving heaven, entered the heart of a horse, and thus, as the story goes, dwelt for a long time on earth as a mare, in the service of King Çatadhanvan, at Mṛittikāvatī; and many other great-souled beings, having had their glory destroyed by the curse of munis, have roamed the world in various forms. Surely this must be some noble being subject to a curse! My heart declares his divinity.' Thus thinking, he rose, wishing to mount; and in mind only approaching the steed, he prayed thus: 'Noble charger, thou art that thou art! All hail to thee! Yet let my audacity in mounting thee be forgiven! for even deities whose presence is unknown taste of a contumely all unmeet for them.'

'"As if knowing his thought, Indrāyudha looked at him with eye askance, the pupil turned and partly closed by the lashing of his tossing mane, (167) and repeatedly struck the ground with his right hoof, till the hair on his chest

was gray with the dust it cast up, as though summoning the prince to mount, with a pleasant whinnying long drawn out into a gentle soft murmur blent with the snorting of his quivering nostrils. Whereupon Candrāpīḍa mounted Indrāyudha, as though invited thereunto by his pleasant neighing; and, having mounted, he passed out, thinking the whole universe but a span long, and beheld a cavalcade of which the furthest limits could not be seen; it deafened the hollows of the three worlds with the clatter of hoofs breaking up the earth, fierce as a shower of stones let fall from the clouds, and with a neighing sounding the fiercer from nostrils choked with dust; it decked the sky with a forest of lances all horrent, whose shafts gleamed bright when touched by the sun, like a lake half hidden in a grove of blue lotus-buds upborne on their stalks; from its darkening the eight quarters with its thousand umbrellas all raised, it was like a mass of clouds iridescent with the full arch of Indra's bow shining on them; (168) while from the horses' mouths being white with foam-flakes cast abroad, and from the undulating line of their ceaseless curvetting, it rose to sight like a mass of ocean billows in the flood of final destruction; all the horses were in motion at Candrāpīḍa's approach, as the waves of ocean at the moon's rising; and the princes, each wishing to be first in their eagerness to pay their homage, having their heads unprotected by the hasty removal of their umbrellas, and weary with trying to curb their horses, which were wild with trampling on each other, drew around the prince. As Balāhaka presented each by name, they bowed, bending low their heads, which showed the glow of loyalty under the guise of the rays uprising from the rubies in their waving crests, and which, from their having buds held up in adoration, were like lotuses resting on the water in the pitchers of coronation. Having saluted them, Candrāpīḍa, accompanied by Vaiçampāyana, also mounted, straightway set out for the city. (169) He was shaded by a very large umbrella with a gold stick, borne above him, formed like the lotus on which royal glory might dwell,

like the moon's orb to the moon-lotus grove of royal races, like an island being formed by the flow of the cavalcade, in hue like the circle of Vāsuki's hood whitened by the sea of milk, garlanded with many a rope of pearls, bearing the device of a lion designed above. The flowers in his ears were set dancing by the wind of the cowries waved on either side, and his praises were sung by many thousands of retainers running before him, young, for the most part, and brave, and by the bards, who ceaselessly recited aloud auspicious verses, with a soft cry of 'Long life and victory.'

'" And as he passed on his way to the city, like a manifestation of the god of love no longer bodiless,[1] all the people, like a lotus-grove awakened by the moon's rising, left their work and gathered to behold him.

'" 'Kārtikeya scorns the name of Kumāra,[2] since his own form is looked on with scorn by the throng of lotus-faces when this prince is by. Surely we reap the reward of great virtue in that we behold that godlike form with eyes wide with the overflow of love sprung up within us, and upraised in eager curiosity. (170) Our birth in this world has now brought forth its fruit. Nevertheless, all hail to blessed Krishṇa, who in the guise of Candrāpīḍa has assumed a new form!' With such words the city folk folded their hands in adoration and bowed before him. And from the thousand windows which were unclosed from curiosity to behold Candrāpīḍa, the city itself became as it were a mass of open eyes; for straightway on hearing that he had left the palace of learning filled with all knowledge, women eager to see him mounted the roofs hastily throughout the city, leaving their half-done work; some with mirrors in their left hand were like the nights of the full moon, when the moon's whole orb is gleaming; some, with feet roseate with fresh lac, were like lotus-buds whose flowers had drunk the early sunlight; some, with their tender feet

[1] Or, Ananga, name of Kāma.

[2] Since he can only give it the name, not the substance or meaning. *Kumāra* = (*a*) name of Kārtikeya; (*b*) prince.

enmeshed in the bells of their girdle, fallen to the ground in their haste, were like elephants moving very slowly, checked by their chain; some were robed in rainbow hues, like the beauty of a day in the rainy season; some raised feet that blossomed into the white rays of their nails, like tame kalahaṃsas drawn by the sound of the anklets; (171) some held strings of large pearls in their hands, as if in imitation of Rati with her crystal rosary grasped in grief for the death of Love; some, with wreaths of pearls falling between their breasts, were like the glory of evening when the pairs of cakravākas are separated by a pure slender stream; some, with rainbow flashes rising from the gems of their anklets, shone as if lovingly accompanied by tame peacocks; some, with their jewelled cups half drunk, distilled, as it were, from their rosy flower-like lips a sweet nectar. Others, too, with their orbed faces appearing at the interstices of the emerald lattices, presented to the eyes a lotus-grove with its opening buds traversing the sky, as they gazed on the prince. On a sudden there arose a tinkling of ornaments born of hasty motion, with many a sound of lutes struck sweetly on their chords, blended with the cry of cranes summoned by the clanging of the girdles, accompanied by the noise of peacocks shut up in the zenana and rejoicing in the thunder caused by the stairs being struck by stumbling feet, (172) soft with the murmur of kalahaṃsas fluttering in fear of the clash of fresh clouds, imitating the triumphant cry of Love, taking captive the ears of lovely women with their ropes of jewels resounding shrilly as they touched one another, and re-echoing through all the corners of the houses. In a moment the dense throng of maidens made the palaces seem walled with women; the ground seemed to blossom by the laying on it of their lac-strewn lotus-feet; the city seemed girt with grace by the stream of fair forms; the sky seemed all moon by the throng of orbed faces; the circle of space seemed a lotus-grove by reason of the hands all raised to ward off the heat; the sunshine seemed robed in rainbows by the mass of rays from the jewels, and the day seemed

formed of blue lotus-petals by the long line of bright glances. As the women gazed on him with eyes fixed and widened in curiosity, the form of Candrāpīḍa entered into their hearts as though they were mirrors or water or crystal; and as the glow of love manifested itself there, their graceful speech became straightway mirthful, confidential, confused, envious, scornful, derisive, coquettish, loving, or full of longing. (173) As, for instance: 'Hasty one, wait for me! Drunk with gazing, hold thy mantle! Simpleton, lift up the long tresses that hang about thy face! Remove thy moon-digit ornament! Blinded with love, thy feet are caught in the flowers of thine offering, and thou wilt fall! Love-distraught, tie up thy hair! Intent on the sight of Candrāpīḍa, raise thy girdle! Naughty one, lift up the ear-flower waving on thy cheek! Heartless one, pick up thine earring! Eager in youth, thou art being watched! Cover thy bosom! Shameless one, gather up thy loosened robe! Artfully artless, go on quicker! Inquisitive girl, take another look at the king! Insatiable, how long wilt thou look? Fickle-hearted, think of thine own people! Impish girl, thy mantle has fallen, and thou art mocked! Thou whose eyes art filled with love, seest thou not thy friends? Maiden full of guile, thou wilt live in sorrow with thy heart in causeless torment! Thou who feignest coyness, what mean thy crafty glances? (174) look boldly! Bright with youth, why rest thy weight against us? Angry one, go in front! Envious girl, why block up the window? Slave of love, thou bringest my outer robe to utter ruin! Drunk with love's breath, restrain thyself! Devoid of self-control, why run before thine elders? Bright in strength, why so confused? Silly girl, hide the thrill of love's fever! Ill-behaved girl, why thus weary thyself? Changeful one, thy girdle presseth thee, and thou sufferest vainly! Absent-minded, thou heedest not thyself, though outside thy house! Lost in curiosity, thou hast forgotten how to breathe! Thou whose eyes art closed in the happy imagination of union with thy beloved, open them! He

is passing! Bereft of sense by the stroke of love's arrow, place the end of thy silken robe on thy head to keep off the sun's rays! Thou who hast taken the vow of *Sati*, thou lettest thine eyes wander, not seeing what is to be seen! Wretched one, thou art cast down by the vow not to gaze on other men! Vouchsafe to rise, dear friend, and to look at the blessed fish-bannered god,[1] without his banner and bereft of Rati, visibly present. (175) His crest of mālatī flowers under his umbrella looks like a mass of moonbeams fallen in under the idea that night has set in, on his head dark with swarms of bees. His cheek is fair as a garland of open çirīsha flowers touched with green by the splendour of his emerald earring. Our youthful glow of love, under the guise of rich ruby rays among the pearl necklaces, shines out eager to enter his heart. It is so seen by him among the cowries. Moreover, what is he laughing at as he talks to Vaiçampāyana, so that the circle of space is whitened with his bright teeth? Balāhaka, with the edge of his silken mantle green as a parrot's plumage, is removing from the tips of his hair the dust raised by the horses' hoofs. His bough-like foot, soft as Lakshmī's lotus-hand, is raised and sportively cast athwart his horse's shoulder. His hand, with tapering fingers and bright as pink lotus-buds, is outstretched to its full length to ask for betel-nut, just as an elephant's trunk in eagerness for mouthfuls of vallisneria. (176) Happy is she who, a fellow-bride with earth, shall, like Lakshmī, win that hand outvying the lotus! Happy, too, is Queen Vilāsavatī, by whom he who is able to bear the whole earth was nourished in birth, as the elephant of the quarters by Space!'

'"And as they uttered these and other sayings of the same kind, Candrāpīḍa, drunk in by their eyes, summoned by the tinkling of their ornaments, followed by their hearts, bound by the ropes of the rays of their jewels, honoured with the offering of their fresh youth, bestrewn with flowers and rice in salutation like a marriage fire, advancing step

[1] Kāma.

by step on a mass of white bracelets slipping from their languid arms, reached the palace."'

[Dismounting and leaning on Vaiçampāyana, he entered the court, preceded by Balāhaka, and passing through the crowd of attendant kings, beheld his father seated on a white couch and attended by his guards.[1]]

'"(189) And on the chamberlain's saying 'Behold him!' the prince, with his head bent low, and its crest shaking, while yet afar off made his salutation, and his father, crying from afar, 'Come, come hither!' stretched forth both arms, raised himself slightly from his couch, while his eyes filled with tears of joy and a thrill passed over his body, and embraced his reverently-bent son as though he would bind him fast[2] and absorb him, and drink him in. And after the embrace, Candrāpīḍa sat down on the bare ground by his father's footstool, kicking away the cloak which had been rolled up and hastily made into a seat by his own betel-nut bearer, and softly bidding her take it away; (190) and then Vaiçampāyana, being embraced by the king like his own son, sat down on a seat placed for him. When he had been there a short time, assailed, as it were, by glances from the women who stood motionless, with the waving of the cowries forgotten, glances of love, long as strings of lotus stirred by the wind, from fine eyes tremulous and askant, he was dismissed with the words, 'Go, my son, salute thy loving mother, who longs to see thee, and then in turn gladden all who nurtured thee by thy sight.' Respectfully rising, and stopping his suite from following him, he went with Vaiçampāyana to the zenana, led by the royal servants meet to enter therein, and approaching his mother, saluted her"' [as she sat surrounded by her attendants and by aged ascetic women, who read and recited legends to her[3]].

'"(191) She raised him, while her attendants, skilled in doing her commands, stood around her, and, with a loving

[1] Summary of pp. 176-189. [2] Lit., 'sew him to himself.'
[3] Summary of pp. 190, 191.

caress, held him in a long embrace, as though thinking inwardly of a hundred auspicious words to say, and straightway, when the claims of affection had been satisfied, and she had embraced Vaiçampāyana, she sat down, and drew Candrāpīḍa, who was reverently seated on the ground, forcibly and against his will to rest in her arms; (192) and when Vaiçampāyana was seated on a stool quickly brought by the attendants, she embraced Candrāpīḍa again and again on brow, breast, and shoulders, and said, with many a caressing touch: 'Hard-hearted, my child, was thy father, by whom so fair a form, meet to be cherished by the whole universe, was made to undergo great fatigue for so long! How didst thou endure the tedious restraint of thy gurus? Indeed, young as thou art, thou hast a strong man's fortitude! Thy heart, even in childhood, has lost all idle liking for childish amusement and play. Ah well, all devotion to natural and spiritual parents is something apart; and as I now see thee endowed, by thy father's favour, with all knowledge, so I shall soon see thee endowed with worthy wives.' Having thus said as he bent his head, smiling half in shame, she kissed him on the cheek, which was a full reflection of her own, and garlanded with open lotuses; and he, when he had stayed a short time, gladdened in turn by his presence the whole zenana. Then, departing by the royal door, he mounted Indrāyudha, who was standing outside, and, followed by the princes, went to see Çukanāsa,"' [and at the gate of an outer court, filled with priests of many sects, he dismounted[1]] '"(194) and entered the palace of Çukanāsa, which resembled a second royal court. On entering he saluted Çukanāsa like a second father as he stood in the midst of thousands of kings, showing him all respect, with his crest bent low even from afar. Çukanāsa, quickly rising, while the kings rose one after another, and respectfully advancing straight to him, with tears of joy falling from eyes wide with gladness, heartily, and with great affection, embraced him, together with Vaiçampāyana. Then the prince, rejecting

[1] Summary of p. 193.

the jewelled seat respectfully brought, sat on the bare ground, and next to him sat Vaiçampāyana; and when he sat on the ground, the whole circle of kings, except Çukanāsa, leaving their own seats, sat also on the ground. Çukanāsa stood silent for a moment, showing his extreme joy by the thrill that passed over his limbs, and then said to the prince: 'Truly, my child, now that King Tārāpīḍa has seen thee grown to youth and possessed of knowledge, he has at length gained the fruit of his rule over the universe. Now all the blessings of thy parents have been fulfilled. Now the merit acquired in many other births has borne fruit. Now the gods of thy race are content. (195) For they who, like thee, astonish the three worlds, do not become the sons of the unworthy. For where is thy age? and where thy superhuman power and thy capacity of reaching boundless knowledge? Yea, blessed are those subjects who have thee for their protector, one like unto Bharata and Bhagīratha. What bright deed of merit was done by Earth that she has won thee as lord? Surely, Lakshmī is destroyed by persisting in the caprice of dwelling in Vishṇu's bosom, that she does not approach thee in mortal form! But, nevertheless, do thou with thine arm, as the Great Boar with his circle of tusks, bear up for myriads of ages the weight of the earth, helping thy father.' Thus saying, and offering homage with ornaments, dresses, flowers, and unguents, he dismissed him. Thereupon the prince, rising, and entering the zenana, visited Vaiçampāyana's mother, by name Manoramā, and, departing, mounted Indrāyudha, and went to his palace. It had been previously arranged by his father, and had white jars filled and placed on the gates, like an image of the royal palace; it had garlands of green sandal boughs, thousands of white flags flying, and filled the air with the sound of auspicious instruments of music; open lotuses were strewn in it. A sacrifice to Agni had just been performed, every attendant was in bright apparel, every auspicious ceremony for entering a house had been prepared. On his arrival he sat for a short time on a couch placed in the hall, and

then, together with his princely retinue, performed the day's duties, beginning with bathing and ending with a banquet; (196) and meanwhile he arranged that Indrāyudha should dwell in his own chamber.

'"And in these doings of his the day came to a close; the sun's orb fell with lifted rays like the ruby anklet—its interstices veiled in its own light—of the Glory of Day, as she hastens from the sky. (198) And when evening had begun, Candrāpīḍa, encircled by a fence of lighted lamps, went on foot to the king's palace, (199) and having stayed a short time with his father, and seen Vilāsavatī, he returned to his own house and lay down on a couch, many-hued with the radiance of various gems, like Krishṇa on the circle of Çesha's hoods.

'"And when night had turned to dawn, he, with his father's leave, rose before sunrise, in eagerness for the new delight of hunting, and, mounting Indrāyudha, went to the wood with a great retinue of runners, horses, and elephants. His eagerness was doubled by huntsmen leading in a golden leash hounds large as asses. With arrows whose shafts were bright as the leaves of a blossoming lotus, and fit to cleave the frontal bones of young wild elephants, he slew wild boars, lions, çarabhas,[1] yaks, and many other kinds of deer by thousands, (200) while the woodland goddesses looked at him with half-closed eyes, fluttered by fear of the twanging of his bow. Other animals by his great energy he took alive. And when the sun reached the zenith, he rode home from the wood (201) with but a few princes who were well mounted, going over the events of the chase, saying: 'Thus I killed a lion, thus a bear, thus a buffalo, thus a çarabha, thus a stag.'

'"On dismounting, he sat down on a seat brought hastily by his attendants, took off his corselet, and removed the rest of his riding apparel; he then rested a short time, till his weariness was removed by the wind of waving fans; having rested, he went to the bathroom, provided with a

[1] Çarabha, a fabulous animal supposed to have eight legs, and to dwell in the snowy mountains.

hundred pitchers of gold, silver, and jewels, and having a gold seat placed in its midst. And when the bath was over, and he had been rubbed in a separate room with cloths, his head was covered with a strip of pure linen, his raiment was put on, and he performed his homage to the gods; and when he entered the perfuming-room, there approached him the court women attendants, appointed by the grand chamberlain and sent by the king, slaves of Vilāsavatī, with Kulavardhanā, and zenana women sent from the whole zenana, bearing in baskets different ornaments, wreaths, unguents, and robes, which they presented to him. Having taken them in due order from the women, he first himself anointed Vaiçampāyana. When his own anointing was done, and giving to those around him flowers, perfumes, robes, and jewels, as was meet, (202) he went to the banquet-hall, rich in a thousand jewelled vessels, like the autumn sky gleaming with stars. He there sat on a doubled rug, with Vaiçampāyana next him, eagerly employed, as was fitting, in praising his virtues, and the host of princes, placed each in order of seniority on the ground, felt the pleasure of their service increased by seeing the great courtesy with which the prince said: 'Let this be given to him, and that to him!' And so he duly partook of his morning meal.

'"After rinsing his mouth and taking betel, he stayed there a short time, and then went to Indrāyudha, and there, without sitting down, while his attendants stood behind him, with upraised faces, awaiting his commands, and talking mostly about Indrāyudha's points, he himself, with heart uplifted by Indrāyudha's merits, scattered the fodder before him, and departing, visited the court; and in the same order of routine he saw the king, and, returning home, spent the night there. Next day, at dawn, he beheld approaching a chamberlain, by name Kailāsa, the chief of the zenana, greatly trusted by the king, accompanied by a maiden of noble form, in her first youth, from her life at court self-possessed, yet not devoid of modesty, (203) growing to maidenhood, and in her veil of silk red with cochineal,

resembling the Eastern quarter clothed in early sunshine. (204) And Kailāsa, bowing and approaching, with his right hand placed on the ground, spoke as follows:

'"'Prince, Queen Vilāsavatī bids me say: "This maiden, by name Patralekhā, daughter of the King of Kulūta, was brought with the captives by the great king on his conquest of the royal city of Kulūta while she was yet a little child, and was placed among the zenana women. And tenderness grew up in me towards her, seeing she was a king's daughter and without a protector, and she was long cared for and brought up by me just like a daughter. Therefore, I now send her to thee, thinking her fit to be thy betel-bearer; but she must not be looked on by thee, great prince of many days, as thine other attendants. She must be cared for as a young maiden; she must be shielded from the thoughtless like thine own nature; she must be looked on as a pupil. (205) Like a friend, she must be admitted to all thy confidences. By reason of the love that has long grown up in me, my heart rests on her as on my own daughter; and being sprung from a great race, she is fitted for such duties; in truth, she herself will in a few days charm the prince by her perfect gentleness. My love for her is of long growth, and therefore strong; but as the prince does not yet know her character, this is told to him. Thou must in all ways strive, happy prince, that she may long be thy fitting companion."' When Kailāsa had thus spoken and was silent, Candrāpīḍa looked long and steadily at Patralekhā as she made a courteous obeisance, and with the words, 'As my mother wishes,' dismissed the chamberlain. And Patralekhā, from her first sight of him, was filled with devotion to him, and never left the prince's side either by night or day, whether he was sleeping, or sitting, or standing, or walking, or going to the court, just as if she were his shadow; while he felt for her a great affection, beginning from his first glance at her, and constantly growing; he daily showed more favour to her, and counted her in all his secrets as part of his own heart.

'"As the days thus passed on, the king, eager for the anointing of Candrāpīḍa as crown prince, (206) appointed chamberlains to gather together all things needful for it; and when it was at hand, Çukanāsa, desirous of increasing the prince's modesty, great as it already was, spoke to him at length during one of his visits: 'Dear Candrāpīḍa, though thou hast learnt what is to be known, and read all the çāstras, no little remains for thee to learn. For truly the darkness arising from youth is by nature very thick, nor can it be pierced by the sun, nor cleft by the radiance of jewels, nor dispelled by the brightness of lamps. The intoxication of Lakshmī is terrible, and does not cease even in old age. There is, too, another blindness of power, evil, not to be cured by any salve. The fever of pride runs very high, and no cooling appliances can allay it. The madness that rises from tasting the poison of the senses is violent, and not to be counteracted by roots or charms. The defilement of the stain of passion is never destroyed by bathing or purification. The sleep of the multitude of royal pleasures is ever terrible, and the end of night brings no waking. Thus thou must often be told at length. Lordship inherited even from birth, fresh youth, peerless beauty, superhuman talent, all this is a long succession of ills. (207) Each of these separately is a home of insolence; how much more the assemblage of them! For in early youth the mind often loses its purity, though it be cleansed with the pure waters of the çāstras. The eyes of the young become inflamed, though their clearness is not quite lost. Nature, too, when the whirlwind of passion arises, carries a man far in youth at its own will, like a dry leaf borne on the wind. This mirage of pleasure, which captivates the senses as if they were deer, always ends in sorrow. When the mind has its consciousness dulled by early youth, the characteristics of the outer world fall on it like water, all the more sweetly for being but just tasted. Extreme clinging to the things of sense destroys a man, misleading him like ignorance of his bearings. But men such as thou art the fitting vessels for instruction. For on a mind free from

stain the virtue of good counsel enters easily, as the moon's rays on a moon crystal. The words of a guru, though pure, yet cause great pain when they enter the ears of the bad, as water does; (208) while in others they produce a nobler beauty, like the ear-jewel on an elephant. They remove the thick darkness of many sins, like the moon in the gloaming.[1] The teaching of a guru is calming, and brings to an end the faults of youth by turning them to virtue, just as old age takes away the dark stain of the locks by turning them to gray. This is the time to teach thee, while thou hast not yet tasted the pleasures of sense. For teaching pours away like water in a heart shattered by the stroke of love's arrow. Family and sacred tradition are unavailing to the froward and undisciplined. Does a fire not burn when fed on sandal-wood? Is not the submarine fire the fiercer in the water that is wont to quench fire? But the words of a guru are a bathing without water, able to cleanse all the stains of man; they are a maturity that changes not the locks to gray; they give weight without increase of bulk; though not wrought of gold, they are an ear-jewel of no common order; without light they shine; without startling they awaken. They are specially needed for kings, for the admonishers of kings are few. (209) For from fear, men follow like an echo the words of kings, and so, being unbridled in their pride, and having the cavity of their ears wholly stopped, they do not hear good advice even when offered; and when they do hear, by closing their eyes like an elephant, they show their contempt, and pain the teachers who offer them good counsel. For the nature of kings, being darkened by the madness of pride's fever, is perturbed; their wealth causes arrogance and false self-esteem; their royal glory causes the torpor brought about by the poison of kingly power. First, let one who strives after happiness look at Lakshmī. For this Lakshmī, who now rests like a bee on the lotus-grove of a circle of naked swords, has risen from the milk ocean, has taken her glow from the buds of the coral-tree, her crookedness from

[1] (*a*) Many sins; (*b*) twilight.

the moon's digit, her restlessness from the steed Uccaiḥ-çrava, her witchery from Kālakūṭa poison, her intoxication from nectar, and from the Kaustubha gem her hardness. (210) All these she has taken as keepsakes to relieve her longing with memory of her companions' friendship. There is nothing so little understood here in the world as this base Lakshmī. When won, she is hard to keep; when bound fast by the firm cords of heroism, she vanishes; when held by a cage of swords brandished by a thousand fierce champions, she yet escapes; when guarded by a thick band of elephants, dark with a storm of ichor, she yet flees away. She keeps not friendships; she regards not race; she recks not of beauty; she follows not the fortunes of a family; she looks not on character; she counts not cleverness; she hears not sacred learning; she courts not righteousness; she honours not liberality; she values not discrimination; she guards not conduct; she understands not truth; she makes not auspicious marks her guide; like the outline of an aërial city, she vanishes even as we look on her. She is still dizzy with the feeling produced by the eddying of the whirlpool made by Mount Mandara. As if she were the tip of a lotus-stalk bound to the varying motion of a lotus-bed, she gives no firm foothold anywhere. Even when held fast with great effort in palaces, she totters as if drunk with the ichor of their many wild elephants. (211) She dwells on the sword's edge as if to learn cruelty. She clings to the form of Nārāyaṇa as if to learn constant change of form. Full of fickleness, she leaves even a king, richly endowed with friends, judicial power, treasure, and territory, as she leaves a lotus at the end of day, though it have root, stalk, bud, and wide-spreading petals. Like a creeper, she is ever a parasite.[1] Like Gangā, though producing wealth, she is all astir with bubbles; like the sun's ray, she alights on one thing after another; like the cavity of hell, she is full of dense darkness. Like the demon Hiḍambā, her heart is only won by the courage of a Bhīma; like the rainy season, she sends

[1] Lit., (a) climbs trees; (b) protects parasites.

forth but a momentary flash; like an evil demon, she, with the height of many men,[1] crazes the feeble mind. As if jealous, she embraces not him whom learning has favoured; she touches not the virtuous man, as being impure; she despises a lofty nature as unpropitious; she regards not the gently-born, as useless. She leaps over a courteous man as a snake; (212) she avoids a hero as a thorn; she forgets a giver as a nightmare; she keeps far from a temperate man as a villain; she mocks at the wise as a fool; she manifests her ways in the world as if in a jugglery that unites contradictions. For, though creating constant fever,[2] she produces a chill;[3] though exalting men, she shows lowness of soul; though rising from water, she augments thirst; though bestowing lordship,[4] she shows an unlordly[5] nature; though loading men with power, she deprives them of weight;[6] though sister of nectar, she leaves a bitter taste; though of earthly mould,[7] she is invisible; though attached to the highest,[8] she loves the base; like a creature of dust, she soils even the pure. Moreover, let this wavering one shine as she may, she yet, like lamplight, only sends forth lamp-black. For she is the fostering rain of the poison-plants of desire, the hunter's luring song to the deer of the senses, the polluting smoke to the pictures of virtue, the luxurious couch of infatuation's long sleep, the ancient watch-tower of the demons of pride and wealth. (213) She is the cataract gathering over eyes lighted by the çāstras, the banner of the reckless, the native stream of the alligators of wrath, the tavern of the mead of the senses, the music-hall of alluring dances, the lair of the serpents of sin, the rod to drive out good practices. She is the untimely rain to the kalahaṃsas[9] of the virtues, the

[1] (*a*) Showing the elevation of many men; (*b*) rising in stature to the height of many men.

[2] Or, arrogance.

[3] Or, stupidity.

[4] Or, wealth.

[5] Or, ill-fortune.

[6] *Balam* = (*a*) strength; (*b*) army. *Laghumā* = (*a*) lightness; (*b*) triviality.

[7] *Vigrahavatī* = (*a*) having a body; (*b*) full of strife.

[8] Purushottama, *i.e.*, Vishṇu.

[9] The rainy season sends away the *haṃsas*.

hotbed of the pustules of scandal, the prologue of the drama of fraud, the roar of the elephant of passion, the slaughter-house of goodness, the tongue of Rāhu for the moon of holiness. Nor see I any who has not been violently embraced by her while she was yet unknown to him, and whom she has not deceived. Truly, even in a picture she moves; even in a book she practises magic; even cut in a gem she deceives; even when heard she misleads; even when thought on she betrays.

'"'When this wretched evil creature wins kings after great toil by the will of destiny, they become helpless, and the abode of every shameful deed. For at the very moment of coronation their graciousness is washed away as if by the auspicious water-jars; (214) their heart is darkened as by the smoke of the sacrificial fire; their patience is swept away as by the kuça brooms of the priest; their remembrance of advancing age is concealed as by the donning of the turban; the sight of the next world is kept afar as by the umbrella's circle; truth is removed as by the wind of the cowries; virtue is driven out as by the wands of office: the voices of the good are drowned as by cries of "All hail!" and glory is flouted as by the streamers of the banners.

'"'For some kings are deceived by successes which are uncertain as the tremulous beaks of birds when loose from weariness, and which, though pleasant for a moment as a firefly's flash, are contemned by the wise; they forget their origin in the pride of amassing a little wealth, and are troubled by the onrush of passion as by a blood-poisoning brought on by accumulated diseases; they are tortured by the senses, which though but five, in their eagerness to taste every pleasure, turn to a thousand; they are bewildered by the mind, which, in native fickleness, follows its own impulses, and, being but one, gets the force of a hundred thousand in its changes. Thus they fall into utter helplessness. They are seized by demons, conquered by imps, (215) possessed by enchantments, held by monsters, mocked by the wind, swallowed by ogres.

Pierced by the arrows of Kāma, they make a thousand contortions; scorched by covetousness, they writhe: struck down by fierce blows, they sink down.[1] Like crabs, they sidle; like cripples, with steps broken by sin, they are led helpless by others: like stammerers from former sins of falsehood, they can scarce babble: like saptacchada[2] trees, they produce headache in those near them: like dying men, they know not even their kin: like purblind[3] men, they cannot see the brightest virtue: like men bitten in a fatal hour, they are not waked even by mighty charms: like lac-ornaments, they cannot endure strong heat;[4] like rogue elephants, being firmly fixed to the pillar of self-conceit, they refuse teaching; bewildered by the poison of covetousness, they see everything as golden; like arrows sharpened by polishing,[5] when in the hands of others they cause destruction; (216) with their rods[6] they strike down great families, like high-growing fruit; like untimely blossoms, though fair outwardly, they cause destruction; they are terrible of nature, like the ashes of a funeral pyre; like men with cataract, they can see no distance; like men possessed, they have their houses ruled by court jesters; when but heard of, they terrify, like funeral drums; when but thought of, like a resolve to commit mortal sin, they bring about great calamity; being daily filled with sin, they become wholly puffed up. In this state, having allied themselves to a hundred sins, they are like drops of water hanging on the tip of the grass on an anthill, and have fallen without perceiving it.

'"'But others are deceived by rogues intent on their own ends, greedy of the flesh-pots of wealth, cranes of the palace lotus-beds! "Gambling," say these, "is a relaxation; adultery a sign of cleverness; hunting, exercise; drinking, delight; recklessness, heroism; neglect of a wife, freedom from infatuation; (217) contempt of a guru's words, a claim to others' submission; unruliness of servants,

[1] Lit., their limbs fail them.
[2] Which have a strong scent.
[3] Men having throbbing eyes.
[4] (*a*) A noble man; (*b*) fire.
[5] Or, drink.
[6] Or, taxes.

the ensuring of pleasant service; devotion to dance, song, music, and bad company, is knowledge of the world; hearkening to shameful crimes is greatness of mind; tame endurance of contempt is patience; self-will is lordship; disregard of the gods is high spirit: the praise of bards is glory; restlessness is enterprise: lack of discernment is impartiality.' Thus are kings deceived with more than mortal praises by men ready to raise faults to the grade of virtues, practised in deception, laughing in their hearts, utterly villainous: and thus these monarchs, by reason of their senselessness, have their minds intoxicated by the pride of wealth, and have a settled false conceit in them that these things are really so; though subject to mortal conditions, they look on themselves as having alighted on earth as divine beings with a superhuman destiny; they employ a pomp in their undertakings only fit for gods (218) and win the contempt of all mankind. They welcome this deception of themselves by their followers. From the delusion as to their own divinity established in their minds, they are overthrown by false ideas, and they think their own pair of arms have received another pair;[1] they imagine their forehead has a third eye buried in the skin.[2] They consider the sight of themselves a favour; they esteem their glance a benefit; they regard their words as a present; they hold their command a glorious boon; they deem their touch a purification. Weighed down by the pride of their false greatness, they neither do homage to the gods, nor reverence Brahmans, nor honour the honourable, nor salute those to whom salutes are due, nor address those who should be addressed, nor rise to greet their gurus. They laugh at the learned as losing in useless labour all the enjoyment of pleasure: they look on the teaching of the old as the wandering talk of dotage; they abuse the advice of their councillors as an insult to their own wisdom; they are wroth with the giver of good counsel.

'" 'At all events, the man they welcome, with whom they converse, whom they place by their side, advance, (219)

[1] Like Vishnu. [2] Like Çiva.

take as companion of their pleasure and recipient of their gifts, choose as a friend, the man to whose voice they listen, on whom they rain favours, of whom they think highly, in whom they trust, is he who does nothing day and night but ceaselessly salute them, praise them as divine, and exalt their greatness.

' " 'What can we expect of those kings whose standard is a law of deceit, pitiless in the cruelty of its maxims; whose gurus are family priests, with natures made merciless by magic rites; whose teachers are councillors skilled to deceive others; whose hearts are set on a power that hundreds of kings before them have gained and lost; whose skill in weapons is only to inflict death; whose brothers, tender as their hearts may be with natural affection, are only to be slaughtered.

' " 'Therefore, my Prince, in this post of empire which is terrible in the hundreds of evil and perverse impulses which attend it, and in this season of youth which leads to utter infatuation, thou must strive earnestly not to be scorned by thy people, nor blamed by the good, nor cursed by thy gurus, nor reproached by thy friends, nor grieved over by the wise. Strive, too, that thou be not exposed by knaves, (220) deceived by sharpers, preyed upon by villains, torn to pieces by wolvish courtiers, misled by rascals, deluded by women, cheated by fortune, led a wild dance by pride, maddened by desire, assailed by the things of sense, dragged headlong by passion, carried away by pleasure.

' " 'Granted that by nature thou art steadfast, and that by thy father's care thou art trained in goodness, and moreover, that wealth only intoxicates the light of nature, and the thoughtless, yet my very delight in thy virtues makes me speak thus at length.

' " 'Let this saying be ever ringing in thine ears: There is none so wise, so prudent, so magnanimous, so gracious, so steadfast, and so earnest, that the shameless wretch Fortune cannot grind him to powder. Yet now mayest thou enjoy the consecration of thy youth to kinghood by thy father under happy auspices. Bear the yoke handed

down to thee that thy forefathers have borne. Bow the heads of thy foes; raise the host of thy friends; after thy coronation wander round the world for conquest; and bring under thy sway the earth with its seven continents subdued of yore by thy father.

'" 'This is the time to crown thyself with glory. (221) A glorious king has his commands fulfilled as swiftly as a great ascetic.'

'" Having said thus much, he was silent, and by his words Candrāpīḍa was, as it were, washed, wakened, purified, brightened, bedewed, anointed, adorned, cleansed, and made radiant, and with glad heart he returned after a short time to his own palace.

'" Some days later, on an auspicious day, the king, surrounded by a thousand chiefs, raised aloft, with Çukanāsa's help, the vessel of consecration, and himself anointed his son, while the rest of the rites were performed by the family priest. The water of consecration was brought from every sacred pool, river and ocean, encircled by every plant, fruit, earth, and gem, mingled with tears of joy, and purified by mantras. At that very moment, while the prince was yet wet with the water of consecration, royal glory passed on to him without leaving Tārāpīḍa, as a creeper still clasping its own tree passes to another. (222) Straightway he was anointed from head to foot by Vilāsavatī, attended by all the zenana, and full of tender love, with sweet sandal white as moonbeams. He was garlanded with fresh white flowers; decked[1] with lines of gorocanā; adorned with an earring of dūrvā grass; clad in two new silken robes with long fringes, white as the moon; bound with an amulet round his hand, tied by the family priest; and had his breast encircled by a pearl-necklace, like the circle of the Seven Rishis come down to see his coronation, strung on filaments from the lotus-pool of the royal fortune of young royalty.

'" From the complete concealment of his body by wreaths of white flowers interwoven and hanging to his

[1] Lit., 'inlaid.'

knees, soft as moonbeams, and from his wearing snowy robes he was like Narasiṃha, shaking his thick mane,[1] or like Kailāsa, with its flowing streams, or Airāvata, rough with the tangled lotus-fibres of the heavenly Ganges, or the Milky Ocean, all covered with flakes of bright foam.

(223) '"Then his father himself for that time took the chamberlain's wand to make way for him, and he went to the hall of assembly and mounted the royal throne, like the moon on Meru's peak. Then, when he had received due homage from the kings, after a short pause the great drum that heralded his setting out on his triumphal course resounded deeply, under the stroke of golden drum-sticks. Its sound was as the noise of clouds gathering at the day of doom; or the ocean struck by Mandara; or the foundations of earth by the earthquakes that close an aeon; or a portent-cloud, with its flashes of lightning; or the hollow of hell by the blows of the snout of the Great Boar. And by its sound the spaces of the world were inflated, opened, separated, outspread, filled, turned sunwise, and deepened, and the bonds that held the sky were unloosed. The echo of it wandered through the three worlds; for it was embraced in the lower world by Çesha, with his thousand hoods raised and bristling in fear; it was challenged in space by the elephants of the quarters tossing their tusks in opposition; it was honoured with sunwise turns in the sky by the sun's steeds, tossing[2] their heads in their snort of terror; (224) it was wondrously answered on Kailāsa's peak by Çiva's bull, with a roar of joy in the belief that it was his master's loudest laugh; it was met in Meru by Airāvata, with deep trumpeting; it was reverenced in the hall of the gods by Yama's bull, with his curved horns turned sideways in wrath at so strange a sound; and it was heard in terror by the guardian gods of the world.

'"Then, at the roar of the drum, followed by an outcry of 'All hail!' from all sides, Candrāpīḍa came down from the throne, and with him went the glory of his foes. He

[1] Or, keṣara flowers. [2] *Recaka*, so commentary.

left the hall of assembly, followed by a thousand chiefs, who rose hastily around him, strewing on all sides the large pearls that fell from the strings of their necklaces as they struck against each other, like rice sportively thrown as a good omen for their setting off to conquer the world. He showed like the coral-tree amid the white buds of the kalpa-trees;[1] or Airāvata amid the elephants of the quarters bedewing him with water from their trunks; or heaven, with the firmament showering stars; or the rainy season with clouds ever pouring heavy drops.

(225) '" Then an elephant was hastily brought by the mahout, adorned with all auspicious signs for the journey, and on the inner seat Patralekhā was placed. The prince then mounted, and under the shade of an umbrella with a hundred wires enmeshed with pearls, beauteous as Kailāsa standing on the arms of Rāvaṇa, and white as the whirlpools of the Milky Ocean under the tossing of the mountain, he started on his journey. And as he paused in his departure he saw the ten quarters tawny with the rich sunlight, surpassing molten lac, of the flashing crest-jewels of the kings who watched him with faces hidden behind the ramparts, as if the light were the fire of his own majesty, flashing forth after his coronation. He saw the earth bright as if with his own glow of loyalty when anointed as heir-apparent, and the sky crimson as with the flame that heralded the swift destruction of his foes, and daylight roseate as with lac-juice from the feet of the Lakshmī of earth coming to greet him.

'"On the way hosts of kings, with their thousand elephants swaying in confusion, their umbrellas broken by the pressure of the crowd, their crest-jewels falling low as their diadems bent in homage, (226) their earrings hanging down, and the jewels falling on their cheeks, bowed low before him, as a trusted general recited their names. The elephant Gandhamādana followed the prince, pink with much red lead, dangling to the ground his ear-ornaments of pearls, having his head outlined with many a wreath of

[1] Both trees of paradise.

white flowers, like Meru with evening sunlight resting on it, the white stream of Ganges falling across it, and the spangled roughness of a bevy of stars on its peak. Before Candrāpīḍa went Indrāyudha, led by his groom, perfumed with saffron and many-hued, with the flash of golden trappings on his limbs. And so the expedition slowly started towards the Eastern Quarter.[1]

'" Then the whole army set forth with wondrous turmoil, with its forest of umbrellas stirred by the elephants' movements, like an ocean of destruction reflecting on its advancing waves a thousand moons, flooding the earth.

(227) '" When the prince left his palace Vaiçampāyana performed every auspicious rite, and then, clothed in white, anointed with an ointment of white flowers, accompanied by a great host of powerful kings, shaded by a white umbrella, followed close on the prince, mounted on a swift elephant, like a second Crown Prince, and drew near to him like the moon to the sun. Straightway the earth heard on all sides the cry: 'The Crown Prince has started!' and shook with the weight of the advancing army.

(228) '" In an instant the earth seemed as it were made of horses; the horizon, of elephants; the atmosphere, of umbrellas; the sky, of forests of pennons; the wind, of the scent of ichor; the human race, of kings; the eye, of the rays of jewels; the day, of crests; the universe, of cries of 'All hail!'

(228-234 condensed) '" The dust rose at the advance of the army like a herd of elephants to tear up the lotuses of the sunbeams, or a veil to cover the Lakshmī of the three worlds. Day became earthy; the quarters were modelled in clay; the sky was, as it were, resolved in dust, and the whole universe appeared to consist of but one element.

(234) '" When the horizon became clear again, Vaiçampāyana, looking at the mighty host which seemed to rise from the ocean, was filled with wonder, and, turning his glance on every side, said to Candrāpīḍa: 'What, prince, has been left unconquered by the mighty King

[1] The quarter of Çatakratu or Indra.

Tārāpīḍa, for thee to conquer? What regions unsubdued, for thee to subdue? (235) What fortresses untaken, for thee to take? What continents unappropriated, for thee to appropriate? What treasures ungained, for thee to gain? What kings have not been humbled? By whom have the raised hands of salutation, soft as young lotuses, not been placed on the head? By whose brows, encircled with golden bands, have the floors of his halls not been polished? Whose crest-jewels have not scraped his foot-stool? Who have not accepted his staff of office? Who have not waved his cowries? Who have not raised the cry of "Hail!"? Who have not drunk in with the crocodiles of their crests, the radiance of his feet, like pure streams? For all these princes, though they are imbued with the pride of armies, ready in their rough play to plunge into the four oceans; though they are the peers of the great kings Daçaratha, Bhagīratha, Bharata, Dilīpa, Alarka, and Māndhātṛi; though they are anointed princes, soma-drinkers, haughty in the pride of birth, yet they bear on the sprays of crests purified with the shower of the water of consecration the dust of thy feet of happy omen, like an amulet of ashes. By them as by fresh noble mountains, the earth is upheld. These their armies that have entered the heart of the ten regions follow thee alone. (236) For lo! wherever thy glance is cast, hell seems to vomit forth armies, the earth to bear them, the quarters to discharge them, the sky to rain them, the day to create them. And methinks the earth, trampled by the weight of boundless hosts, recalls to-day the confusion of the battles of the Mahābhārata.

'" 'Here the sun wanders in the groves of pennons, with his orb stumbling over their tops, as if he were trying, out of curiosity, to count the banners. The earth is ceaselessly submerged under ichor sweet as cardamons, and flowing like a plait of hair, from the elephants who scatter it all round, and thick, too, with the murmur of the bees settling on it, so that it shines as if filled with the waves of Yamunā. The lines of moon-white flags hide the horizon, like rivers

that in fear of being made turbid by the heavy host have fled to the sky. It is a wonder that the earth has not to-day been split into a thousand pieces by the weight of the army; and that the bonds of its joints, the noble mountains, are not burst asunder; and that the hoods of Çesha, the lord of serpents, in distress at the burden of earth pressed down under the load of troops, do not give way.'

(237) ' " While he was thus speaking, the prince reached his palace. It was adorned with many lofty triumphal arches; dotted with a thousand pavilions enclosed in grassy ramparts, and bright with many a tent of shining white cloth. Here he dismounted, and performed in kingly wise all due rites; and though the kings and ministers who had come together sought to divert him with various tales, he spent the rest of the day in sorrow, for his heart was tortured with bitter grief for his fresh separation from his father. When day was brought to a close he passed the night, too, mostly in sleeplessness, with Vaiçampāyana resting on a couch not far from his own, and Patralekhā sleeping hard by on a blanket placed on the ground; his talk was now of his father, now of his mother, now of Çukanāsa, and he rested but little. At dawn he arose, and with an army that grew at every march, as it advanced in unchanged order, he hollowed the earth, shook the mountains, dried the rivers, emptied the lakes, (238) crushed the woods to powder, levelled the crooked places, tore down the fortresses, filled up the hollows, and hollowed the solid ground.

' " By degrees, as he wandered at will, he bowed the haughty, exalted the humble, encouraged the fearful, protected the suppliant, rooted out the vicious, and drove out the hostile. He anointed princes in different places, gathered treasures, accepted gifts, took tribute, taught local regulations, established monuments of his visit, made hymns of worship, and inscribed edicts. He honoured Brahmans, reverenced saints, protected hermitages, and showed a prowess that won his people's love. He exalted his majesty, heaped up his glory, showed his virtues far

and wide, and won renown for his good deeds. Thus trampling down the woods on the shore, and turning the whole expanse of ocean to gray with the dust of his army, he wandered over the earth.

'"The East was his first conquest, then the Southern Quarter, marked by Triçanku, then the Western Quarter, which has Varuṇa for its sign, and immediately afterwards the Northern Quarter adorned by the Seven Ṛīshis. Within the three years that he roamed over the world he had subdued the whole earth, with its continents, bounded only by the moat of four oceans.

(239) '"He then, wandering sunwise, conquered and occupied Suvarṇapura, not far from the Eastern Ocean, the abode of those Kirātas who dwell near Kailāsa, and are called Hemajakūṭas, and as his army was weary from its world-wide wandering, he encamped there for a few days to rest.

'"One day during his sojourn there he mounted Indrāyudha to hunt, and as he roamed through the wood he beheld a pair of Kinnaras wandering down at will from the mountains. Wondering at the strange sight, and eager to take them, he brought up his horse respectfully near them and approached them. But they hurried on, fearing the unknown sight of a man, and fleeing from him, while he pursued them, doubling Indrāyudha's speed by frequent pats on his neck, and went on alone, leaving his army far behind. Led on by the idea that he was just catching them, he was borne in an instant fifteen leagues from his own quarters by Indrāyudha's speed as it were at one bound, and was left companionless. (240) The pair of Kinnaras he was pursuing were climbing a steep hill in front of him. He at length turned away his glance, which was following their progress, and, checked by the steepness of the ascent, reined in Indrāyudha. Then, seeing that both his horse and himself were tired and heated by their toils, he considered for a moment, and laughed at himself as he thought: 'Why have I thus wearied myself for nothing, like a child? What matters it whether I catch the pair of Kinnaras or not? If caught, what is the good?

if missed, what is the harm? What a folly this is of mine! What a love of busying myself in any trifle! What a passion for aimless toil! What a clinging to childish pleasure! The good work I was doing has been begun in vain. The needful rite I had begun has been rendered fruitless. The duty of friendship I undertook has not been performed. The royal office I was employed in has not been fulfilled. The great task I had entered on has not been completed. My earnest labour in a worthy ambition has been brought to nought. Why have I been so mad as to leave my followers behind and come so far? (241) and why have I earned for myself the ridicule I should bestow on another, when I think how aimlessly I have followed these monsters with their horses' heads? I know not how far off is the army that follows me. For the swiftness of Indrāyudha traverses a vast space in a moment, and his speed prevented my noticing as I came by what path I should turn back, for my eyes were fixed on the Kinnaras; and now I am in a great forest, spread underfoot with dry leaves, with a dense growth of creepers, underwood, and branching trees. Roam as I may here I cannot light on any mortal who can show me the way to Suvarṇapura. I have often heard that Suvarṇapura is the farthest bound of earth to the north, and that beyond it lies a supernatural forest, and beyond that again is Kailāsa. This then is Kailāsa; so I must turn back now, and resolutely seek to make my way unaided to the south. For a man must bear the fruit of his own faults.'

'"With this purpose he shook the reins in his left hand, and turned the horse's head. Then he again reflected: (242) 'The blessed sun with glowing light now adorns the south, as if he were the zone-gem of the glory of day. Indrāyudha is tired; I will just let him eat a few mouthfuls of grass, and then let him bathe and drink in some mountain rill or river; and when he is refreshed I will myself drink some water, and after resting a short time under the shade of a tree, I will set out again.'

'"So thinking, constantly turning his eyes on every side

for water, he wandered till at length he saw a track wet with masses of mud raised by the feet of a large troop of mountain elephants, who had lately come up from bathing in a lotus-pool. (243) Inferring thence that there was water near, he went straight on along the slope of Kailāsa, the trees of which, closely crowded as they were, seemed, from their lack of boughs, to be far apart, for they were mostly pines, çāl, and gum olibanum trees, and were lofty, and like a circle of umbrellas, to be gazed at with upraised head. There was thick yellow sand, and by reason of the stony soil the grass and shrubs were but scanty.

(244) '" At length he beheld, on the north-east of Kailāsa, a very lofty clump of trees, rising like a mass of clouds, heavy with its weight of rain, and massed as if with the darkness of a night in the dark fortnight.

'" The wind from the waves, soft as sandal, dewy, cool from passing over the water, aromatic with flowers, met him, and seemed to woo him; and the cries of kalahaṃsas drunk with lotus-honey, charming his ear, summoned him to enter. So he went into that clump, and in its midst beheld the Acchoda Lake, as if it were the mirror of the Lakshmī of the three worlds, the crystal chamber of the goddess of earth, the path by which the waters of ocean escape, the oozing of the quarters, the avatar of part of the sky, Kailāsa taught to flow, Himavat liquefied, moonlight melted, Çiva's smile turned to water, (245) the merit of the three worlds abiding in the shape of a lake, a range of hills of lapis lazuli changed into water, or a mass of autumn clouds poured down in one spot. From its clearness it might be Varuṇa's mirror; it seemed to be fashioned of the hearts of ascetics, the virtues of good men, the bright eyes of deer, or the rays of pearls.

(247) '" Like the person of a great man, it showed clearly the signs of fish, crocodile, tortoise, and cakra;[1] like the story of Kārtikeya, the lamentations of the wives of Krauñca[2] resounded in it; it was shaken by the wings of

[1] All auspicious signs. *Cakra* is (*a*) a quoit; (*b*) a cakravāka.

[2] (*a*) A demon; (*b*) the heron.

white Dhārtarāshṭras, as the Mahābhārata by the rivalry of Pāṇḍavas and Dhārtarāshṭras; and the drinking of poison by Çiva was represented by the drinking of its water by peacocks, as if it were the time of the churning of ocean. It was fair, like a god, with a gaze that never wavers. (248) Like a futile argument, it seemed to have no end; and was a lake most fair and gladdening to the eyes.

'"The very sight of it seemed to remove Candrāpīḍa's weariness, and as he gazed he thought:

'"'Though my pursuit of the horse-faced pair was fruitless, yet now that I see this lake it has gained its reward. My eyes' reward in beholding all that is to be seen has now been won, the furthest point of all fair things seen, the limit of all that gladdens us gazed upon, the boundary line of all that charms us descried, the perfection of all that causes joy made manifest, and the vanishing-point of all worthy of sight beheld. (249) By creating this lake water, sweet as nectar, the Creator has made his own labour of creation superfluous. For this, too, like the nectar that gladdens all the senses, produces joy to the eye by its purity, offers the pleasure of touch by its coolness, gladdens the sense of smell by the fragrance of its lotuses, pleases the ear with the ceaseless murmur of its haṃsas, and delights the taste with its sweetness. Truly it is from eagerness to behold this that Çiva leaves not his infatuation for dwelling on Kailāsa. Surely Kṛishṇa no longer follows his own natural desire as to a watery couch, for he sleeps on the ocean, with its water bitter with salt, and leaves this water sweet as nectar! Nor is this, in sooth, the primæval lake; for the earth, when fearing the blows of the tusks of the boar of destruction, entered the ocean, all the waters of which were designed but to be a draught for Agastya; whereas, if it had plunged into this mighty lake, deep as many deep hells, it could not have been reached, I say not by one, but not even by a thousand boars. (250) Verily it is from this lake that the clouds of doom at the seasons of final destruction draw little by little their water when they overwhelm the interstices of the universe, and darken all

the quarters with their destroying storm. And methinks that the world, Brahmā's egg, which in the beginning of creation was made of water, was massed together and placed here under the guise of a lake.' So thinking, he reached the south bank, dismounted and took off Indrāyudha's harness; (251) and the latter rolled on the ground, arose, ate some mouthfuls of grass, and then the prince took him down to the lake, and let him drink and bathe at will. After that, the prince took off his bridle, bound two of his feet by a golden chain to the lower bough of a tree hard by, and, cutting off with his dagger some dūrvā grass from the bank of the lake, threw it before the horse, and went back himself to the water. He washed his hands, and feasted, like the cātaka, on water; like the cakravāka, he tasted pieces of lotus-fibre; like the moon with its beams, he touched the moon-lotuses with his finger-tips; like a snake, he welcomed the breeze of the waves;[1] like one wounded with Love's arrows, he placed a covering of lotus-leaves on his breast; like a mountain elephant, when the tip of his trunk is wet with spray, he adorned his hands with spray-washed lotuses. Then with dewy lotus-leaves, with freshly-broken fibres, he made a couch on a rock embowered in creepers, and rolling up his cloak for a pillow, lay down to sleep. After a short rest, he heard on the north bank of the lake a sweet sound of unearthly music, borne on the ear, and blent with the chords of the vīnā. (252) Indrāyudha heard it first, and letting fall the grass he was eating, with ears fixed and neck arched, turned towards the voice. The prince, as he heard it, rose from his lotus-couch in curiosity to see whence this song could arise in a place deserted by men, and cast his glance towards the region; but, from the great distance, he was unable, though he strained his eyes to the utmost, to discern anything, although he ceaselessly heard the sound. Desiring in his eagerness to know its source, he determined to depart, and saddling and mounting Indrāyudha, he set

[1] For the love of snakes for the breeze, *V.* Raghuvaṃça, XIII., 12, and Buddhacarita, I., 44. Snakes are sometimes called *vāyubaksha*.

forth by the western forest path, making the song his goal: the deer, albeit unasked, were his guides, as they rushed on in front, delighting in the music.[1]

(253-256 condensed) '"Welcomed by the breezes of Kailāsa, he went towards that spot, which was surrounded by trees on all sides, and at the foot of the slope of Kailāsa, on the left bank of the lake, called Candraprabhā, which whitened the whole region with a splendour as of moonlight, he beheld an empty temple of Çiva.

(257) '"As he entered the temple he was whitened by the falling on him of ketakī pollen, tossed by the wind, as if for the sake of seeing Çiva he had been forcibly made to perform a vow of putting on ashes, or as if he were robed in the pure merits of entering the temple; and, in a crystal shrine resting on four pillars, he beheld Çiva, the four-faced, teacher of the world, the god whose feet are honoured by the universe, with his emblem, the *linga*, made of pure pearl. Homage had been paid to the deity by shining lotuses of the heavenly Ganges, that might be mistaken for crests of pearls, freshly-plucked and wet, with drops falling from the ends of their leaves, like fragments of the moon's disc split and set upright, or like parts of Çiva's own smile, or scraps of Çesha's hood, or brothers of Krishṇa's conch, or the heart of the Milky Ocean.

(258) '"But, seated in a posture of meditation, to the right of the god, facing him, Candrāpīḍa beheld a maiden vowed to the service of Çiva, who turned the region with its mountains and woods to ivory by the brightness of her beauty. For its lustre shone far, spreading through space, white as the tide of the Milky Ocean, overwhelming all things at the day of doom, or like a store of penance gathered in long years and flowing out, streaming forth

[1] The following reference to Thomas Bell's 'History of British Quadrupeds' was given by Mr. S. B. Charlesworth. 'Writing about the deer of our parks (p. 404) he (Bell) quotes Playford's "Introduction to Music" as follows: "Travelling some years since, I met on the road near Royston a herd of about twenty deer following a bagpipe and violin, which while the music played went forward. When it ceased they all stood still, and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court.'" *V. supra*, pp. 40, 79.

massed together like Ganges between the trees, giving a fresh whiteness to Kailāsa, and purifying the gazer's soul, though it but entered his eye. The exceeding whiteness of her form concealed her limbs as though she had entered a crystal shrine, or had plunged into a sea of milk, or were hidden in spotless silk, or were caught on the surface of a mirror, or were veiled in autumn clouds. She seemed to be fashioned from the quintessence of whiteness, without the bevy of helps for the creation of the body that consist of matter formed of the five gross elements.

(259) She was like sacrifice impersonate, come to worship Çiva, in fear of being seized by the unworthy; or Rati, undertaking a rite of propitiation to conciliate him, for the sake of Kāma's body; or Lakshmī, goddess of the Milky Ocean, longing for a digit of Çiva's moon, her familiar friend of yore when they dwelt together in the deep; or the embodied moon seeking Çiva's protection from Rāhu; or the beauty of Airāvata,[1] come to fulfil Çiva's wish to wear an elephant's skin; or the brightness of the smile on the right face of Çiva become manifest and taking a separate abode; or the white ash with which Çiva besprinkles himself, in bodily shape; or moonlight made manifest to dispel the darkness of Çiva's neck; or the embodied purity of Gaurī's mind; or the impersonate chastity of Kārtikeya; or the brightness of Çiva's bull, dwelling apart from his body; (260) or the wealth of flowers on the temple trees come of themselves to worship Çiva; or the fulness of Brahmā's penance come down to earth; or the glory of the Prajāpatis of the Golden Age, resting after the fatigue of wandering through the seven worlds; or the Three Vedas, dwelling in the woods in grief at the overthrow of righteousness in the Kali Age; or the germ of a future Golden Age, in the form of a maiden; or the fulness of a muni's contemplation, in human shape; or a troop of heavenly elephants, falling into confusion on reaching the heavenly Ganges; or the beauty of Kailāsa, fallen in dread of being

[1] Meghadūta, 38.

uprooted by Rāvaṇa; or the Lakshmi of the Çvetadvīpa[1] come to behold another continent; or the grace of an opening kāça-blossom looking for the autumn; or the brightness of Çesha's body leaving hell and come to earth; or the brilliance of Balarāma, which had left him in weariness of his intoxication; or a succession of bright fortnights massed together.

'"She seemed from her whiteness to have taken a share from all the haṃsas; (261) or to have come from the heart of righteousness; or to have been fashioned from a shell; or drawn from a pearl; or formed from lotus-fibres; or made of flakes of ivory; or purified by brushes of moon-beams; or inlaid with lime; or whitened with foam-balls of ambrosia; or laved in streams of quicksilver; or rubbed with melted silver; or dug out from the moon's orb; or decked with the hues of kuṭaja, jasmine, and sinduvāra flowers. She seemed, in truth, to be the very furthest bound of whiteness. Her head was bright with matted locks hanging on her shoulders, made, as it were, of the brightness of morning rays taken from the sun on the Eastern Mountain, tawny like the quivering splendour of flashing lightning, and, being wet from recent bathing, marked with the dust of Çiva's feet clasped in her devotion; she bore Çiva's feet marked with his name in jewels on her head, fastened with a band of hair; (262) and her brow had a sectarial mark of ashes pure as the dust of stars ground by the heels of the sun's horses. (266) She was a goddess, and her age could not be known by earthly reckoning, but she resembled a maiden of eighteen summers.

'"Having beheld her, Candrāpīḍa dismounted, tied his horse to a bough, and then, reverently bowing before the blessed Çiva, gazed again on that heavenly maiden with a steady unswerving glance. And as her beauty, grace, and serenity stirred his wonder, the thought arose in him:

[1] The *dvīpas* are continents separated from each other by oceans. The *Çvetadvīpa*, or White Continent, is, according to Weber, suggested by Alexandria. *V.* 'Indische Studien,' I., 400; II., 397, 398.

'How in this world each matter in its turn becomes of no value! For when I was pursuing the pair of Kinnaras wantonly and vainly I beheld this most beautiful place, inaccessible to men, and haunted by the immortals. (267) Then in my search for water I saw this delightful lake sought by the Siddhas. While I rested on its bank I heard a divine song; and as I followed the sound, this divine maiden, too fair for mortal sight, met my eyes. For I cannot doubt her divinity. Her very beauty proclaims her a goddess. And whence in the world of men could there arise such harmonies of heavenly minstrelsy? If, therefore, she vanishes not from my sight, nor mounts the summit of Kailāsa, nor flies to the sky, I will draw near and ask her, "Who art thou, and what is thy name, and why hast thou in the dawn of life undertaken this vow?" This is all full of wonder.' With this resolve he approached another pillar of the crystal shrine, and sat there, awaiting the end of the song.

'"Then when she had stilled her lute, like a moon-lotus bed when the pleasant hum of the bees is silenced, (268) the maiden rose, made a sunwise turn and an obeisance to Çiva, and then turning round, with a glance by nature clear, and by the power of penance confident, she, as it were, gave courage to Candrāpīḍa, as if thereby she were sprinkling him with merits, laving him with holy water, purifying him with penance, freeing him from stain, giving him his heart's desire, and leading him to purity.

'"'Hail to my guest!' said she. 'How has my lord reached this place? Rise, draw near, and receive a guest's due welcome.' So she spake; and he, deeming himself honoured even by her deigning to speak with him, reverently arose and bowed before her. 'As thou biddest, lady,' he replied, and showed his courtesy by following in her steps like a pupil. And on the way he thought: 'Lo, even when she beheld me she did not vanish! Truly a hope of asking her questions has taken hold of my heart. And when I see the courteous welcome, rich in kindness, of this maiden, fair though she be with a beauty rare in

ascetics, I surely trust that at my petition she will tell me all her story.'

(269) '"Having gone about a hundred paces, he beheld a cave, with its entrance veiled by dense tamālas, showing even by day a night of their own; its edge was vocal with the glad bees' deep murmur on the bowers of creepers with their opening blossoms; it was bedewed with torrents that in their sheer descent fell in foam, dashing against the white rock, and cleft by the axe-like points of the jagged cliff, with a shrill crash as the cold spray rose up and broke; it was like a mass of waving cowries hanging from a door, from the cascades streaming down on either side, white as Çiva's smile, or as pearly frost. Within was a circle of jewelled pitchers; on one side hung a veil worn in sacred meditation; a clean pair of shoes made of cocoanut matting hung on a peg; one corner held a bark bed gray with dust scattered by the ashes the maiden wore; the place of honour was filled by a bowl of shell carved with a chisel, like the orb of the moon; and close by there stood a gourd of ashes.

'"On the rock at the entrance Candrāpīḍa took his seat, and when the maiden, having laid her lute on the pillow of the bark bed, took in a leafy cup some water from the cascade to offer to her guest, and he said as she approached (270): 'Enough of these thy great toils. Cease this excess of grace. Be persuaded, lady. Let this too great honour be abandoned. The very sight of thee, like the aghamarshaṇa hymn, stills all evil and sufficeth for purification. Deign to take thy seat!' Yet being urged by her, he reverently, with head bent low, accepted all the homage she gave to her guest. When her cares for her guest were over, she sat down on another rock, and after a short silence he told, at her request, the whole story of his coming in pursuit of the pair of Kinnaras, beginning with his expedition of conquest. The maiden then rose, and, taking a begging bowl, wandered among the trees round the temple; and ere long her bowl was filled with fruits that had fallen of their own accord. As she invited

Candrāpīḍa to the enjoyment of them, the thought arose in his heart: 'Of a truth, there is nought beyond the power of penance. For it is a great marvel how the lords of the forest, albeit devoid of sense, yet, like beings endowed with sense, gain honour for themselves by casting down their fruits for this maiden. A wondrous sight is this, and one never seen before.'

'"So, marvelling yet more, he brought Indrāyudha to that spot, unsaddled him, and tied him up hard by. (271) Then, having bathed in the torrent, he partook of the fruits, sweet as ambrosia, and drank the cool water of the cascade, and having rinsed his mouth, he waited apart while the maiden enjoyed her repast of water, roots, and fruit.

'"When her meal was ended and she had said her evening prayer, and taken her seat fearlessly on the rock, the Prince quietly approached her, and sitting down near her, paused awhile and then respectfully said:

'"'Lady, the folly that besets mankind impels me even against my will to question thee, for I am bewildered by a curiosity that has taken courage from thy kindness. For even the slightest grace of a lord emboldens a weak nature: even a short time spent together creates intimacy. Even a slight acceptance of homage produces affection. Therefore, if it weary thee not, I pray thee to honour me with thy story. For from my first sight of thee a great eagerness has possessed me as to this matter. Is the race honoured by thy birth, lady, that of the Maruts, or Ṛishis, or Gandharvas, or Guhyakas, or Apsarases? And wherefore in thy fresh youth, tender as a flower, has this vow been taken? (272) For how far apart would seem thy youth, thy beauty, and thine exceeding grace, from this thy peace from all thoughts of earth! This is marvellous in mine eyes! And wherefore hast thou left the heavenly hermitages that gods may win, and that hold all things needful for the highest saints, to dwell alone in this deserted wood? And whereby hath thy body, though formed of the five gross elements, put on this pure whiteness? Never have I

heard or seen aught such as this. I pray thee dispel my curiosity, and tell me all I ask.'

'"For a little time she pondered his request in silence, and then she began to weep noiselessly, and her eyes were blinded by tears which fell in large drops, carrying with them the purity of her heart, showering down the innocence of her senses, distilling the essence of asceticism, dropping in a liquid form the brightness of her eyes, most pure, falling on her white cheeks like a broken string of pearls, unceasing, splashing on her bosom covered by the bark robe.

(273) '"And as he beheld her weeping Candrāpīḍa reflected: 'How hardly can misfortune be warded off, if it takes for its own a beauty like this, which one might have deemed beyond its might! Of a truth there is none whom the sorrows of life in the body leave untouched. Strong indeed is the working of the opposed powers of pleasure and pain.[1] These her tears have created in me a further curiosity, even greater than before. It is no slight grief that can take its abode in a form like hers. For it is not a feeble blow that causes the earth to tremble.'

'"While his curiosity was thus increased he felt himself guilty of recalling her grief, and rising, brought in his folded hand from the torrent some water to bathe her face. But she, though the torrent of her tears was in nowise checked by his gentleness, yet bathed her reddened eyes, and drying her face with the edge of her bark robe, slowly said with a long and bitter sigh:

(274) '"'Wherefore, Prince, wilt thou hear the story of my ascetic life, all unfit for thy ears? for cruel has been my heart, hard my destiny, and evil my condition, even from my birth. Still, if thy desire to know be great, hearken. It has come within the range of our hearing, usually directed to auspicious knowledge, that there are in the abode of the gods maidens called Apsarases. Of these there are fourteen families: one sprung from the mind of Brahmā, another from the Vedas, another from fire,

[1] *Dvandva*, a pair of opposites, as, *e.g.*, pleasure and pain.

another from the wind, another from nectar when it was churned, another from water, another from the sun's rays, another from the moon's beams, another from earth, and another from lightning; one was fashioned by Death, and another created by Love; besides, Daksha, father of all, had among his many daughters two, Muni and Arishṭā, and from their union with the Gandharvas were sprung the other two families. These are, in sum, the fourteen races. But from the Gandharvas and the daughters of Daksha sprang these two families. Here Muni bore a sixteenth son, by name Citraratha, who excelled in virtues Sena and all the rest of his fifteen brothers. For his heroism was famed through the three worlds; his dignity was increased by the name of Friend, bestowed by Indra, whose lotus feet are caressed by the crests of the gods cast down before him; and even in childhood he gained the sovereignty of all the Gandharvas by a right arm tinged with the flashing of his sword. (275) Not far hence, north of the land of Bharata, is his dwelling, Hemakūṭa, a boundary mountain in the Kimpurusha country. There, protected by his arm, dwell innumerable Gandharvas. By him this pleasant wood, Caitraratha, was made, this great lake Acchoda was dug out, and this image of Çiva was fashioned. But the son of Arishṭā, in the second Gandharva family, was as a child anointed king by Citraratha, lord of the Gandharvas, and now holds royal rank, and with a countless retinue of Gandharvas dwells likewise on this mountain. Now, from that family of Apsarases which sprang from the moon's nectar was born a maiden, fashioned as though by the grace of all the moon's digits poured in one stream, gladdening the eyes of the universe, moonbeam - fair, in name and nature a second Gaurī.[1] (276) Her Haṃsa, lord of the second family, wooed, as the Milky Ocean the Ganges; with him she was united, as Rati with Kāma, or the lotus-bed with the autumn; and enjoying the great happiness of such a union she became the queen of his zenana. To this noble pair I was born as

[1] (*a*) Brilliant; (*b*) Durgā.

only daughter, ill-omened, a prey for grief, and a vessel for countless sorrows; my father, however, having no other child, greeted my birth with a great festival, surpassing that for a son, and on the tenth day, with the customary rites he gave me the fitting name of Mahāçvetā. In his palace I spent my childhood, passed from lap to lap of the Gandharva dames, like a lute, as I murmured the prattle of babyhood, ignorant as yet of the sorrows of love; but in time fresh youth came to me as the honey-month to the spring, fresh shoots to the honey-month, flowers to the fresh shoots, bees to the flowers, and honey to the bees.

'"'[1]And one day in the month of honey I went down with my mother to the Acchoda lake to bathe, when its beauties were spread wide in the spring, and all its lotuses were in flower.

(278) '"'I worshipped the pictures of Çiva, attended by Bṛingiriṭi, which were carved on the rocks of the bank by Pārvatī when she came down to bathe, and which had the reverential attendance of ascetics portrayed by the thin footprints left in the dust. "How beautiful!" I cried, "is this bower of creepers, with its clusters of flowers of which the bees' weight has broken the centre and bowed the filaments; this mango is fully in flower, and the honey pours through the holes in the stalks of its buds, which the cuckoo's sharp claws have pierced; how cool this sandal avenue, which the serpents, terrified at the murmur of hosts of wild peacocks, have deserted; how delightful the waving creepers, which betray by their fallen blossoms the swinging of the wood-nymphs upon them; how pleasant the foot of the trees on the bank where the kalahaṃsas have left the line of their steps imprinted in the pollen of many a flower!" Drawn on thus by the ever-growing charms of the wood, I wandered with my companions. (279) And at a certain spot I smelt the fragrance of a flower strongly borne on the wind, overpowering that of all the rest, though the wood was in full blossom; it drew near, and by its great sweetness seemed to anoint, to

[1] Summary of p. 277.

delight, and to fill the sense of smell. Bees followed it, seeking to make it their own: it was truly a perfume unknown heretofore, and fit for the gods. I, too, eager to learn whence it came, with eyes turned into buds, and drawn on like a bee by that scent, (and attracting to me the kalahaṃsas of the lake by the jangling of my anklets loudly clashed in the tremulous speed of my curiosity,) advanced a few steps and beheld a graceful youthful ascetic coming down to bathe. He was like Spring doing penance in grief for Love made the fuel of Çiva's fire, (or the crescent on Çiva's brow performing a vow to win a full orb,) or Love restrained in his eagerness to conquer Çiva: (by his great splendour he appeared to be girt by a cage of quivering lightning, embosomed in the globe of the summer sun, or encircled in the flames of a furnace: (280) by the brightness of his form, flashing forth ever more and more, yellow as lamplight, he made the grove a tawny gold; his locks were yellow and soft like an amulet dyed in gorocanā. The line of ashes on his brow made him like Ganges with the line of a fresh sandbank, as though it were a sandal-mark to win Sarasvatī,[1] and played the part of a banner of holiness; his eyebrows were an arch rising high over the abode of men's curses; his eyes were so long that he seemed to wear them as a chaplet; he shared with the deer the beauty of their glance; his nose was long and aquiline; the citron of his lower lip was rosy as with the glow of youth, which was refused an entrance to his heart; with his beardless cheek he was like a fresh lotus, the filaments of which have not yet been tossed by the bees in their sport; he was adorned with a sacrificial thread like the bent string of Love's bow, or a filament from the lotus grove of the pool of penance; in one hand he bore a pitcher like a kesara fruit with its stalk; in the other a crystal rosary, strung as it were with the tears of Rati wailing in grief for Love's death. (281) His loins were girt with a muñja-grass girdle, as though he had assumed a

[1] The Commentary says: 'A house is whitened to welcome anyone. The face (or mouth) is the dwelling of Sarasvatī.'

halo, having outvied the sun by his innate splendour; the office of vesture was performed by the bark of the heavenly coral-tree,[1] bright as the pink eyelid of an old partridge, and washed in the waves of the heavenly Ganges; he was the ornament of ascetic life, the youthful grace of holiness, the delight of Sarasvatī, the chosen lord of all the sciences, and the meeting-place of all divine tradition. He had, like the summer season,[2] his āshāḍha[3]; he had, like a winter wood, the brightness of opening millet, and he had like the month of honey, a face adorned with white tilaka.[4] With him there was a youthful ascetic gathering flowers to worship the gods, his equal in age and a friend worthy of himself.

(282) '" 'Then I saw a wondrous spray of flowers which decked his ear, like the bright smile of woodland Çrī joying in the sight of spring, or the grain-offering of the honey-month welcoming the Malaya winds, or the youth of the Lakshmī of flowers, or the cowrie that adorns Love's elephant; it was wooed by the bees; the Pleiads lent it their grace; and its honey was nectar. "Surely," I decided, "this is the fragrance which makes all other flowers scentless," and gazing at the youthful ascetic, the thought arose in my mind: "Ah, how lavish is the Creator who has skill[5] to produce the highest perfection of form, for he has compounded Kāma of all miraculous beauty, excelling the universe, and yet has created this ascetic even more fair, surpassing him, like a second love-god, born of enchantment. (283) Methinks that when Brahmā[6] made the moon's orb to gladden the world, and the lotuses to be Lakshmī's palace of delight, he was but practising to gain skill for the creation of this ascetic's face; why else should such things be created? Surely it is false that the sun

[1] Mandāra, one of the trees of Paradise.
[2] The month June—July. [3] Staff.
[4] (*a*) A tilaka, or mark of ashes; (*b*) abundance of tilaka trees white with blossoms.
[5] Read Kauçalasya.
[6] *Cf.* 'Dulce rudimentum meditantis lilia quondam naturæ, cum sese opera ad majora pararet.'—Rapin, on the convolvulus. *V.* Hallam, 'Hist. of Lit.,' Pt. iv., ch. v.

with its ray Sushumnā[1] drinks all the digits of the moon as it wanes in the dark fortnight, for their beams are cast down to enter this fair form. How otherwise could there be such grace in one who lives in weary penance, beauty's destroyer?" As I thus thought, Love, beauty's firm adherent, who knows not good from ill, and who is ever at hand to the young, enthralled me, together with my sighs, as the madness of spring takes captive the bee. Then with a right eye gazing steadily, the eyelashes half closed, the iris darkened by the pupil's tremulous sidelong glance, I looked long on him. With this glance I, as it were, drank him in, besought him, told him I was wholly his, offered my heart, tried to enter into him with my whole soul, sought to be absorbed in him, implored his protection to save Love's victim, showed my suppliant state that asked for a place in his heart; (284) and though I asked myself, "What is this shameful feeling that has arisen in me, unseemly and unworthy a noble maiden?" yet knowing this, I could not master myself, but with great difficulty stood firm, gazing at him. For I seemed to be paralyzed, or in a picture, or scattered abroad, or bound, or in a trance, and yet in wondrous wise upheld, as though when my limbs were failing, support was at the same moment given; for I know not how one can be certain in a matter that can neither be told nor taught, and that is not capable of being told, for it is only learnt from within. Can it be ascertained as presented by his beauty, or by my own mind, or by love, or by youth or affection, or by any other causes? I cannot tell. Lifted up and dragged towards him by my senses, led forward by my heart, urged from behind by Love, I yet by a strong effort restrained my impulse. (285) Straightway a storm of sighs went forth unceasingly, prompted by Love as he strove to find a place within me; and my bosom heaved as longing to speak earnestly to my heart, and then I thought to myself: "What an unworthy action is this of vile Kāma, who surrenders me to this cold ascetic free from

[1] Vishṇu Pūrāṇa, Wilson, 1865, vol. ii., p. 297.

all thoughts of love! Truly, the heart of woman is foolish exceedingly, since it cannot weigh the fitness of that which it loves. For what has this bright home of glory and penance to do with the stirrings of love that meaner men welcome? Surely in his heart he scorns me for being thus deceived by Kāma! Strange it is that I who know this cannot restrain my feeling! (286) Other maidens, indeed, laying shame aside, have of their own accord gone to their lords; others have been maddened by that reckless love-god; but not as I am here alone! How in that one moment has my heart been thrown into turmoil by the mere sight of his form, and passed from my control! for time for knowledge and good qualities always make Love invincible. It is best for me to leave this place while I yet have my senses, and while he does not clearly see this my hateful folly of love. Perchance if he sees in me the effects of a love he cannot approve, he will in wrath make me feel his curse. For ascetics are ever prone to wrath." Thus having resolved, I was eager to depart, but, remembering that holy men should be reverenced by all, I made an obeisance to him with eyes turned to his face, eyelashes motionless, not glancing downwards, my cheek uncaressed by the flowers dancing in my ears, my garland tossing on my waving hair, and my jewelled earrings swinging on my shoulders.

'"'As I thus bent, the irresistible command of love, the inspiration of the spring, the charm of the place, the frowardness of youth, the unsteadiness of the senses, (287) the impatient longing for earthly goods, the fickleness of the mind, the destiny that rules events—in a word, my own cruel fate, and the fact that all my trouble was caused by him, were the means by which Love destroyed his firmness by the sight of my feeling, and made him waver towards me like a flame in the wind. He too was visibly thrilled, as if to welcome the newly-entering Love; his sighs went before him to show the way to his mind which was hastening towards me; the rosary in his hand trembled and shook, fearing the breaking of his vow; drops

rose on his cheek, like a second garland hanging from his ear; his eyes, as his pupils dilated and his glance widened in the joy of beholding me, turned the spot to a very lotus-grove, so that the ten regions were filled by the long rays coming forth like masses of open lotuses that had of their own accord left the Acchoda lake and were rising to the sky.

' " ' By the manifest change in him my love was redoubled, and I fell that moment into a state I cannot describe, all unworthy of my caste. " Surely," I reflected, " Kāma himself teaches this play of the eye, though generally after a long happy love, else whence comes this ascetic's gaze? (288) For his mind is unversed in the mingled feelings of earthly joys, and yet his eyes, though they have never learnt the art, pour forth the stream of love's sweetness, rain nectar, are half closed by joy, are slow with distress, heavy with sleep, roaming with pupils tremulous and languid with the weight of gladness, and yet bright with the play of his eyebrows. Whence comes this exceeding skill that tells the heart's longing wordlessly by a glance alone?"

' " ' Impelled by these thoughts I advanced, and bowing to the second young ascetic, his companion, I asked: " What is the name of his Reverence? Of what ascetic is he the son? From what tree is this garland woven? For its scent, hitherto unknown, and of rare sweetness, kindles great curiosity in me."

' " ' With a slight smile, he replied: " Maiden, what needs this question? But I will enlighten thy curiosity. Listen!

' " ' " There dwells in the world of gods a great sage, Çvetaketu; his noble character is famed through the universe; his feet are honoured by bands of siddhas, gods, and demons; (289) his beauty, exceeding that of Nalakūbara,[1] is dear to the three worlds, and gladdens the hearts of goddesses. Once upon a time, when seeking lotuses for the worship of the gods, he went down to the Heavenly Ganges, which lay white as Çiva's smile, while

[1] Son of Kuvera.

its water was studded as with peacocks' eyes by the ichor of Airāvata. Straightway Lakshmī, enthroned on a thousand-petalled white lotus close by, beheld him coming down among the flowers, and looking on him, she drank in his beauty with eyes half closed by love, and quivering with weight of joyous tears, and with her slender fingers laid on her softly-opening lips; and her heart was disturbed by Love; by her glance alone she won his affection. A son was born, and taking him in her arms with the words, 'Take him, for he is thine,' she gave him to Çvetaketu, who performed all the rites of a son's birth, and called him Puṇḍarīka, because he was born in a puṇḍarīka lotus. Moreover, after initiation, he led him through the whole circle of the arts. (290) This is Puṇḍarīka whom you see. And this spray comes from the pārijāta tree,[1] which rose when the Milky Ocean was churned by gods and demons. How it gained a place in his ear contrary to his vow, I will now tell. This being the fourteenth day of the month, he started with me from heaven to worship Çiva, who had gone to Kailāsa. On the way, near the Nandana Wood, a nymph, drunk with the juice of flowers, wearing fresh mango shoots in her ear, veiled completely by garlands falling to the knees, girt with kesara flowers, and resting on the fair hand lent her by the Lakṣmī of spring, took this spray of pārijāta, and bending low, thus addressed Puṇḍarīka: 'Sir, let, I pray, this thy form, that gladdens the eyes of the universe, have this spray as its fitting adornment; let it be placed on the tip of thy ear, for it has but the playfulness that belongs to a garland; let the birth of the pārijāta now reap its full blessing!' At her words, his eyes were cast down in modesty at the praise he so well deserved, and he turned to depart without regarding her; but as I saw her following us, I said, 'What is the harm, friend. Let her courteous gift be accepted!' and so by force, against his will, the spray adorns his ear. Now all has been told: who he is, whose son, and what this flower is, and how it has been raised to his ear." (291)

[1] The coral tree.

When he had thus spoken, Puṇḍarīka said to me with a slight smile: "Ah, curious maiden, why didst thou take the trouble to ask this? If the flower, with its sweet scent, please thee, do thou accept it," and advancing, he took it from his own ear and placed it in mine, as though, with the soft murmur of the bees on it, it were a prayer for love. At once, in my eagerness to touch his hand, a thrill arose in me, like a second pārijāta flower, where the garland lay; while he, in the pleasure of touching my cheek, did not see that from his tremulous fingers he had dropped his rosary at the same time as his timidity; but before it reached the ground I seized it, and playfully placed it on my neck, where it wore the grace of a necklace unlike all others, while I learnt the joy of having my neck clasped, as it were, by his arm.

'"'As our hearts were thus occupied with each other, my umbrella-bearer addressed me: "Princess, the Queen has bathed. It is nearly time to go home. Do thou, therefore, also bathe." At her words, like a newly-caught elephant, rebellious at the first touch of the new hook, I was unwillingly dragged away, and as I went down to bathe, I could hardly withdraw my eyes, for they seemed to be drowned in the ambrosial beauty of his face, or caught in the thicket of my thrilling cheek, or pinned down by Love's shafts, or sewn fast by the cords[1] of his charms.

(292) '"'Meanwhile, the second young ascetic, seeing that he was losing his self-control, gently upbraided him: "Dear Puṇḍarīka, this is unworthy of thee. This is the way trodden by common men. For the good are rich in self-control. Why dost thou, like a man of low caste, fail to restrain the turmoil of thy soul? Whence comes this hitherto unknown assault of the senses, which so transforms thee? Where is thine old firmness? Where thy conquest of the senses? Where thy self-control? Where thy calm of mind, thine inherited holiness, thy carelessness of earthly things? Where the teaching of thy guru, thy learning of the Vedas, thy resolves of asceticism, thy

[1] Or, virtue.

hatred of pleasure, thine aversion to vain delights, thy passion for penance, thy distaste for enjoyments, thy rule over the impulses of youth? Verily all knowledge is fruitless, study of holy books is useless, initiation has lost its meaning, pondering the teaching of gurus avails not, proficiency is worthless, learning leads to nought, since even men like thee are stained by the touch of passion, and overcome by folly. (293) Thou dost not even see that thy rosary has fallen from thy hand, and has been carried away. Alas! how good sense fails in men thus struck down. Hold back this heart of thine, for this worthless girl is seeking to carry it away."

'"'To these words he replied, with some shame: "Dear Kapiñjala, why dost thou thus misunderstand me? I am not one to endure this reckless girl's offence in taking my rosary!" and with his moonlike face beautiful in its feigned wrath, and adorned the more by the dread frown he tried to assume, while his lip trembled with longing to kiss me, he said to me, "Playful maiden, thou shalt not move a step from this place without giving back my rosary." Thereupon I loosed from my neck a single row of pearls as the flower-offering that begins a dance in Kāma's honour, and placed it in his outstretched hand, while his eyes were fixed on my face, and his mind was far away. I started to bathe, but how I started I know not, for my mother and my companions could hardly lead me away by force, like a river driven backwards, and I went home thinking only of him.

(294) '"'And entering the maidens' dwelling, I began straightway to ask myself in my grief at his loss: "Am I really back, or still there? Am I alone, or with my maidens? Am I silent, or beginning to speak? Am I awake or asleep? Do I weep or hold back my tears? Is this joy or sorrow, longing or despair, misfortune or gladness, day or night? Are these things pleasures or pains?" All this I understood not. In my ignorance of Love's course, I knew not whither to go, what to do, hear, see, or speak, whom to tell, nor what remedy to seek. Entering the maidens'

palace, I dismissed my friends at the door, and shut out my attendants, and then, putting aside all my occupations, I stood alone with my face against the jewelled window. I gazed at the region which, in its possession of him, was richly decked, endowed with great treasure, overflowed by the ocean of nectar, adorned with the rising of the full moon, and most fair to behold. I longed to ask his doings even of the breeze wafted from thence, or of the scent of the woodland flowers, or of the song of the birds. (295) I envied even the toils of penance for his devotion to them. For his sake, in the blind adherence of love, I took a vow of silence. I attributed grace to the ascetic garb, because he accepted it, beauty to youth because he owned it, charm to the pārijāta flower because it touched his ear, delight to heaven because he dwelt there, and invincible power to love because he was so fair. Though far away, I turned towards him as the lotus-bed to the sun, the tide to the moon, or the peacock to the cloud. I bore on my neck his rosary, like a charm against the loss of the life stricken by his absence. I stood motionless, though a thrill made the down on my cheek like a kadamba flower ear-ring, as it rose from the joy of being touched by his hand, and from the pārijāta spray in my ear, which spoke sweetly to me of him.

'"' Now my betel-bearer, Taralikā, had been with me to bathe; she came back after me rather late, and softly addressed me in my sadness: "Princess, one of those god-like ascetics we saw on the bank of Lake Acchoda—(296) he by whom this spray of the heavenly tree was placed in thy ear—as I was following thee, eluded the glance of his other self, and approaching me with soft steps between the branches of a flowering creeper, asked me concerning thee, saying, 'Damsel, who is this maiden? Whose daughter is she? What is her name? And whither goes she?' I replied: 'She is sprung from Gaurī, an Apsaras of the moon race, and her father Haṃsa is king of all the Gandharvas; the nails of his feet are burnished by the tips of the jewelled aigrettes on the turbans of all the Gandharvas;

his tree-like arms are marked by the cosmetics on the cheeks of his Gandharva wives, and the lotus-hand of Lakshmī forms his footstool.) The princess is named Mahāçvetā, and she has set out now for the hill of Hemakūṭa, the abode of the Gandharvas.'

'"'"When this tale had been told by me, he thought silently for a moment, and then looking long at me with a steady gaze, as if gently entreating me, he said: 'Damsel, thy form, young as thou art, is of fair promise, and augurs truth and steadfastness. Grant me, therefore, one request.' Courteously raising my hands, I reverently replied: (297) 'Wherefore say this? Who am I? When great-souled men such as thou, meet for the honour of the whole universe, deign to cast even their sin-removing glance on one like me, their act wins merit—much more if they give a command. Say, therefore, freely what is to be done. Let me be honoured by thy bidding.'

'"'"Thus addressed, he saluted me with a kindly glance, as a friend, a helper, or a giver of life; and taking a shoot from a tamāla-tree hard by, he crushed it on the stones of the bank, broke off a piece from his upper bark garment as a tablet, and with the tamāla-juice, sweet as the ichor of a gandha elephant, wrote with the nail of the little finger of his lotus-hand, and placed it in my hand, saying, 'Let this letter be secretly given by thee to that maiden when alone.'" With these words she drew it from the betel-box and showed it to me.

'"'As I took from her hand that bark letter, I was filled with this talk about him, which, though but a sound, produced the joy of contact, and though for the ears alone, had its pervading presence in all my limbs manifested by a thrill, as if it were a spell to invoke Love; and in his letter I beheld these lines:[1]

> A haṃsa on the Mānas lake, lured by a creeper's treacherous shine,
> My heart is led a weary chase, lured by that pearly wreath of thine.[2]

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[1] 'In the āryā metre,' in the Sanskrit.

[2] *Mānasijanmā* = (*a*) born in the Mānasa lake; (*b*) born in the mind, *i.e.*, love. *Muktālatā* = (*a*) a white creeper; (*b*) a pearl necklace.

(298) '"' By the reading of this, an even greater change for the worse was wrought in my lovesick mind, as in one who has lost his way, by also losing his bearings; as in a blind man, by a night of the dark fortnight; as in a dumb man, by cutting out the tongue; as in an ignorant man, by a conjuror's waving fan; as in a confused talker, by the delirium of fever; as in one poisoned, by the fatal sleep; as in a wicked man, by atheistic philosophy; as in one distraught, by strong drink; or as in one possessed, by the action of the possessing demon; so that in the turmoil it created in me, I was tossed like a river in flood. I honoured Taralikā for having seen him again, as one who had acquired great merit, or who had tasted the joys of heaven, or had been visited by a god, or had her highest boon granted, or had drunk nectar, or had been anointed queen of the three worlds. I spoke to her reverently, as if, though always by me, she were a rare visitant, and though my familiar friend, she were hitherto unknown. I looked on her, though behind me, as above the world; I tenderly caressed the curls on her cheek, and entirely set at nought the condition of mistress and maid, again and again asking, (299) " How was he seen by thee? What did he say to thee? How long wert thou there? How far did he follow us?" And shutting out all my attendants, I spent the whole day with her in the palace, listening to that tale. The sun's orb hanging in the sky became crimson, sharing my heart's glow; the Lakshmī of sunlight longing for the sight of the flushed sun, and preparing her lotus-couch, turned pale as though faint with love; the sunbeams, rosy as they fell on waters dyed with red chalk, rose from the lotus-beds clustering like herds of woodland elephants; the day, with an echo of the joyous neighing of the steeds of the sun's chariot longing to rest after their descent of the sky, entered the caves of Mount Meru; the lotus-beds, as the bees entered the folded leaves of the red lilies, seemed to close their eyes as though their hearts were darkened by a swoon at the sun's departure; the pairs of cakravākas, each taking the other's heart, safely hidden in the hollow

lotus-stalks whereof they had eaten together, were now parted; and my umbrella-bearer approaching me, said as follows: (300) "Princess, one of those youthful hermits is at the door, and says he has come to beg for a rosary." At the hermit's name, though motionless, I seemed to approach the door, and suspecting the reason of his coming, I summoned another chamberlain, whom I sent, saying, "Go and admit him." A moment later I beheld the young ascetic Kapiñjala, who is to Puṇḍarīka as youth to beauty, love to youth, spring to love, southern breezes to spring, and who is indeed a friend worthy of him; he followed the hoary chamberlain as sunlight after moonlight. As he drew near his appearance betrayed to me trouble, sadness, distraction, entreaty, and a yearning unfulfilled. With a reverence I rose and respectfully brought him a seat; and when he was reluctantly forced to accept it, I washed his feet and dried them on the silken edge of my upper robe; and then sat by him on the bare ground. For a moment he waited, as if eager to speak, when he cast his eyes on Taralikā close by. Knowing his desire at a glance, I said, "Sir, she is one with me. (301) Speak fearlessly." At my words Kapiñjala replied: "Princess, what can I say? for through shame my voice does not reach the sphere of utterance. How far is the passionless ascetic who lives on roots in the woods from the illusion of passion that finds its home in restless souls, and is stained with longing for earthly pleasures, and filled with the manifold sports of the Love God. See how unseemly all this is! What has fate begun? God easily turns us into a laughing-stock! I know not if this be fitting with bark garments, or seemly for matted locks, or meet for penance, or consonant with the teaching of holiness! Such a mockery was never known! I needs must tell you the story. No other course is visible; no other remedy is perceived; no other refuge is at hand; no other way is before me. If it remains untold, even greater trouble will arise. A friend's life must be saved even at the loss of our own; so I will tell the tale:

'"'" It was in thy presence that I sternly rebuked Puṇḍarīka, and after that speech I left him in anger and went to another place, leaving my task of gathering flowers. After thy departure, I remained apart a short time, (302) and then, becoming anxious as to what he was doing, I turned back and examined the spot from behind a tree. As I did not see him there, the thought arose within me, 'His mind was enslaved by love, and perchance he followed her; and now that she is gone, he has regained his senses, and is ashamed to come within my sight; or he has gone from me in wrath, or departed hence to another place in search of me.' Thus thinking, I waited some time, but, troubled by an absence I had never since my birth suffered for a moment, I again thought, 'It may be that, in shame at his failure in firmness, he will come to some harm; for shame makes everything possible; he must not, then, be left alone.' With this resolve, I earnestly made search for him. But as I could not see him, though I sought on all sides, made anxious by love for my friend, I pictured this or that misfortune, and wandered long, examining glades of trees, creeper bowers among the sandal avenues, and the banks of lakes, carefully glancing on every side. (303) At length I beheld him in a thicket of creepers near a lake, a very birthplace for spring, most fair, and in its close growth appearing to be made wholly of flowers, of bees, of cuckoos, and of peacocks. From his entire absence of employment, he was as one painted, or engraved, or paralyzed, or dead, or asleep, or in a trance of meditation; he was motionless, yet wandering from his right course; alone, yet possessed by Love; all aglow, yet raising a pallid face; absent-minded, yet giving his love a place within him; silent, and yet telling a tale of Love's great woe; seated on a stone, yet standing in face of death. He was tormented by Kāma, who yet, in fear of many a curse, remained unseen. By his great stillness he appeared to be deserted by the senses which had entered into him to behold the love that dwelt in his heart, and had fainted in fear at its unbearable heat, or

had left him in wrath at the tossing of his mind. From eyes steadily closed, and dimmed within by the smoke of Love's keen fire, he ceaselessly poured forth a storm of tears trickling down through his eyelashes. (304) The filaments of the creepers near trembled in the sighs which rushed out, bearing the redness of his lips like the up-starting ruddy flame of Kāma burning his heart. As his hand rested on his left cheek, his brow, from the clear rays of his nails rising upwards, seemed to have a fresh mark of sandal very pure; from the late removal of his earring, the pārijāta flower, his ear was endowed with a tamāla shoot or a blue lotus by the bees that murmured a charm to bewitch love, under the guise of their soft hum as they crept up in longing for what remained of that fragrance. Under the guise of his hair rising in a passionate thrill he seemed to bear on his limbs a mass of broken points of the flowery darts of Love's arrows discharged into his pores. With his right hand he bore on his breast a string of pearls that, by being interlaced with the flashing rays of his nails, seemed bristling in joy at the pleasure of touching his palm, and that was, as it were, a banner of recklessness. He was pelted by the trees with pollen, like a powder to subdue Love; he was caressed by açoka shoots tossed by the wind, and transferring to him their rosy glow; he was besprinkled by woodland Lakshmī with honey-dew from clusters of fresh flowers, like waters to crown Love; he was struck by Love with campak buds, which, as their fragrance was drunk in by bees, were like fiery barbs all smoking; (305) he was rebuked by the south wind, as if by the hum of the bees maddened by the many scents of the wood; he was bewildered by the honey-month, as by cries of 'All hail!' to Spring raised by the cuckoos in their melodious ecstasy. Like the risen moon, he was robed in paleness; like the stream of Ganges in summer, he had dwindled to meagreness; like a sandal-tree with a fire at its heart, he was fading away. He seemed to have entered on another birth, and was as another man, strange and unfamiliar; he was changed into another shape. As

one entered by an evil spirit, ruled by a great demon, possessed by a strong devil, drunk, deluded, blind, deaf, dumb, all merged in joy and love, he had reached the climax of the mind's slavery when possessed by Love, and his old self could no longer be known.

'"'" As with a steady glance I long examined his sad state, I became despondent, and thought in my trembling heart: 'This is of a truth that Love whose force none can resist; for by him Puṇḍarīka has been in a moment brought to a state for which there is no cure. For how else could such a storehouse of learning become straightway unavailing? (306) It is, alas! a miracle in him who from childhood has been firm of nature and unswerving in conduct, and whose life was the envy of myself and the other young ascetics. Here, like a mean man, despising knowledge, contemning the power of penance, he has rooted up his deep steadfastness, and is paralyzed by Love. A youth which has never swerved is indeed rare!' I went forward, and sitting down by him on the same stone, with my hand resting on his shoulder, I asked him, though his eyes were still closed: 'Dear Puṇḍarīka, tell me what this means.' Then with great difficulty and effort he opened his eyes, which seemed fastened together by their long closing, and which were red from incessant weeping and overflowing with tears as if shaken and in pain, while their colour was that of a red lotus-bed veiled in white silk. He looked at me long with a very languid glance, and then, deeply sighing, in accents broken by shame, he slowly and with pain murmured: 'Dear Kapiñjala, why ask me what thou knowest?' Hearing this, and thinking that Puṇḍarīka was suffering in this way a cureless ill, but that still, as far as possible, a friend who is entering a wrong course should be held back to the utmost by those who love him, I replied: 'Dear Puṇḍarīka, I know it well. (307) I will only ask this question: Is this course you have begun taught by your gurus, or read in the holy books? or is this a way of winning holiness, or a fresh form of penance, or a path to heaven, or a mystic vow, or a means of salvation,

or any other kind of discipline? Is this fitting for thee even to imagine, much less to see or tell? Like a fool, thou seest not that thou art made a laughing-stock by that miscreant Love. For it is the fool who is tormented by Love. For what is thy hope of happiness in such things as are honoured by the base, but blamed by the good? He truly waters a poison tree under the idea of duty, or embraces the sword plant for a lotus-wreath, or lays hold on a black snake, taking it for a line of smoke of black aloes, or touches a burning coal for a jewel, or tries to pull out the club-like tusk of a wild elephant, thinking it a lotus-fibre; he is a fool who places happiness in the pleasures of sense which end in sorrow. And thou, though knowing the real nature of the senses, why dost thou carry thy knowledge as the firefly his light,[1] only to be concealed, in that thou restrainest not thy senses when they start out of their course like streams turbid[2] in their passionate onrush? Nor dost thou curb thy tossing mind. (308) Who, forsooth, is this Love-god? Relying on thy firmness, do thou revile this miscreant.'

'"'"As I thus spoke he wiped with his hand his eyes streaming with tears poured through his eyelashes, and while he yet leant on me, replied, rebuking my speech: 'Friend, what need of many words? Thou at least art untouched! Thou hast not fallen within the range of Love's shafts, cruel with the poison of snakes! It is easy to teach another! and when that other has his senses and his mind, and sees, hears, and knows what he has heard, and can discern good and evil, he is then fit for advice. But all this is far from me; all talk of stability, judgment, firmness, reflection, has come to an end. How do I even breathe but by strong effort? The time for advice is long past. The opportunity for firmness has been let slip; the hour for reflection is gone; the season for stability and judgment has passed away. Who but thee could give advice at this time, or could attempt to restrain my wandering? To whom but thee should I listen? or who

[1] *Scilicet*, in the day. [2] Turbid with (*a*) dust; (*b*) passion.

else in the world is a friend like thee? What ails me that I cannot restrain myself? Thou sawest in a moment my wretched plight. The time, then, for advice is now past. (309) While I breathe, I long for some cure for the fever of love, violent as the rays of twelve suns[1] at the end of the world. My limbs are baked, my heart is seething, my eyes are burning, and my body on fire. Do, therefore, what the time demands.' He then became silent, and after this speech I tried again and again to rouse him; but as he did not listen even when tenderly and affectionately exhorted in the words of the pure teaching of the çāstras full of cases like his own, together with the legendary histories, I thought, 'He is gone too far; he cannot be turned back. Advice is now useless, so I will make an effort just to preserve his life.' With this resolve I rose and went, and tore up some juicy lotus-fibres from the lake; then, taking some lotus-petals marked by water, I plucked lotuses of all kinds, sweet with the fragrance of the aromatic pollen within, and prepared a couch on that same rock in the bower. And as he rested there at ease (310), I crushed soft twigs of the sandal-trees hard by, and with its juice, naturally sweet and cold as ice, made a mark on his brow, and anointed him from head to foot. I allayed the perspiration by camphor-dust powdered in my hand, broken from the interstices of the split bark of the trees near, and fanned him with a plantain-leaf dripping with pure water, while the bark robe he wore was moist with the sandal placed on his breast; and as I again and again strewed fresh lotus couches, and anointed him with sandal, and removed the perspiration, and constantly fanned him, the thought arose in my mind, 'Surely nothing is too hard for Love! For how far apart would seem Puṇḍarīka, by nature simple and content with his woodland home, like a fawn, and Mahāçvetā, the Gandharva princess, a galaxy of graces: surely there is nothing for Love in the world hard, or difficult, or unsubdued, or impossible. He scornfully attempts the hardest tasks, nor can any resist him. For

[1] The Vishṇu Purāṇa, Bk. vi., ch. iii., mentions seven suns.

why speak of beings endowed with sense when, if it so please him, he can bring together even things without sense? For the night lotus-bed falls in love with the sun's ray, and the day-lotus leaves her hatred of the moon, and night is joined to day, (311) and moonlight waits on darkness, and shade stands in the face of light, and lightning stays firm in the cloud, and old age accompanies youth; and what more difficult thing can there be than that one like Puṇḍarīka, who is an ocean of unfathomable depth, should thus be brought to the lightness of grass? Where is his former penance, and where his present state? Truly it is a cureless ill that has befallen him! What must I now do or attempt, or whither go, or what refuge or resource, or help or remedy, or plan, or recourse, is there by which his life may be sustained? Or by what skill, or device, or means, or support, or thought, or solace, may he yet live?' These and other such thoughts arose in my downcast heart. But again I thought, 'What avails dwelling on this useless thought? His life must be preserved by any means, good or bad, (312) and there is no other way to save it but by her union with him; and as he is timid by reason of his youth, and moreover thinks the affairs of love contrary to his vow, unseemly, and a mockery in himself, he certainly, even at his last breath, will not gratify his longing by himself approaching her. This his disease of love admits no delay. Good men always hold that a friend's life must be saved even by a blameworthy deed; so that though this is a shameful and wrong action, it has yet become imperative for me. What else can be done? What other course is there? I will certainly go to her. I will tell her his state.' Thus thinking, I left the place on some pretext, and came hither without telling him, lest perchance he should feel that I was engaged in an unseemly employment, and should in shame hold me back. This being the state of affairs, thou, lady, art the judge of what action is needful for the time, worthy of so great a love, fitting for my coming, and right for thyself." With these words he became silent, fixing his eyes on my face to

see what I should say. But I, having heard him, was plunged, as it were, into a lake of ambrosial joy, (or immersed in an ocean of the sweets of love, floating above all joys, mounting to the pinnacle of all desires, resting at the utmost bound of gladness. I showed my happiness by joyful tears pouring clear, large, and heavy, because my eyelashes were not closed, strung like a garland by their unceasing succession, and not touching my cheek, because my face was somewhat bent in sudden shame;) (313) and I thought at once: "O joy, that Love entangles him as well as me, so that even while tormenting me, he has in part showed me kindness; and if Puṇḍarīka is indeed in such a plight, what help has not Love given me, or what has he not done for me, or what friend is like him, or how could a false tale, even in sleep, pass the lips of the calm-souled Kapiñjala? And if this be so, what must I do, and what must I say in his presence?" While I was thus deliberating, a portress hastily entered, and said to me: "Princess, the Queen has learnt from her attendants that thou art ill, and is now coming." On hearing this, Kapiñjala, fearing the contact of a great throng, quickly rose, saying: "Princess, a cause of great delay has arisen. The sun, the crest-jewel of the three worlds, is now sinking, so I will depart. But I raise my hands in salutation as a slight offering for the saving of my dear friend's life; that is my greatest treasure." (314) Then, without awaiting my reply, he with difficulty departed, for the door was blocked by the entrance of the attendants that heralded my Lady Mother. (There were the portresses bearing golden staves; the chamberlains with unguents, cosmetics, flowers, and betel, holding waving cowries; and in their train were humpbacks, barbarians, deaf men, eunuchs, dwarfs, and deaf mutes.)

'" 'Then the Queen came to me, and after a long visit, went home; but I observed nothing of what she did, said, or attempted while with me, for my heart was far away. When she went the sun, with his steeds bright as haritāla pigeons, lord of life to the lotuses, and friend of the

cakravākas, had sunk to rest, and the face of the West was growing crimson, and the lotus-beds were turning green, and the East was darkening to blue, and the world of mortals was overcome by a blackness like a wave of the ocean of final destruction turbid with the mud of hell, I knew not what to do, and asked Taralikā, "Seest thou not, Taralikā, how confused is my mind? My senses are bewildered with uncertainty, and I am unable myself to see in the least what I should do. (315) Do thou tell me what is right to do, for Kapiñjala is now gone, and he told his tale in thy presence. What if, like a base-born maiden, I cast away shame, relinquish self-control, desert modesty, contemn the reproach of men, transgress good behaviour, trample on conduct, despise noble birth, accept the disgrace of a course blinded by love, and without my father's leave, or my mother's approval, I were to go to him myself and offer him my hand? This transgression against my parents would be a great wrong. But if, taking the other alternative, I follow duty, I shall in the first place accept death, and even so I shall break the heart of his reverence Kapiñjala, who loved him first, and who came hither of his own accord. And again, if perchance that man's death is brought about by my deed in destroying his hopes, then causing the death of an ascetic would be a grave sin." While I thus considered, the East became gray with the glimmering light of moonrise, like a line of woods in spring with the pollen of flowers. And in the moonlight the eastern quarter showed white as if with the powdered pearls from the frontal bone of the elephant of darkness torn open by the lion-moon, (316) or pale with sandal-dust falling from the breast of the nymphs of the eastern mountain, or light with the rising of sand in an island left by the tide, stirred by the wind on the waves of the ever-moving ocean. Slowly the moonlight glided down, and made bright the face of night, as if it were the flash of her teeth as she softly smiled at the sight of the moon; then evening shone with the moon's orb, as if it were the circle of Çesha's hoods breaking through the earth as it rose

from hell; after that, night became fair with the moon, the gladdener of the world of mortals, the delight of lovers, now leaving its childhood behind and becoming the ally of Love, with a youthful glow arising within it, the only fitting light for the enjoyment of Love's pleasures, ambrosial, climbing the sky like youth impersonate. Then I beheld the risen moon as if flushed with the coral of the ocean it had just left, crimsoned with the blood of its deer struck by the paw of the lion of the Eastern Mountain, marked with the lac of Rohiṇī's[1] feet, as she spurned her lord in a love quarrel, (317) and ruddy with his newly-kindled glow. And I, though the fire of Love burnt within me, had my heart darkened; though my body rested on the lap of Taralikā, I was a captive in the hands of Love; though my eyes were fixed on the moon, I was looking on death, and I straightway thought, "There are the honey-month, the Malaya winds, and all other such things brought together, and in the same place to have this evil miscreant moon cannot be endured. My heart cannot bear it. Its rising now is like a shower of coals to one consumed by fever, or a fall of snow to one ill from cold, or the bite of a black snake to one faint with the swelling of poison." And as I thus thought, a swoon closed my eyes, like the sleep brought by moonlight that withers the lotuses of the day. Soon, however, I regained consciousness by means of the fanning and sandal unguents of the bewildered Taralikā, and I saw her weeping, her face dimmed with ceaseless tears, pressing the point of a moist moonstone to my brow, and seeming possessed by despair impersonate. As I opened my eyes, she fell at my feet, and said, raising hands yet wet with the thick sandal ointment: "Princess, why think of shame or disrespect to parents? Be kind; send me, and I will fetch the beloved of thy heart; (318) rise, or go thither thyself. Henceforth thou canst not bear this Love that is an ocean whose manifold passionate waves[2] are swelling at the rise of a strong moon." To this speech

[1] The asterism Rohiṇī.
[2] *Utkalikā*=(*a*) wave; (*b*) longing.

I replied: "Mad girl, what is love to me? The moon it is, even the lord of the night lotuses, who removes all scruples, undermines all search for means of escape, conceals all difficulties, takes away all doubts, contemns all fears, roots out all shame, veils the sinful levity of going myself to my lover, avoids all delay, and has come merely to lead me either to Puṇḍarīka or to death. Rise, therefore; for while I have life I will follow him and honour him who, dear as he is, tortures my heart." Thus saying, I rose, leaning on her, for my limbs were yet unsteady with the weakness of the swoon caused by Love, and as I rose my right eye throbbed, presaging ill, and in sudden terror I thought: "What new thing is this threatened by Destiny?"

(319) ' " 'The firmament was now flooded with moonlight, as if the moon's orb, which had not yet risen far, was, like the waterpipe of the temple of the universe, discharging a thousand streams of the heavenly Ganges, pouring forth the waves of an ambrosial ocean, shedding many a cascade of sandal-juice, and bearing floods of nectar; the world seemed to learn what life was in the White Continent, and the pleasures of seeing the land of Soma; the round earth was being poured out from the depths of a Milky Ocean by the moon, which was like the rounded tusk of the Great Boar; the moonrise offerings were being presented in every house by the women with sandal-water fragrant with open lotuses; the highways were crowded with thousands of women-messengers sent by fair ladies; girls going to meet their lovers ran hither and thither, veiled in blue silk and fluttered by the dread of the bright moonlight as if they were the nymphs of the white day lotus groves concealed in the splendours of the blue lotuses; the sky became an alluvial island in the river of night, with its centre whitened by the thick pollen of the groves of open night lotuses; while the night lotus-beds in the house-tanks were waking, encircled by bees which clung to every blossom; (320) the world of mortals was, like the ocean, unable to contain the joy of moonrise, and seemed made of love, of festivity, of mirth, and of tenderness: evening was

pleasant with the murmur of peacocks garrulous in gladness at the cascade that fell from the waterpipes of moonstone.

'"' Taralikā accompanied me, holding powders, perfumes, unguents, betel, and various flowers, and I had also that napkin, wet with the sandal ointment which had been applied in my swoon, and which had its nap slightly disordered and gray with the partly-dried mark of sandal-wood clinging to it; the rosary was on my neck; the pārijāta spray was kissing the tip of my ear; veiled in red silk that seemed fashioned from rays of rubies, I went down from the top of that palace, unseen by any of my devoted attendants. On my way I was pursued by a swarm of bees, which hastened, leaving lotus-beds and deserting gardens, drawn by the scent of the pārijāta spray, sportively forming a blue veil round me. I departed through the door of the pleasure-grove and set out to meet Puṇḍarīka. (321) As I went, I thought, seeing myself attended by Taralikā only: "What needs pomp of retinue when we seek our dearest! Surely our servants then but play a mockery of attendance, for Love follows me with shaft fitted to the strung bow; the moon, stretching out a long ray,[1] draws me on like a hand; passion supports me at every step from fear of a fall; my heart rushes on with the senses, leaving shame behind; longing has gained certainty, and leads me on." Aloud I said: "Oh, Taralikā, would that this miscreant moon would with its beams seize him by the hair and draw him forward like myself!" As I thus spoke, she smilingly replied: "Thou art foolish, my princess! What does the moon want with Puṇḍarīka? Nay, rather, he himself, as though wounded by Love, does all these things for thee; for under the guise of his image he kisses thy cheeks marked with drops of perspiration; with trembling ray he falls on thy fair breast; he touches the gems of thy girdle; entangled in thy bright nails, he falls at thy feet; moreover, the form of this lovesick moon wears the pallor of a sandal unguent dried by fever; (322) he stretches out his rays[2] white as lotus-fibres; under

[1] Or, hand.   [2] Hands.

the guise of his reflection he falls on crystal pavements; with rays[1] gray as the dust from the filaments inside the ketakī, he plunges into lotus-pools; he touches with his beams[2] the moonstones wet with spray; he hates the day lotus-groves with their pairs of cakravākas once severed." With such discourse fitting for the time I approached that spot in her company. I then bathed my feet, gray with pollen from the creeper flowers on our path, in a spot near Kapiñjala's abode which had a stream of moonstone, liquefied by moonrise, flowing from Kailāsa's slope; and there, on the left bank of the lake, I heard the sound of a man's weeping, softened by distance. Some fear had arisen within me at first, from the quivering of my right eye, and now that my heart was yet more torn by this cry, as if my downcast mind were telling some dreadful tidings within, I cried in terror: "Taralikā, what means this?" And with trembling limbs I breathlessly hastened on.

'"'Then I heard afar a bitter cry, clear in the calm of night: "Alas, I am undone! I am consumed! I am deceived! What is this that has befallen me? What has happened? I am uprooted! (323) Cruel demon Love, evil and pitiless, what shameful deed hast thou brought to pass? Ah, wicked, evil, wanton Mahāçvetā, how had he harmed thee? Ah, evil, wanton, monstrous[3] moon, thou hast gained thy desire. Cruel soft breeze of the South, thy softness is gone, and thy will is fulfilled. That which was to be done is done. Go now as thou wilt! Ah, venerable Çvetaketu, tender to thy son, thou knowest not that thy life is stolen from thee! Dharma, thou art dispossessed! Penance, thou art protectorless! Eloquence, thou art widowed! Truth, thou art lordless! Heaven, thou art void! Friend, protect me! Yet I will follow thee! I cannot remain even a moment without thee, alone! How canst thou now suddenly leave me, and go thy way like a stranger on whom my eyes had never rested?

[1] Feet. [2] Hands.

[3] *Candracaṇḍāla* (lit., 'base-born moon') is intended as an assonance.

Whence comes this thy great hardness? Say, whither, without thee, shall I go? Whom shall I implore? What refuge shall I seek? I am blinded! For me space is empty! Life is aimless, penance vain, the world void of joy! With whom shall I wander, to whom speak, with whom hold converse? Do thou arise! Grant me an answer. Friend, where is thine old love to me? Where that smiling welcome that never failed me?"

(324) '" 'Such were the words I heard Kapiñjala utter; and as I heard them I uttered a loud cry, while yet far off, as if my life had fallen; and with my silk cloak torn as it clung to the creepers by the lake's bank, and my feet placed on the ground regardless of its being rough or even, and as hastily as I could, I went on to that place, stumbling at every step, and yet as if led on by one who lifted me up again.

'" 'There I beheld Puṇḍarīka lying on a couch made on a slab of moonstone wet with showers of cool spray, close to the lake; it was made of lotus-fibres like a garland of tender flowers from all lilies, and seemed to be formed wholly of the points of Love's arrows. Puṇḍarīka seemed from his great stillness to be listening for the sound of my step. He seemed to have gained a moment's happiness in sleep, as if Love's pain had been quenched by inward wrath; he seemed engaged in a yoga penance of holding his breath, as an atonement for his breach of ascetic duty; he seemed to murmur, with bright yet trembling lip: "By thy deed am I come to this pass." He seemed pierced by the moonbeams which, under the guise of his bright finger-nails placed on a heart throbbing with Love's fire, fell on his back as he lay averted in hatred of the moon. (325) He bore a mark on his brow of a line of sandal, which, by its being pale from dryness, was like a digit of Love's waning moon portending his own destruction. Life seemed to leave him in anger, saying: "Fool, another is dearer to thee than I!" His eyes were not wholly closed; their pupils were slightly turned to look; they were red with ceaseless weeping; they seemed to drop blood, since by failure of breath

his tears were exhausted; and they were partly curved in pain at Love's darts. He now experienced the pain of unconsciousness, as if together with the torment of love he were also yielding life itself; he seemed to meditate a new version of Love's mystery, and to practise an unwonted retention of breath. His life seemed to be carried off as a prize[1] by Love, who had in kindness arranged my coming. On his brow was a sandal tripuṇḍraka mark; he wore a sacrificial thread of juicy lotus-fibre; his dress clung to his shoulder beautiful as the leaf that ensheathes a plantain; his rosary had only the thickness of a single row;[2] the ashes on his brow were of abundant white camphor-powder; he was fair with the string of lotus-fibre, bound on his arm as an amulet; he seemed to wear the garb of Love's vow, as if completing a charm for my coming. With his eye he tenderly uttered the reproach: "Hard-hearted! I was but followed by one glance, and never again received thy favour." (326) His lips were slightly open, so that his form gleamed white in the rays of his teeth, which came forth as if they were moonbeams that had entered him to take away his life; with his left hand placed on a heart breaking with the pain of love, he seemed to say: "Be kind, depart not with my life, thou that art dear as life!" and so to hold me firmly in his heart; his right hand, which from the uneven rays of his nails jutting forth seemed to drop sandal, was raised as if to ward off the moonlight; near him stood his pitcher, the friend of his penance, with neck upright, as if it gazed at the path by which his life was just rising; the garland of lotus-fibres which adorned his neck bound him as if with a rope of moonbeams to lead him to another world; and when, at the sight of me, Kapiñjala, with a cry of "Help, help!" raised his hands, and crying aloud with redoubled tears, fell on his neck, at that very moment I, wicked and ill-fated as I was, beheld that noble youth yield up his life. The darkness of a swoon came upon me, and I descended

[1] *Pūrṇapātra*, a basket of gifts to be scrambled for at a wedding.
[2] *I.e.*, the row of pearls given by Mahāçvetā.

into hell; nor knew I anything of whither I then went, or what I did or said. Neither knew I why my life did not at that moment leave me; (327) whether from the utter hardness of my stupefied heart, or from the callousness to bear thousands of troubles of my wretched body, or from being fated to endure a long grief, or from being a vessel of evil earned in another birth, or from the skill of my cruel destiny in bestowing sorrow, or from the singular perversity of malign accursed love. Only this I know: that when at length in my misery I regained consciousness, I found myself writhing on the ground, tortured, as if I had fallen on a fire, by a grief too hard to bear. I could not believe aught so impossible as that he should die and I yet live, and rising with a bitter cry of "Alas, what is this—mother, father, friends?" I exclaimed: "Ah, my Lord, thou who upholdest my life, speak to me! Whither goest thou, pitilessly leaving me alone and protectorless? Ask Taralikā what I have suffered for thy sake. Hardly have I been able to pass the day, drawn out into a thousand ages. Be gracious! Utter but one word! Show tenderness to her that loves thee! Look but a little on me! Fulfil my longing! I am wretched! I am loyal! I am thine in heart! I am lordless! I am young! I am helpless! I am unhappy! I am bereft of other refuge! I am vanquished by Love! Why showest thou no pity? Say what I have done or left undone, what command I have neglected, or in what thing pleasing to thee I have not shown affection, that thou art wroth. (328) Fearest thou not the reproach of men in that thou goest, deserting me, thy handmaid, without cause? Yet why think of me, perverse and wicked, and skilled to deceive by false shows of love! Alas, I yet live! Alas, I am accursed and undone! For why? I have neither thee, nor honour, nor kinsfolk, nor heaven. Shame on me, a worker of evil deeds, for whose sake this fate hath befallen thee. There is none of so murderous a heart as I who went home, leaving one so peerless as thou. What to me were home, mother, father, kinsfolk, followers? Alas, to what refuge shall I flee? Fate, show pity to me!

I entreat thee. Lady of destiny, give me a boon of mercy! Show compassion! Protect a lordless lady! Ye woodland goddesses, be kind! Give back his life! Help, Earth, that bringest favours to all! Night, showest thou no mercy? Father Kailāsa, thy protection I implore. Show thy wonted pity!" Such were my laments, so far as I remember, and I murmured incoherently as one held by a demon, or possessed or mad, or struck down by an evil spirit. In the tears that fell in torrents upon me I was turned to water, I melted away, I took upon me a shape of water; my laments, followed by the sharp rays of my teeth, fell as if with showers of tears: (329) my hair, with its flowers ever falling, seemed to shed teardrops, and my very ornaments by the tears of pure gemlight that sprang from them seemed to raise their lament. I longed for my own death as for his life; I yearned to enter his heart with my whole soul, dead though he were; with my hand I touched his cheeks and his brow with the roots of his hair, white with dry sandal, and his shoulders with the lotus-fibres on them, and his heart covered with lotus-leaves and flecks of sandal-juice. With the tender reproach, "Thou art cruel, Puṇḍarīka! Thou carest nought that I am thus wretched!" I again sought to win him back. I again embraced him, I again clasped his neck, and wept aloud. Then I rebuked that string of pearls, saying: "Ah, wicked one, couldst not even thou have preserved his life till my coming?" Then again I fell at Kapiñjala's feet with the prayer, "Be kind, my lord; restore him to life!" and again, clinging to Taralikā's neck, I wept. Even now, when I think of it, I know not how these piteous, tender words came forth from my ill-fated heart—words all unthought, unlearnt, untaught, unseen before; nor whence these utterances arose; nor whence these heart-rending cries of despair. My whole being was changed. (330) For there rose a deluge wave of inward tears, the springs of weeping were set loose, the buds of wailing came forth, the peaks of sorrow grew lofty and a long line of madness was begun.' And so, as she thus told her own tale, she seemed

again to taste the bitterness of that former plight, so cruel, and so hardly endured, and a swoon bereft her of sense. In the force of her swoon she fell on the rock, and Candrāpīḍa hastily stretched out his hand, like her servant, and supported her, full of sorrow. At length he brought her back to consciousness by fanning her with the edge of her own bark garment, wet with tears. Filled with pity, and with his cheeks bathed in tears, he said to her, as she came to life: 'Lady, it is by my fault that thy grief has been brought back to its first freshness, and that thou hast come to this pass. Therefore no more of this tale. Let it be ended. Even I cannot bear to hear it. For the story even of past sorrow endured by a friend pains us as if we ourselves were living through it.[1] Thou wilt not therefore surely place on the fire of grief that life so precious and so hardly preserved?' (331) Thus addressed, with a long, hot sigh and eyes dissolved in tears, she despairingly replied: 'Prince, even in that dreadful night my hated life did not desert me;[2] it is not likely that it will leave me now. Even blessed Death turns away his eyes from one so ill-fated and wicked. Whence could one so hard-hearted feel grief? all this can be but feigned in a nature so vile. But be that as it may, that shameless heart has made me chief among the shameless. For to one so adamantine as to have seen love in all his power, and yet to have lived through this, what can mere speaking of it matter?

'"'Or what could there be harder to tell than this very thing, which is supposed to be impossible to hear or say? I will at least briefly tell the marvel that followed on that thunderbolt, and I will tell, too, what came as a tiny dim cause of my prolonging my life, which by its mirage so deludes me that I bear about a hated body, almost dead, alien to me, burdensome, unfitted to my needs, and thankless for my care. That shall suffice. Afterwards, in a sudden change[3] of feeling, with resolve firmly set on death, lamenting bitterly, I cried to Taralikā: "Rise, cruel-

[1] Omit. *priyajanaviçrāsavacanāni*. [2] Read, *parityaktā*.
[3] Read, *antare*.

hearted girl; how long wilt thou weep? Bring together wood and make a pile. I will follow the lord of my life."

(332) '" 'Straightway a being swiftly left the moon's orb and descended from the sky. Behind him he trailed a silken vesture hanging from his crest, white as the foam of nectar, and waving in the wind; his cheeks were reddened with the bright gems that swayed in his ears; on his breast he bore a radiant necklace, from the size of its pearls like a cluster of stars; his turban was tied with strips of white silk; his head was thick with curling locks, and dark as bees; his earring was an open moon lotus; on his shoulder was the impress of the saffron lines that adorned his wives; he was white as a moon lotus, lofty in stature, endowed with all the marks of greatness, and godlike in form; he seemed to purify space by the light shed round him clear as pure water, and to anoint it as by a thick frost with a dewy ambrosial shower that created a chill as he shed it from his limbs, cool and fragrant, and to besprinkle it with a rich store of goçīrsha[1] sandal-juice.

'" 'With arms sturdy as the trunk of Airāvata, and fingers white as lotus-fibres and cool to the touch, he lifted my dead lord, (333) and, in a voice deep as a drum, he said to me: "Mahāçvetā, my child, thou must not die; for thou shalt again be united with him!" And with these words, tender as a father's, he flew into the sky with Puṇḍarīka.

'" 'But this sudden event filled me with fear, dismay, and eager anxiety, and with upraised face I asked Kapiñjala what it might mean. He, however, started up hastily without replying, and with the cry, "Monster, whither goest thou with my friend?" with uplifted eyes and sudden wrath he hastily girt up his loins, and following him in his flight, in hot pursuit he rose into the sky; and while I yet gazed they all entered amongst the stars. But the departure of Kapiñjala was to me like a second death of my beloved, and it redoubled my grief, so that my heart was rent asunder. Bewildered what to do, I cried to Taralikā: "Knowest thou

[1] *Goçīrsha*, a kind of fragrant sandal.

not? Tell me what this means!" But she, with all a woman's timidity at the sight, was at that very moment trembling in all her limbs, overcome by a fear stronger than her grief, and was frightened, moreover, by the dread of my death; and so with downcast heart she piteously replied: "Princess, wretch that I am, I know not! Yet this is a great miracle. The man is of no mortal mould, and thou wert pityingly comforted by him in his flight as by a father. Such godlike beings are not wont to deceive us, even in sleep, much less face to face; and when I think it over I cannot see the least cause for his speaking falsely. (334) It is meet, therefore, that thou shouldst weigh it, and restrain thy longing for death. In thy present state it is in truth a great ground for comfort. Moreover, Kapiñjala has gone in pursuit of Puṇḍarīka. From him thou canst learn whence and who this being is, and why Puṇḍarīka on his death was by him raised and carried off, and whither he is carried, and wherefore thou wert consoled by him with the boon of a hope of reunion that exceeds thought; then thou canst devote thyself either to life or death. For when death is resolved upon, it is easy to compass. But this can wait; for Kapiñjala, if he lives, will certainly not rest without seeing thee; therefore let thy life be preserved till his return." Thus saying, she fell at my feet. And I, from the thirst for life that mortals find so hard to overcome, and from the weakness of woman's nature, and from the illusion his words had created, and from my anxiety for Kapiñjala's return, thought that that plan was best for the time, and did not die. For what will not hope achieve?

'" 'That night I spent in Taralikā's company on the bank of the lake. To my wretchedness it was like a night of doom,[1] drawn out to a thousand years, all torment, all grief, all hell, all fire. (335) Sleep was rooted out, and I tossed on the ground; my face was hidden by the loosened and dishevelled tresses that clung to my cheeks, wet with

[1] V. Vishṇu Purāṇa, Bk. i., ch. iii. (For the description of Brahmā's night.)

tears and gray with dust, and my throat was weak, for my voice failed, broken with piteous weeping.

'" 'At dawn I arose and bathed in the lake, and having formed my resolve, I took, for love of Puṇḍarīka, his pitcher and his bark garments and his rosary; for I clearly knew the worthlessness of the world. I perceived my own lack of merit; I pictured to myself the remediless cruelty of the blows of fate; I pondered the inevitableness of grief; I beheld the harshness of destiny; I meditated the course of love, rich in sorrow; I learnt the inconstancy of earthly things; I considered the frailness of all joys. Father and mother were disregarded; kinsfolk and followers abandoned; the joys of earth were banished from my mind; the senses held in firm restraint.

'" 'I took the ascetic vow, and sought the protection of Çiva, lord of the three worlds and helper of the helpless. Next day my father came, having somehow learnt my story, bringing with him my mother and kinsfolk. Long he wept, and strove with all his might and by every means—prayers, admonitions, and tender words of every kind—to lead me home. (336) And when he understood my firm resolve, and knew that I could not be turned from that infatuation, he could not, even though without hope, part with his love for his child; and though I often bade him go, he stayed for some days, and went home at length full of grief, and with his heart hot within him.

'" 'After his going, it was only by empty tears that I could show my gratitude to my lord; by many a penance I wasted my hated body, worn away by love of him, rich in ill, devoid of shame, ill-omened, and the home of a thousand tortures of grief; I lived but on water and the roots and fruits of the wood; under the guise of telling my beads I counted his virtues; thrice a day I bathed in the lake; I daily worshipped Çiva, and in this cell I dwelt with Taralikā, tasting the bitterness of a long grief. Such am I, evil, ill-omened, shameless, cruel, cold, murderous, contemptible, useless, fruitless, helpless, and joyless. (337) Why should one so noble as thou deign to look on or speak with me,

the doer of that monstrous crime, the slaughter of a Brahman?' Thus saying, she covered her face with the white edge of her bark garment, as if veiling the moon with a fleck of autumn cloud, and, unable to quell the irresistible torrent of her tears, she gave way to her sobs, and began to weep loud and long.

'"From the very first Candrāpīḍa had been filled with reverence by her beauty, modesty, and courtesy; by the charm of her speech, her unselfishness and her austerity; and by her serenity, humility, dignity, and purity. But now he was carried away both by the story of her life, which showed her noble character, and by her devoted spirit, and a fresh tenderness arose in him. With softened heart he gently said: 'Lady, those may weep who fear pain, and are devoid of gratitude, and love pleasure, for they are unable to do anything worthy of love, and show their affection merely by vain tears. But thou who hast done all rightly, what duty of love hast thou left undone, that thou weepest? For Puṇḍarīka's sake, thy kinsfolk who from thy birth have been around thee, dear as they were, have been forsaken as if they were strangers. (338) Earthly pleasures, though at thy feet, have been despised and reckoned light as grass. The joys of power, though their riches excelled the empire of Indra, have been resigned. Thy form has been emaciated by dread penances, even though by nature it was slender as a lotus-stalk. Thou hast taken the ascetic vow. Thy soul has been devoted to great penance. Thou hast dwelt in the woods, hard though it be for a woman. Moreover, life is easily resigned by those whom sorrow has overwhelmed, but it needs a greater effort not to throw away life in heavy grief. This following another to death is most vain! It is a path followed by the ignorant! It is a mere freak of madness, a path of ignorance, an enterprise of recklessness, a view of baseness, a sign of utter thoughtlessness, and a blunder of folly, that one should resign life on the death of father, brother, friend, or husband. If life leaves us not of itself, we must not resign it. For this leaving of life, if we examine it, is merely for

our own interest, because we cannot bear our own cureless pain. To the dead man it brings no good whatever. For it is no means of bringing him back to life, or heaping up merit, or gaining heaven for him, or saving him from hell, or seeing him again, or being reunited with him. (339) For he is led helplessly, irresistibly to another state meet for the fruits of his own deeds. And yet he shares in the guilt of the friend who has killed himself. But a man who lives on can help greatly, by offerings of water and the like, both the dead man and himself; but by dying he helps neither. Remember how Rati, the sole and beloved wife of Love, when her noble husband, who won the hearts of all women, was burnt up by the fire of Çiva, yet did not yield her life; and remember also Kuntī, of the race of Vṛishṇi, daughter of Sūrasena, for her lord was Pāṇḍu the wise; his seat was perfumed by the flowers in the crests of all the kings whom he had conquered without an effort, and he received the tribute of the whole earth, and yet when he was consumed by Kindama's curse she still remained alive. Uttarā, too, the young daughter of Virāṭa, on the death of Abhimanyu, gentle and heroic, and joyful to the eyes as the young moon, yet lived on. And Duḥçalyā, too, daughter of Dhṛitarāshṭra, tenderly cared for by her hundred brothers; when Jayadratha, king of Sindhu, was slain by Arjuna, fair as he was and great as he had become by Çiva's[1] gift, yet made no resignation of her life. (340) And others are told of by thousands, daughters of Rākshasas, gods, demons, ascetics, mortals, siddhas and Gandharvas, who when bereft of their husbands yet preserved their lives. Still, where reunion is doubtful, life might be yielded. But for thee, thou hast heard from that great being a promise of reunion. What doubt can there be in a matter of thine own experience, and how could falsehood find a place in the words of such noble truth-speaking saints, even when there might be greater cause? And what union could

[1] Tataḥ Saindhavako rājā kshudras, tāta, Jayadrathaḥ,
Varadānena Rudrasya sarvān naḥ samavārayat.
('Then the vile Sindh kinglet, Jayadratha, through the boon conferred by Rudra, O my son, kept us all back.')—Mahābhārata, vii., 2574.

there be between the dead and the living? Therefore of a surety that wondrous being was filled with pity and carried away Puṇḍarīka to heaven solely to bring him back to life. For the power of great men transcends thought. Life has many aspects. Destiny is manifold. Those skilled in penance are fitted for wondrous miracles. Many are the forms of power gained by previous actions. Moreover, however subtly we may consider the matter, what other cause can we imagine for Puṇḍarīka's being taken away, but the gift of fresh life. And this, thou must know, is not impossible. It is a path often trodden. (341) For Pramadvarā, daughter of Viçvāvasu, king of the Gandharvas and Menakā, lost her life through a poisonous snake at the hermitage of Sthūlakeça, and the young ascetic Ruru, son of Pramati and grandson of the Bhṛigu Cyavana, provided her with half his own life. And when Arjuna was following the Açvamedha steed, he was pierced in the van of the battle by an arrow from his own son Babhruvāhana, and a Nāga maiden, Ulūpā, brought him back to life. When Parīkshit, Abhimanyu's son, was consumed by Açvatthāma's fiery dart, though he had already died at birth, Krishṇa, filled with pity by Uttarā's lament, restored his precious life. And at Ujjayinī, he whose steps are honoured by the three worlds, carried off from the city of death the son of Sandīpani the Brahman, and brought him back.[1] And in thy case, too, the same will somehow come to pass. For by thy present grief, what is effected or what won? Fate is all-powerful. Destiny is strong. We cannot even draw a breath at our own will. The freaks of that accursed and most harsh destiny are exceeding cruel. A love fair in its sincerity is not allowed long to endure; for joys are wont to be in their essence frail and unlasting, while sorrows by their nature are long-lived. (342) For how hardly are mortals united in one life, while in a thousand lives they are separated. Thou canst not surely then blame thyself, all undeserving of blame. For these things often happen to those who enter the tangled path of

[1] Harivaṃça, 4906.

transmigration, and it is the brave who conquer misfortune.' With such gentle and soothing words he consoled her, and made her, albeit reluctantly, bathe her face with water brought in his joined hands from the cascade.

'"Straightway the sun began to sink, as if he were leaving the day's duties from grief at hearing Mahāçvetā's story. Then day faded away: the sun hung shining red as the pollen of a cluster of priyangu in full blossom; the quarters of space were losing the glow of sunset soft as silk dyed in the juice of many lotuses; (343) the sky was tinged with red, glowing like the pupils of a partridge,[1] while its blue was hidden; twilight was reddening and lighting up the earth, tawny as a pigeon's eye; the clusters of stars shone forth, vying with each other; the darkness of night was deepening into black, and stealing away the broad path of the stars with its form dark as a forest buffalo; the woodland avenues seemed massed together as their green was hidden by deep gloom; the wind wandered cooled by night-dew, with its path tracked by the perfume of the wild flowers as it stirred the tangle of trees and creepers: and when night had its birds all still in sleep Mahāçvetā slowly rose, and saying her evening prayers, washed her feet with water from the pitcher and sat down with a hot, sorrowful sigh on her bark couch. Candrāpīḍa, too, rose and poured a libation of water strewn with flowers, said his evening prayer, and made a couch on the other rock with soft creeper boughs. As he rested upon it he went over Mahāçveta's story again in his mind. 'This evil Love,' thought he, 'has a power hard alike to cure and to endure. For even great men, when overcome by him, regard not the course of time, but suddenly lose all courage and surrender life. Yet all hail to Love, whose rule is honoured throughout the three worlds!' (344) And again he asked her: 'She that was thy handmaiden, thy friend in the resolve to dwell in the woods, and the sharer of the ascetic vow taken in thy sorrow—Taralikā, where is she?'

[1] The *cakora*, or Greek partridge, was said to have its eyes turned red in the presence of poison.

'Noble sir,' she replied, 'from the race of Apsarases sprung from ambrosia of which I told you, there was born a fair-eyed daughter named Madirā,[1] who married King Citraratha, the king whose footstool was formed of the buds in the crests of all the Gandharvas. Charmed by her countless virtues, he showed his favour by giving her the title of Chief Queen, bearing with it cowrie, sceptre and umbrella, marked by a golden throne, and placing all the zenana below her—a woman's rarest glory! And, as they pursued together the joys of youth in their utter devotion to each other, a priceless daughter was in due time born to them, by name Kādambarī, most wondrous, the very life of her parents, and of the whole Gandharva race, and even of all living beings. From her birth she was the friend of my childhood, and shared with me seat, couch, meat and drink; on her my deepest love was set, and she was the home of all my confidence, and like my other heart. Together we learnt to dance and sing, and our childhood passed away free from restraint in the sports that belong to it. (345) From sorrow at my unhappy story she made a resolve that she would in nowise accept a husband while I was still in grief, and before her girl friends she took an oath, saying: "If my father should in anywise or at any time wish to marry me against my will and by force, I will end my life by hunger, fire, cord, or poison." Citraratha himself heard all the resolution of his daughter, spoken of positively in the repeated gossip of her attendants, and as time went on, seeing that she was growing to full youth, he became prey to great vexation, and for a time took pleasure in nothing, and yet, as she was his only child and he dearly loved her, he could say nothing to her, though he saw no other resource. But as he deemed the time now ripe, he considered the matter with Queen Madirā, and sent the herald Kshīroda to me at early dawn with the message: "Dear Mahāçvetā, our hearts were already burnt up by thy sad fate, and now this new

[1] *Madirā*, intoxicating, bewitching; so called because her eyes were *madirah*.

thing has come upon us. To thee we look to win back Kādambarī." Thereupon, in reverence to the words of one so respected, and in love to my friend, I sent Taralikā with Kshīroda to bid Kādambarī not add grief to one already sad enough; (346) for if she wished me to live she must fulfil her father's words; and ere Taralikā had been long gone, thou, noble sir, camest to this spot.' So saying she was silent.

'"Then the moon arose, simulating by his mark the heart of Mahāçvetā, burnt through by the fire of grief, bearing the great crime of the young ascetic's death, showing the long ingrained scar of the burning of Daksha's curse,[1] white with thick ashes, and half covered by black antelope skin, like the left breast of Durgā, the crest-jewel of Çiva's thick locks. (347) Then at length Candrāpīḍa beheld Mahāçvetā asleep, and quietly lay down himself on his leafy couch and fell asleep while thinking what Vaiçampāyana and sorrowing Patralekhā and his princely compeers would then be imagining about him.

'"Then at dawn, when Mahācvetā had honoured the twilight and was murmuring the aghamarshaṇa, and Candrāpīḍa had said his morning prayer, Taralikā was seen coming with a Gandharva boy named Keyūraka (348). As she drew near, she looked long at Candrāpīḍa, wondering who he might be, and approaching Mahāçvetā, she bowed low and sat respectfully by her. Then Keyūraka, with head low bent even from afar, took his place on a rock some way off, assigned to him by a glance from Mahāçvetā, and was filled with wonder at the sight of Candrāpīḍa's marvellous beauty, rare, mocking that of gods, demons, Gandharvas, and Vidyādharas, and surpassing even the god of love.

(349) '"When she had finished her prayers, Mahāçvetā asked Taralikā, 'Didst thou see my dear Kādambarī well? and will she do as I said?' 'Princess,' said Taralikā, in a very sweet voice, with head respectfully inclined, 'I

[1] Daksha cursed the moon with consumption at the appeal of his forty-nine daughters, the moon's wives, who complained of his special favour to the fiftieth sister.

saw Princess Kādambarī well in all respects, and told her all thine advice; and what was her reply, when with a continuous stream of thick tears she had heard it, that her lute-player Keyūraka, whom she has sent, shall tell thee;' and as she ceased Keyūraka said, 'Princess Mahāçvetā, my lady Kādambarī, with a close embrace, sends this message, "Is this, that Taralikā has been sent to tell me, said to please my parents or to test my feelings, or to subtly reproach me for my crime in dwelling at home; or is it a desire to break our friendship, or a device to desert one who loves her, or is it simply anger? Thou knowest that my heart overflows with a love that was inborn in me. How wert thou not ashamed to send so cruel a message? Thou, erst so soft of speech, from whom hast thou learnt to speak unkindness and utter reproach? Who in his senses would, even if happy, make up his mind to undertake even a slight matter that would end in pain? how much less one like me, whose heart is struck down by deep grief? For in a heart worn by a friend's sorrow, what hope is there of joy, what contentment, what pleasures or what mirth? (350) How should I fulfil the desire of Love, poisonous, pitiless, unkind, who has brought my dear friend to so sad a plight? Even the hen cakravāka, when the lotus-beds are widowed by the sun's setting, renounces from the friendship that arises from dwelling among them, the joys of union with her lord; how much more, then, should women! While my friend dwells day and night sorrowing for the loss of her lord and avoiding the sight of mankind, how could anyone else enter my heart: and while my friend in her sorrow tortures herself with penances and suffers great pain, how could I think so lightly of that as to seek my own happiness and accept a husband, or how could any happiness befall me? For from love of thee I have in this matter accepted disgrace by embracing an independent life contrary to the wont of maidens. I have despised noble breeding, transgressed my parent's commands, set at nought the gossip of mankind, thrown away modesty, a woman's inborn grace;

how, tell me, should such a one go back? Therefore I salute thee, I bow before thee, I embrace thy feet; be gracious to me. As thou hast gone hence into the forest, taking my life with thee, make not this request in thy mind, even in a dream."' (351) Thus having said, he became silent, and Mahāçvetā thought long, and then dismissed Keyūraka, saying, 'Do thou depart; I will go to her and do what is fitting.' On his departure she said to Candrāpīḍa, 'Prince, Hemakūṭa is pleasant and the royal city of Citraratha marvellous; the Kinnara country is curious, the Gandharva world beautiful, and Kādambarī is noble and generous of heart. If thou deemest not the journey too tedious, if no serious business is hindered, if thy mind is curious to behold rare sights, if thou art encouraged by my words, if the sight of wonders gives thee joy, if thou wilt deign to grant my request, if thou thinkest me worthy of not being denied, if any friendship has grown up between us, or if I am deserving of thy favour, then thou canst not disdain to fulfil this prayer. Thou canst go hence with me, and see not only Hemakūṭa, that treasure of beauty, but my second self, Kādambarī; and having removed this foolish freak of hers, thou canst rest for one day, and return hither the next morn. For by the sight of thy kindness so freely[1] given, my grief has become bearable, since I have told thee my story, breathed out as it was from a heart long overwhelmed with the darkness of grief. (352) For the presence of the good gives joy even to those who are sad at heart, and a virtue springs from such as thou art that wholly tends to make others happy.'

'" 'Lady,' replied Candrāpīḍa, 'from the first moment of seeing thee I have been devoted to thy service. Let thy will be imposed without hesitation'; so saying, he started in her company.

'" In due time he reached Hemakūṭa, the royal city of the Gandharvas, and passing through the seven inner courts with their golden arches, the prince approached the door of the maidens' dwelling. Escorted by porters, who ran

[1] Lit., 'without cause.'

forward at the sight of Mahāçvetā, bowing while yet far off, and holding their golden staves, he entered and beheld the inside of the maidens' palace. It seemed a new woman's world, consisting wholly of women in countless numbers, as if the womankind of the three worlds had been gathered together to make such a total; or it might be a fresh manless creation, a yet unborn continent of girls, a fifth women's era, a fresh race created by Prajāpati out of hatred for men, or a treasury of women prepared for the making of many yugas. The wave of girlish beauty which surrounded it on all sides, which flooded space, sprinkled nectar on the day, rained splendour on the interstices of the world, and shone lustrous as an emerald, made the place all aglow as if with thousands of moons; (353) it seemed modelled in moonlight; jewels made another sky; service was done by bright glances; every part was made for youthful pleasures; here was an assemblage for Rati's sports, a material for Love's practice; here the entrance of all was made smooth by Love; here all was affection, beauty, the supreme deity of passion, the arrows of Love, here all was wonder, marvel, and tenderness of youth. (356) When he had gone a little way in he heard the pleasant talk of the maidens round Kādambarī as they wandered hither and thither. Such as 'Lavalikā, deck the lavalī trenches with ketakī pollen. Sāgarikā, sprinkle jewelled dust in the tanks of scented water. Mṛiṇālikā, inlay with saffron dust the pairs of toy[1] cakravākas in the artificial lotus-beds. Makarikā, scent the pot-pourri with camphor-juice. Rajanikā, place jewelled lamps in the dark tamāla avenues. Kumudikā, cover the pomegranates with pearly nets to keep off the birds. Nipuṇikā, draw saffron lines on the breasts of the jewelled dolls. Utpalikā, sweep with golden brooms the emerald arbour in the plaintain house. Kesarikā, sprinkle with wine the houses of bakul flowers. Mālatikā, redden with red lead the ivory roof of Kāma's shrine. Nalinikā, give the tame kalahamsas lotus-honey to drink. Kadalikā, take the

[1] Lit., 'going by machinery.'

tame peacocks to the shower-bath. Kamalinikā, give some sap from the lotus-fibres to the young cakravākas. Cūtalatikā, give the caged pigeons their meal of mango-buds. Pallavikā, distribute to the tame haritāla pigeons some topmost leaves of the pepper-tree. Lavangikā, throw some pieces of pippalī leaves into the partridges' cages. Madhukarikā, make some flowery ornaments. Mayūrikā, dismiss the pairs of kinnaras in the singing-room. Kandalikā, bring up the pairs of partridges to the top of the playing hill. Hariṇikā, give the caged parrots and mainas their lesson.'

(358) ' " Then he beheld Kādambarī herself in the midst of her pavilion encircled by a bevy of maidens sitting by her, whose glittering gems made them like a cluster of kalpa trees.[1] (359) She was resting on her bent arms, which lay on a white pillow placed on a small couch covered with blue silk; she was fanned by cowrie-bearers, that in the motion of their waving arms were like swimmers in the wide-flowing stream of her beauty, as if it covered the earth, which was only held up by the tusks of Mahāvarāha.

' " And as her reflection fell, she seemed on the jewelled pavement below to be borne away by serpents; on the walls hard by to be led by the guardians of space; on the roof above to be cast upwards by the gods; to be received by the pillars into their inmost heart; to be drunk in by the palace mirrors, to be lifted to the sky by the Vidyādharas scattered in the pavilion, looking down from the roof; to be surrounded by the universe concealed in the guise of pictures, all thronging together to see her; to be gazed at by the palace itself, which had gained a thousand eyes to behold her, in that the eyes of its peacocks' tails were outspread as they danced to the clashing of her gems; and to be steadily looked on by her own attendants, who seemed in their eagerness to behold her to have gained a divine insight.

' " Her beauty bore the impress of awakening love,

[1] Trees of paradise.

though but yet in promise, and she seemed to be casting childhood aside like a thing of no worth.

(365) ' " Such was Kādambarī as the prince beheld her. Before her was seated Keyūraka, loud in praise of Candrāpīḍa's beauty, as Kādambarī questioned him, saying, 'Who is he, and what are his parentage, name, appearance, and age? What did he say, and what didst thou reply? How long didst thou see him? how has he become so close a friend to Mahāçveta? and why is he coming hither?'

' " Now, on beholding the moonlike beauty of Kādambarī's face, the prince's heart was stirred like the tide of ocean. 'Why,' thought he, 'did not the Creator make all my senses into sight, or what noble deed has my eye done that it may look on her unchecked? Surely it is a wonder! The Creator has here made a home for every charm! Whence have the parts of this exceeding beauty been gathered? Surely from the tears that fell from the Creator's eyes in the labour of thought, as he gently moulded her with his hands, all the lotuses in the world have their birth.'

(366) ' " And as he thus thought his eye met hers, and she, thinking, 'This is he of whom Keyūraka spoke,' let her glance, widened by wonder at his exceeding beauty, dwell long and quietly on him. Confused by the sight of Kādambarī, yet illumined by the brightness of her gaze, he stood for a moment like a rock, while at the sight of him a thrill rose in Kādambarī, her jewels clashed, and she half rose. Then love caused a glow, but the excuse was the effort of hastily rising; trembling hindered her steps—the hamsas around, drawn by the sound of the anklets, got the blame; the heaving of a sigh stirred her robe—it was thought due to the wind of the cowries; her hand fell on her heart, as if to touch Candrāpīḍa's image that had entered in—it pretended to cover her bosom; she let fall tears of joy—the excuse was the pollen falling from the flowers in her ear. Shame choked her voice—the swarm of bees hastening to the lotus sweetness of her mouth was

the cause; (367) the pain of the first touch of Love's arrow caused a sigh—the pain of the ketakī thorns amidst the flowers shared the guilt; a tremor shook her hand—keeping off the portress who had come with a message was her pretence; and while love was thus entering into Kādambarī, a second love, as it were, arose, who with her entered the heart of Candrāpīḍa. For he thought the flash of her jewels but a veil, her entrance into his heart a favour, the tinkling of her gems a conversation, her capture of all his senses a grace, and contact with her bright beauty the fulfilment of all his wishes. Meanwhile Kādambarī, advancing with difficulty a few steps, affectionately and with yearning embraced her friend, who also yearned for the sight of her so long delayed; and Mahāçvetā returned her embrace yet more closely, and said, 'Dear Kādambarī, in the land of Bharata there is a king named Tārāpīḍa, who wards off all grief[1] from his subjects, and who has impressed his seal on the Four Oceans by the edge of the hoofs of his noble steeds; and this his son, named Candrāpīḍa, decked[2] with the orb of earth resting on the support of his own rock-like arms, has, in pursuit of world conquest, approached this land; and he, from the moment I first beheld him, has instinctively become my friend, though there was nought to make him so; and, though my heart was cold from its resignation of all ties, yet he has attracted it by the rare and innate nobility of his character. (368) For it is rare to find a man of keen mind who is at once true of heart, unselfish in friendship, and wholly swayed by courtesy. Wherefore, having beheld him, I brought him hither by force. For I thought thou shouldst behold as I have done a wonder of Brahmā's workmanship, a peerless owner of beauty, a supplanter of Lakshmī, earth's joy in a noble lord, the surpassing of gods by mortals, the full fruition of woman's eyes, the only meeting-place of all graces, the empire of nobility, and the mirror of courtesy for men. And my dear friend has often been spoken of to him by me. Therefore dismiss shame on the ground

[1] A pun on *pīḍā*, grief. [2] A pun on *pīḍā*, a chaplet.

of his being unseen before, lay aside diffidence as to his being a stranger, cast away suspicion rising from his character being unknown, and behave to him as to me. He is thy friend, thy kinsman, and thy servant.' At these words of hers Candrāpīḍa bowed low before Kādambarī, and as she glanced sideways at him affectionately there fell from her eyes, with their beautiful pupils turned towards the corner of their long orbs, a flood of joyous tears, as though from weariness. The moonlight of a smile, white as nectar, darted forth, as if it were the dust raised by the heart as it hastily set out; one eyebrow was raised as if to bid the head honour with an answering reverence the guest so dear to the heart; (369) her hand crept to her softly parting lips, and might seem, as the light of an emerald ring flashed between the fingers, to have taken some betel. She bowed diffidently, and then sat down on the couch with Mahāçvetā, and the attendants quickly brought a stool with gold feet and a covering of white silk, and placed it near the couch, and Candrāpīḍa took his seat thereon. To please Mahāçvetā, the portresses, knowing Kādambārī's wishes, and having by a hand placed on closed lips received an order to stop all sounds, checked on every side the sound of pipe, lute and song, and the Magadha women's cry of 'All hail!' (370) When the servants had quickly brought water, Kādambarī herself washed Mahāçvetā's feet, and, drying them with her robe, sat on the couch again; and Madalekhā, a friend worthy of Kādambarī, dear as her own life and the home of all her confidence, insisted on washing Candrāpīḍa's feet, unwilling though he were. Mahāçveta meanwhile asked Kādambarī how she was, and lovingly touched with her hand the corner of her friend's eyes, which shone with the reflected light of her earrings; she lifted the flowers in Kādambarī's ear, all covered with bees, and softly stroked the coils of her hair, roughened by the wind of the cowries. And Kādambarī, ashamed, from love to her friend, of her own well-being, as though feeling that in still dwelling at home she had committed a crime, said with an effort that all was well with her. Then, though

filled with grief and intent on gazing at Mahāçvetā's face, yet her eye, with its pupil dark and quivering as it looked out sideways, was, under the influence of love, with bow fully bent, irresistibly drawn by Candrāpīḍa's face, and she could not turn it away. At that same moment she felt jealousy[1] of his being pictured on the cheek of her friend standing near—the pain of absence as his reflection faded away on her own breast, pierced by a thrill—the anger of a rival wife as the image of the statues fell on him—the sorrow of despair as he closed his eyes, and blindness as his image was veiled by tears of joy.

(371) '"At the end of a moment Mahāçveta said to Kādambarī as she was intent on giving betel: 'Dear Kādambarī, the moment has approached for us to show honour to our newly arrived guest. Candrāpīḍa. Therefore give him some.' But averting her bent face, Kādambarī replied slowly and indistinctly, 'Dear friend, I am ashamed to do so, for I do not know him. Do thou take it, for thou canst without the forwardness there would be in me, and give it him'; and it was only after many persuasions, that with difficulty, and like a village maiden, she resolved to give it. Her eyes were never drawn from Mahāçvetā's face, her limbs trembled, her glance wavered, she sighed deeply, she was stunned by Love with his shaft, and she seemed a prey to terror as she stretched forth her hand, holding the betel as if trying to cling to something under the idea she was falling. The hand Candrāpīḍa stretched out, by nature pink, as if red lead had fallen upon it from the flapping of his triumphal elephant, was darkened by the scars of the bowstring, and seemed to have drops of collyrium clinging to it from touching the eyes of his enemies' Lakshmī, weeping as he drew her by the hair; (372) its fingers by the forth-flashing rays of his nails seemed to run up hastily, to grow long and to laugh, and the hand seemed to raise five other fingers in the five senses that, in desire to touch her, had just made their entry full of love. Then contend-

[1] Read *īrshyāṃ*, *vyathāṃ*, and *roshaṃ*, as the Calcutta edition.

ing feelings[1] took possession of Kādambarī as if they had gathered together in curiosity to see the grace at that moment so easy of access. Her hand, as she did not look whither it was going, was stretched vainly forth, and the rays of its nails seemed to hasten forward to seek Candrāpīḍa's hand; and with the murmur of the line of bracelets stirred by her trembling, it seemed to say, as drops of moisture arose on it, 'Let this slave offered by Love be accepted,'[2] as if she were offering herself, and 'Henceforth it is in thy hand,' as if she were making it into a living being, and so she gave the betel. And in drawing back her hand she did not notice the fall of her bracelet, which had slipped down her arm in eagerness to touch him, like her heart pierced by Love's shaft; and taking another piece of betel, she gave it to Mahāçvetā.

(373) '"Then there came up with hasty steps a maina, a very flower, in that her feet were yellow as lotus filaments, her beak was like a campak bud, and her wings blue as a lotus petal. Close behind her came a parrot, slow in gait, emerald-winged, with a beak like coral and neck bearing a curved, three-rayed rainbow. Angrily the maina began: 'Princess Kādambarī, why dost thou not restrain this wretched, ill-mannered, conceited bird from following me? If thou overlookest my being oppressed by him, I will certainly destroy myself. I swear it truly by thy lotus feet.' At these words Kādambarī smiled; but Mahāçvetā, not knowing the story, asked Madalekhā what she was saying, and she told the following tale: 'This maina, Kālindī, is a friend of Princess Kādambarī, and was given by her solemnly in marriage to Parihāsa, the parrot. And to-day, ever since she saw him reciting something at early dawn to Kādambarī's betel-bearer, Tamālikā, alone, she has been filled with jealousy, and in frowardness of wrath will not go near him, or speak, or touch, or look at him; and though we have all tried to soothe her, she will not be

[1] 'All the *rasas*,' the ten emotions of love, fear, etc., enumerated by writers on rhetoric.

[2] Because water was poured out to ratify a gift.

soothed.' (374) Thereat a smile spread over Candrāpīḍa's face, and he softly laughed and said, 'This is the course of gossip. It is heard in the court; by a succession of ears the attendants pass it on; the outside world repeats it; the tale wanders to the ends of the earth, and we too hear how this parrot Parihāsa has fallen in love with Princess Kādambarī's betel-bearer, and, enslaved by love, knows nothing of the past. Away with this ill-behaved, shameless deserter of his wife, and away with her too! But is it fitting in the Princess not to restrain her giddy slave? Perhaps her cruelty, however, was shown at the first in giving poor Kālindī to this ill-conducted bird. What can she do now? For women feel that a shared wifehood is the bitterest matter for indignation, the chief cause for estrangement, and the greatest possible insult. Kālindī has been only too patient that in the aversion caused by this weight of grief she has not slain herself by poison, fire, or famine. For nothing makes a woman more despised; and if, after such a crime, she is willing to be reconciled and to live with him again, shame on her! enough of her! let her be banished and cast out in scorn! Who will speak to her or look at her again, and who will mention her name?' A laugh arose among Kādambarī's women as they heard[1] his mirthful words. (375) But Parihāsa, hearing his jesting speech, said: 'Cunning Prince, she is clever. Unsteady as she is, she is not to be taken in by thee or anyone else. She knows all these crooked speeches. She understands a jest. Her mind is sharpened by contact with a court. Cease thy jests. She is no subject for the talk of bold men. For, soft of speech as she is, she knows well the time, cause, measure, object, and topic for wrath and for peace.' Meanwhile, a herald came up and said to Mahāçvetā: 'Princess, King Citraratha and Queen Madirā send to see thee,' and she, eager to go, asked Kādambari, 'Friend, where should Candrāpīḍa stay?' The latter, inwardly smiling at the thought that

[1] *Bhāshitā*, literally, 'addressed by'; or read, *bhāvitā*, 'entering into the spirit of.'

he had already found a place in the heart of thousands of women, said aloud, 'Dear Mahāçvetā, why speak thus? Since I beheld him I have not been mistress of myself, far less than of my palace and my servants. Let him stay wherever it pleases him and my dear friend's heart.' Thereon Mahāçvetā replied, "Let him stay in the jewelled house on the playing hill of the royal garden near thy palace,' and went to see the king.

(376) '" Candrāpīḍa went away at her departure, followed by maidens, sent for his amusement by the portress at Kādambarī's bidding, players on lute and pipe, singers, skilful dice and draught players, practised painters and reciters of graceful verses; he was led by his old acquaintance Keyūraka to the jewelled hall on the playing hill.

'" When he was gone the Gandharva princess dismissed her girl-friends and attendants, and followed only by a few, went into the palace. There she fell on her couch, while her maidens stayed some way off, full of respect, and tried to comfort her. At length she came to herself, and remaining alone, she was filled with shame. For Modesty censured her: 'Light one, what hast thou begun?' Self-respect reproached her: 'Gandharva Princess, how is this fitting for thee?' Simplicity mocked her: 'Where has thy childhood gone before its day was over?' Youth warned her: 'Wilful girl, do not carry out alone any wild plan of thine own!' Dignity rebuked her: 'Timid child, this is not the course of a high-born maiden.' Conduct blamed her: 'Reckless girl, avoid this unseemly behaviour!' High Birth admonished her: 'Foolish one, love hath led thee into lightness.' Steadfastness cried shame on her: 'Whence comes thine unsteadiness of nature?' Nobility rebuked her: 'Self-willed, my authority is set at nought by thee.'

(377) '" And she thought within herself, 'What shameful conduct is this of mine, in that I cast away all fear, and show my unsteadiness and am blinded by folly. In my audacity I never thought he was a stranger; in my shamelessness I did not consider that he would think me

light of nature: I never examined his character: I never thought in my folly if I were worthy of his regard: I had no dread of an unexpected rebuff: I had no fear of my parents, no anxiety about gossip. Nay, more, I did not in my unkindness[1] remember that Mahāçvetā was in sorrow: in my stupidity I did not notice that my friends stood by and beheld me; in my utter dulness I did not see that my servants behind were observing me. Even grave minds would mark such utter forgetfulness of seemliness: how much more Mahāçvetā, who knows the course of love; and my friends skilled in all its ways, and my attendants who know all its symptoms, and whose wits are sharpened by life at court. The slaves of a zenana have keen eyes in such matters. My evil fate has undone me! Better were it for me now to die than live a shameful life. What will my father and mother and the Gandharvas say when they hear this tale? What can I do? What remedy is there? How can I cover this error? To whom can I tell this folly of my undisciplined senses, (378) and where shall I go, consumed by Kāma, the five-arrowed god? I had made a promise in Mahāçvetā's sorrow, I had announced it before my friends, I had sent a message of it by the hands of Keyūraka, and how it has now come about that that beguiling Candrāpīḍa has been brought hither, I know not, ill-fated that I am: whether it be by cruel fate or proud love, or nemesis of my former deeds, or accursed death, or anything else. But some power unseen, unknown, unheard of, unthought of and unimagined before, has come to delude me. At the mere sight of him I am a captive in bonds; I am cast into a cage and handed over by my senses; I am enslaved and led to him by Love; I am sent away by affection; I am sold at a price by my feelings; I am made as a household chattel by my heart. I will have nothing to do with this worthless one!' Thus for a moment she resolved. But having made this resolve, she was mocked by Candrāpīḍa's image stirred by the trembling of her heart, 'If thou, in thy false reserve, will have nought to

[1] Read *nirdākshiṇyayā*.

do with me, I will go.' She was asked by her life, which clung to her in a farewell embrace before starting at the moment of her determination to give up Candrāpīḍa; (379) she was addressed by a tear that rose at that moment, 'Let him be seen once more with clearer eyes, whether he be worthy of rejection or no'; she was chidden by Love, saying, 'I will take away thy pride together with thy life;' and so her heart was again turned to Candrāpīḍa. Overwhelmed, when the force of her meditation had collapsed, by the access of love, she rose, under its sway, and stood looking through the window at the playing hill. And there, as if bewildered by a veil of joyful tears, she saw with her memory, not her eyes; as if fearing to soil with a hot hand her picture, she painted with her fancy, not with her brush; dreading the intervention of a thrill, she offered an embrace with her heart, not her breast; unable to bear his delay in coming, she sent her mind, not her servants, to meet him.

'"Meanwhile, Candrāpīḍa willingly entered the jewelled house, as if it were a second heart of Kādambarī. On the rock was strewn a blanket, with pillows piled on it at either end, and thereon he lay down, with his feet in Keyūraka's lap, while the maidens sat round him in the places appointed for them. With a heart in turmoil he betook himself to reflection: 'Are these graces of Princess Kādambarī, that steal all men's hearts, innate in her, or has Love, with kindness won by no service of mine, ordained them for me? (380) For she gave me a sidelong glance with loving, reddened eyes half curved as if they were covered with the pollen of Love's flowery darts as they fell on her heart. She modestly veiled herself with a bright smile fair as silk as I looked at her. She offered the mirror of her cheek to receive my image, as in shame at my gaze she averted her face. She sketched on the couch with her nail the first trace of wilfulness of a heart that was giving me entrance. Her hand, moist with the fatigue of bringing me the betel, seemed in its trembling to fan her hot face, as if it were a tamāla branch she had

taken, for a swarm of bees hovered round it, mistaking it for a rosy lotus. Perhaps,' he went on to reflect, 'the light readiness to hope so common among mortals is now deceiving me with a throng of vain desires; and the glow of youth, devoid of judgment, or Love himself, makes my brain reel; whence the eyes of the young, as though struck by cataract, magnify even a small spot; and a tiny speck of affection is spread far by youthful ardour as by water. An excited heart like a poet's imagination is bewildered by the throng of fancies that it calls up of itself, and draws likenesses from everything; youthful feelings in the hand of cunning love are as a brush, and shrink from painting nothing; and imagination, proud of her suddenly gained beauty, turns in every direction. (381) Longing shows as in a dream what I have felt. Hope, like a conjuror's wand,[1] sets before us what can never be. Why, then,' thought he again, 'should I thus weary my mind in vain? If this bright-eyed maiden is indeed thus inclined towards me, Love, who is so kind without my asking, will ere long make it plain to me. He will be the decider of this doubt.' Having at length come to this decision, he rose, then sat down, and merrily joined the damsels in gentle talk and graceful amusements—with dice, song, lute, tabor, concerts of mingled sound, and murmur of tender verse. After resting a short time he went out to see the park, and climbed to the top of the pleasure hill.

'"Kādambarī saw him, and bade that the window should be opened to watch for Mahāçvetā's return, saying, 'She tarries long,' and, with a heart tossed by Love, mounted to the roof of the palace. There she stayed with a few attendants, protected from the heat by a gold-handled umbrella, white as the full moon, and fanned by the waving of four yaks' tails pure as foam. She seemed to be practising an adornment fit for going to meet[2] Candrāpīḍa, by means of the bees which hovered round her head,

[1] A bundle of peacock feathers waved by the conjuror to bewilder the audience.

[2] The dark blue of the bees was like the blue veil worn by women going to meet their lovers.

eager for the scent of the flowers, which veiled her even by day in darkness. Now she leaned on the point of the cowrie, now on the stick of the umbrella; now she laid her hands on Tamālikā's shoulder, (382), now she clung to Madalekhā; now she hid herself amidst her maidens, looking with sidelong glance; now she turned herself round; now she laid her cheek on the tip of the portress's staff; now with a steady hand she placed betel on her fresh lips; now she laughingly ran a few steps in pursuit of her maidens scattered by the blows of the lotuses she threw at them. And in looking at the prince, and being gazed at by him, she knew not how long a time had passed. At last a portress announced Mahāçvetā's return, and she went down, and albeit unwilling, yet to please Mahāçvetā she bathed and performed the wonted duties of the day.

'"But Candrāpīḍa went down, and dismissing Kādambarī's followers, performed the rites of bathing, and worshipped the deity honoured throughout the mountain, and did all the duties of the day, including his meal, on the pleasure hill. There he sat on an emerald seat which commanded the front of the pleasure hill, pleasant, green as a pigeon, bedewed with foam from the chewing of fawns, shining like Yamunā's waters standing still in fear of Balarāma's plough, glowing crimson with lac-juice from the girls' feet, sanded with flower-dust, hidden in a bower, a concert-house of peacocks. He suddenly beheld day eclipsed by a stream of white radiance, rich in glory, (383) light drunk up as by a garland of lotus-fibres, earth flooded as by a Milky Ocean, space bedewed as by a storm of sandal-juice, and the sky painted as with white chunam.

'"'What!' thought he, 'is our lord, the Moon, king of plants, suddenly risen, or are a thousand shower-baths set going with their white streams let loose by a spring, or is it the heavenly Ganges, whitening the earth with her wind-tossed spray, that has come down to earth in curiosity?'

[1] '"Then, turning his eyes in the direction of the light, he

[1] This passage is condensed.

beheld Kādambarī, and with her Madalekhā and Taralikā bearing a pearl necklace on a tray covered with white silk. (384) Thereupon Candrāpīḍa decided that it was this necklace that eclipsed[1] moonlight, and was the cause of the brightness, and by rising while she was yet far off, and by all wonted courtesies, he greeted the approach of Madalekhā. For a moment she rested on that emerald seat, and then, rising, anointed him with sandal perfume, put on him two white robes, (385) crowned him with mālatī flowers, and then gave him the necklace, saying, 'This thy gentleness, my Prince, so devoid of pride, must needs subjugate every heart. Thy kindness gives an opening even to one like me; by thy form thou art lord of life to all; by that tenderness shown even where there is no claim on thee, thou throwest on all a bond of love; the innate sweetness of thy bearing makes every man thy friend; these thy virtues, manifested with such natural gentleness, give confidence to all. Thy form must take the blame, for it inspires trust even at first sight; else words addressed to one of such dignity as thou would seem all unmeet. For to speak with thee would be an insult; our very respect would bring on us the charge of forwardness: our very praise would display our boldness; our subservience would manifest lightness, our love self-deception, our speech to thee audacity, our service impertinence, our gift an insult. Nay, more, thou hast conquered our hearts; what is left for us to give thee? Thou art lord of our life; what can we offer thee? Thou hast already bestowed the great favour of thy presence; what return could we make? Thou by thy sight hast made our life worth having; how can we reward thy coming? (386) Therefore Kādambarī with this excuse shows her affection rather than her dignity. Noble hearts admit no question of mine and thine. Away with the thought of dignity. Even if she accepted slavery to one like thee, she would do no unworthy act; even if she gave herself to thee, she would not be deceived; if she gave her life, she would not repent. The generosity of a noble

[1] Read *musho.*

heart is always bent on kindness, and does not willingly reject affection, and askers are less shamefaced than givers. But it is true that Kādambarī knows she has offended thee in this matter. Now, this necklace, called Çesha,[1] because it was the only jewel left of all that rose at the churning of nectar, was for that reason greatly valued by the Lord of Ocean, and was given by him to Varuṇa on his return home. By the latter it was given to the Gandharva king, and by him to Kādambarī. And she, thinking thy form worthy of this ornament, in that not the earth, but the sky, is the home of the moon, hath sent it to thee. And though men like thee, who bear no ornament but a noble spirit, find it irksome to wear the gems honoured by meaner men, yet here Kādambarī's affection is a reason for thee to do so. (387) Did not Vishṇu show his reverence by wearing on his breast the kaustubha gem, because it rose with Lakshmī; and yet he was not greater than thee, nor did the kaustubha gem in the least surpass the Çesha in worth; nor, indeed, does Lakshmī approach in the slightest degree to imitating Kādambarī's beauty. And in truth, if her love is crushed by thee, she will grieve Mahāçvetā[2] with a thousand reproaches, and will slay herself. Mahāçvetā therefore sends Taralikā with the necklace to thee, and bids me say thus: "Let not Kādambarī's first impulse of love be crushed by thee, even in thought, most noble prince."' Thus having said, she fastened on his breast the necklace that rested like a bevy of stars on the slope of the golden mountain. Filled with amazement, Candrāpīḍa replied: 'What means this, Madalekhā? Thou art clever, and knowest how to win acceptance for thy gifts. By leaving me no chance of a reply, thou hast shown skill in oratory. Nay, foolish maiden, what are we in respect of thee, or of acceptance and refusal; truly this talk is nought. Having received kindness from ladies so rich in courtesy, let me be employed in any matter, whether pleasing or displeasing to me. But truly there lives not the man whom the virtues of the most

[1] *I.e.*, 'relic,' or 'remaining.' [2] Read *Mahāçvetām*.

courteous lady Kādambarī do not discourteously[1] enslave.' (388) Thus saying, after some talk about Kādambarī, he dismissed Madalekhā, and ere she had long gone the daughter of Citraratha dismissed her attendants, rejected the insignia of wand, umbrella, and cowrie, and accompanied only by Tamālikā, again mounted to the roof of her palace to behold Candrāpīḍa, bright with pearls, silk raiment and sandal, go to the pleasure hill, like the moon to the mount of rising. There, with passionate glances imbued with every grace, she stole his heart. (390) And when it became too dark to see, she descended from the roof, and Candrāpīḍa, from the slope of the hill.

'"Then the moon, source of nectar, gladdener of all eyes, arose with his rays gathered in; he seemed to be worshipped by the night-lotuses, to calm the quarters whose faces were dark as if with anger, and to avoid the day-lotuses as if from fear of waking them; under the guise of his mark he wore night on his heart: he bore in the glow of rising the lac that had clung to him from the spurning of Rohiṇī's feet; he pursued the sky, in its dark blue veil, like a mistress; and by reason of his great goodwill, spread beauty everywhere.

'" And when the moon, the umbrella of the supreme rule of Kāma, the lord of the lotuses, the ivory earring that decks the night, had risen, and when the world was turned to whiteness, as though overlaid with ivory, Candrāpīḍa lay down on a cool moonlit slab, pearl white, pointed out by Kādambarī's servants. It was washed with fresh sandal, garlanded with pure sinduvāra flowers, and carved round with a leafy tracery of lotus petals. It lay on the shore of a palace lotus tank, that seemed from the full moonlight to be made of night-lotuses,[2] with steps white with bricks washed by the waves, as it wafted a breeze fanned by the ripples; (391) pairs of haṃsas lay there

[1] *Cf.* 'Harsha Carita' (Bombay edition, p. 272), 'Parameçvarottamāngapātadurlalitāngām.

[2] Read *Kumudamayyā*.

asleep, and pairs of cakravākas kept up their dirge of separation thereon. And while the Prince yet rested there Keyūraka approached him, and told him that Princess Kādambarī had come to see him. Then Candrāpīḍa rose hastily, and beheld Kādambarī drawing near. Few of her friends were with her; all her royal insignia were removed; she was as it were a new self, in the single necklace she wore; her slender form was white with the purest sandal-juice; an earring hung from one ear; she wore a lotus-petal in the ear, soft as a budding digit of the moon; she was clad in robes of the kalpa-tree,[1] clear as moonlight; and in the garb that consorted with that hour she stood revealed like the very goddess of moonrise, as she rested on the hand offered by Madalekhā. Drawing near, she showed a grace prompted by love, and took her seat on the ground, where servants are wont to sit, like a maiden of low degree; and Candrāpīḍa, too, though often entreated by Madalekhā to sit on the rocky seat, took his place on the ground by Madalekhā; and when all the women were seated he made an effort to speak, saying, 'Princess, to one who is thy slave, and whom even a glance gladdens, there needs not the favour of speech with thee, far less so great a grace as this. (392) For, deeply as I think, I cannot see in myself any worth that this height of favour may befit. Most noble and sweet in its laying aside of pride is this thy courtesy, in that such grace is shown to one but newly thy servant. Perchance thou thinkest me a churl that must be won by gifts. Blessed, truly, is the servant over whom is thy sway! How great honour is bestowed on the servants deemed worthy of the bestowal of thy commands. But the body is a gift at the service of any man, and life is light as grass, so that I am ashamed in my devotion to greet thy coming with such a gift. Here am I, here my body, my life, my senses! Do thou, by accepting one of them, raise it to honour.'

'"Madalekhā smilingly replied to this speech of his: 'Enough, Prince. My friend Kādambarī is pained by thy

[1] A tree of paradise.

too great ceremony. Why speakest thou thus? She accepts thy words without further talk. And why, too, is she brought to suspense by these too flattering speeches?' and then, waiting a short time, she began afresh: 'How is King Tārāpīḍa, how Queen Vilāsavatī, how the noble Çukanāsa? What is Ujjayinī like, and how far off is it? What is the land of Bharata? And is the world of mortals pleasant?' So she questioned him. (393) After spending some time in such talk, Kādambarī rose, and summoning Keyūraka, who was lying near Candrāpīḍa, and her attendants, she went up to her sleeping-chamber. There she adorned a couch strewn with a coverlet of white silk. Candrāpīḍa, however, on his rock passed the night like a moment in thinking, while his feet were rubbed by Keyūraka, of the humility, beauty, and depth of Kādambarī's character, the causeless kindness of Mahāçvetā, the courtesy of Madalekhā, the dignity of the attendants, the great splendour of the Gandharva world, and the charm of the Kimpurusha land.

'"Then the moon, lord of stars, weary of being kept awake by the sight of Kādambarī, descended, as if to sleep, to the forest on the shore, with its palms and tamālas, tālis, banyans, and kandalas,[1] cool with the breeze from the hardly stirred[2] ripples. As though with the feverish sighs of a woman grieving for her lover's approaching absence, the moonlight faded away. Lakshmī, having passed the night on the moon lotuses, lay on the sun lotuses, as though love had sprung up in her at the sight of Candrāpīḍa. At the close of night, when the palace lamps grew pale, as if dwindling in longing as they remembered the blows of the lotuses in maidens' ears, the breezes of dawn, fragrant with creeper-flowers, were wafted, sportive with the sighs of Love weary from ceaselessly discharging his shafts; the stars were eclipsed by the rising dawn, and took their abode, as through fear, in the thick

[1] *Tālī*, a kind of palm; *Kandala*, a plantain.
[2] Or, reading *aviralu*, thick coming.

creeper bowers of Mount Mandara.[1] (394) Then when the sun arose, with its orb crimson as if a glow remained from dwelling in the hearts of the cakravākas, Candrāpīḍa, rising from the rock, bathed his lotus face, said his morning prayer, took his betel, and then bade Keyūraka see whether Princess Kādambarī was awake or no, and where she was; and when it was announced to him by the latter on his return that she was with Mahāçvetā in the bower of the courtyard below the Mandara palace, he started to see the daughter of the Gandharva king. There he beheld Mahāçvetā surrounded by wandering ascetic women like visible goddesses of prayer, with marks of white ash on their brow, and hands quickly moving as they turned their rosaries; bearing the vow of Çiva's followers, clad in robes tawny with mineral dyes, bound to wear red cloth, robed in the ruddy bark of ripe cocoanuts, or girdled with thick white cloth; with fans of white cloth; with staves, matted locks, deer-skins, and bark dresses; with the marks of male ascetics; reciting the pure praises of Çiva, Durgā, Kārtikeya, Viçravasa,[2] Krishṇa, Avalokiteçvara, the Arhat, Viriñca.[3] Mahāçvetā herself was showing honour to the elder kinswomen of the king, the foremost of the zenana, by salutes, courteous speeches, by rising to meet them and placing reed seats for them.

(395) '"He beheld Kādambarī also giving her attention to the recitation of the Mahābhārata, that transcends all good omens, by Nārada's sweet-voiced daughter, with an accompaniment of flutes soft as the murmur of bees, played by a pair of Kinnaras sitting behind her. She was looking in a mirror fixed before her at her lip, pale as beeswax when the honey is gone, bathed in the moonlight of her teeth, though within it was darkened by betel. She was being honoured by a sunwise turn in departing by a tame goose wandering like the moon in a fixed circle, with wide eyes raised to her sirīsha earrings in its longing for

[1] The Vishṇu Purāṇa, Bk. ii., ch. ii., calls Mandara the Mountain of the East; Gandhamādana, of the South; Vipula, of the West; and Supārçva, of the North.

[2] Father of Kuvera.

[3] Brahmā.

vallisneria. Here the prince approached, and, saluting her, sat down on a seat placed on the dais. After a short stay he looked at Mahāçvetā's face with a gentle smile that dimpled his cheek, and she, at once knowing his wish, said to Kādambarī: 'Dear friend, Candrāpīḍa is softened by thy virtues as the moonstone by the moon, and cannot speak for himself. He wishes to depart; for the court he has left behind is thrown into distress, not knowing what has happened. Moreover, however far apart you may be from each other, this your love, like that of the sun and the day lotus, or the moon and the night lotus, will last till the day of doom. Therefore let him go.'

(396) '"'Dear Mahāçvetā,' replied Kādambarī, 'I and my retinue belong as wholly to the prince as his own soul. Why, then, this ceremony?' So saying, and summoning the Gandharva princes, she bade them escort the prince to his own place, and he, rising, bowed before Mahāçvetā first, and then Kādambarī, and was greeted by her with eyes and heart softened by affection; and with the words, 'Lady, what shall I say? For men distrust the multitude of words. Let me be remembered in the talk of thy retinue,' he went out of the zenana; and all the maidens but Kādambarī, drawn by reverence for Candrāpīḍa's virtues, followed him on his way like his subjects to the outer gate.

'"On their return, he mounted the steed brought by Keyūraka, and, escorted by the Gandharva princes, turned to leave Hemakūṭa. His whole thoughts on the way were about Kādambarī in all things both within and without. With a mind wholly imbued with her, he beheld her behind him, dwelling within him in his bitter grief for the cruel separation; or before him, stopping him in his path; or cast on the sky, as if by the force of longing in his heart troubled by parting, so that he could perfectly see her face; he beheld her very self resting on his heart, as if her mind were wounded with his loss. When he reached Mahāçvetā's hermitage, he there beheld his own camp, which had followed the tracks of Indrāyudha.

(397) '"Dismissing the Gandharva princes, he entered

his own abode amidst the salutations of his troops full of joy, curiosity, and wonder; and after greeting the rest of the court, he spent the day mostly in talk with Vaiçampāyana and Patralekhā, saying, 'Thus said Mahāçvetā, thus Kādambarī, thus Madalekhā, thus Tamālikā, thus Keyūraka.' No longer did royal Glory, envious at the sight of Kādambarī's beauty, find in him her joy; for him night passed in wakefulness as he thought, with a mind in ceaseless longing, of that bright-eyed maiden. Next morning, at sunrise, he went to his pavilion with his mind still fixed on her, and suddenly saw Keyūraka entering with a doorkeeper; and as the latter, while yet far off, cast himself on the ground, so that his crest swept the floor, Candrāpīḍa cried, 'Come, come,' greeting him first with a sidelong glance, then with his heart, then with a thrill. Then at last he hastened forward to give him a hearty and frank embrace, and made him sit down by himself. Then, in words brightened by the nectar of a smile, and transfused with overflowing love, he reverently asked: 'Say, Keyūraka, is the lady Kādambarī well, and her friends, and her retinue, and the lady Mahāçvetā?' With a low bow, Keyūraka, as though he had been bathed, anointed, and refreshed by the smile that the prince's deep affection had prompted, replied respectfully:

' " 'She is now well, in that my lord asks for her.' And then he showed a folded lotus-leaf, wrapped in wet cloth, with its opening closed by lotus filaments, and a seal of tender lotus filaments set in a paste of wet sandal. (398) This he opened, and showed the tokens sent by Kādambarī, such as milky betel-nuts of emerald hue, with their shells removed and surrounded with fresh sprays, betel-leaves pale as the cheek of a hen-parrot, camphor like a solid piece of Çiva's moon, and sandal ointment pleasant with rich musk scent. 'The lady Kādambarī,' said he, 'salutes thee with folded hands that kiss her crest, and that are rosy with the rays of her tender fingers; Mahāçvetā with a greeting and embrace; Madalekhā with a reverence and a brow bathed in the moonlight of the crest-gem she has let

fall; the maidens with the points of the fish-ornaments and the parting of their hair resting on the ground: and Taralikā, with a prostration to touch the dust of thy feet. Mahāçvetā sends thee this message: "Happy truly are they from whose eyes thou art never absent. For in truth thy virtues, snowy, cold as the moon when thou art by, in thine absence burn like sunlight. Truly all yearn for the past day as though it were that day whereon fate with such toil brought forth amrita. Without thee the royal Gandharva city is languid as at the end of a feast. (399) Thou knowest that I have surrendered all things; yet my heart, in my despite, desires to see thee who art so undeservedly kind. Kādambarī, moreover, is far from well. She recalls thee with thy smiling face like Love himself. Thou, by the honour of thy return, canst make her proud of having some virtues of her own. For respect shown by the noble must needs confer honour. And thou must forgive the trouble of knowing such as we. For thine own nobility gives this boldness to our address. And here is this Çesha necklace, which was left by thee on thy couch."' So saying, he loosed it from his band, where it was visible by reason of the long rays that shot through the interstices of the fine thread, and placed it in the fan-bearer's hand.

'"'This, indeed, is the reward of doing homage at Mahāçvetā's feet, that the lady Kādambarī should lay so great a weight of honour on her slave as to remember him," said Candrāpīda, as he placed all on his head[1] and accepted it. The necklace he put round his neck, after anointing it with an ointment cool, pleasant, and fragrant, as it were with the beauty of Kādambarī's cheeks distilled, or the light of her smile liquefied, or her heart melted, or her virtues throbbing forth. (400) Taking some betel, he rose and stood, with his left arm on Keyūraka's shoulder, and then dismissed the courtiers, who were gladly paying their wonted homage, and at length went to see his elephant Gandhamādana. There he stayed a short time, and after he had himself given to the elephant a handful of grass,

[1] A phrase denoting readiness to obey. *V. supra*, p. 15.

that, being jagged with the rays of his nails, was like lotus-fibre, he went to the stable of his favourite steed. On the way he turned his face now on this side, now on that, to glance at his retinue, and the porters, understanding his wish, forbade all to follow him, and dismissed the retinue, so that he entered the stable with Keyūraka alone. The grooms bowed and departed, with eyes bewildered by terror at their dismissal, and the prince set straight Indrāyudha's cloth, which had fallen a little on one side, pushed back his mane, tawny as a lion's, which was falling on his eyes and half closing them, and then, negligently resting his foot on the peg of the tethering-rope, and leaning against the stable wall, he eagerly asked:

' " ' Tell me, Keyūraka, what has happened in the Gandharva court since my departure? In what occupation has the Gandharva princess spent the time? What were Mahāçvetā and Madalekhā doing? What talk was there? How were you and the retinue employed? And was there any talk about me?' Then Keyūraka told him all: 'Listen, prince. On thy departure, the lady Kādambarī, with her retinue, climbed to the palace roof, making in the maidens' palace with the sound of anklets the beat of farewell drums that rose from a thousand hearts; (401) and she gazed on thy path, gray with the dust of the cavalcade. When thou wert out of sight, she laid her face on Mahāçvetā's shoulder, and, in her love, sprinkled the region of thy journey with glances fair as the Milky Ocean, and, warding off the sun's touch, as it were, with the moon assuming in jealousy the guise of a white umbrella, she long remained there. Thence she reluctantly tore herself away and came down, and after but a short rest in the pavilion, she arose and went to the pleasaunce where thou hadst been. She was guided by bees murmuring in the flowers of oblation; startled by the cry of the house peacocks, she checked their note as they looked up at the shower-like rays of her nails, by the circlets which lay loose round her throat; at every step she let her hand rest on creeper-twigs white with flowers, and her mind on

thy virtues. When she reached the pleasaunce, her retinue needlessly told her: "Here the prince stayed on the spray-washed rock, with its creeper-bower bedewed by the stream from a pipe that ends in an emerald fish-head; here he bathed in a place covered by bees absorbed in the fragrance of the scented water; here he worshipped Çiva on the bank of the mountain stream, sandy with flower-dust; here he ate on a crystal stone which eclipsed moonlight; and here he slept on a pearly slab with a mark of sandal-juice imprinted on it." (402) And so she passed the day, gazing on the signs of thy presence; and at close of day Mahāçvetā prepared for her, though against her will, a meal in that crystal dwelling. And when the sun set and the moon rose, soon, as though she were a moonstone that moonlight would melt, and therefore dreaded the entrance of the moon's reflection, she laid her hands on her cheeks, and, as if in thought, remained for a few minutes with closed eyes; and then rising, went to her sleeping-chamber, scarcely raising her feet as they moved with graceful, languid gait, seemingly heavy with bearing the moon's reflection on their bright nails. Throwing herself on her couch, she was racked by a severe headache, and overcome by a burning fever, and, in company with the palace-lamps, the moon-lotuses, and the cakravākas, she passed the night open-eyed in bitter grief. And at dawn she summoned me, and reproachfully bade me seek for tidings of thee.'

'"At these words, Candrāpīḍa, all eager to depart, shouted: 'A horse! a horse!' and left the palace. Indrāyudha was hastily saddled, and brought round by the grooms, and Candrāpīḍa mounted, placing Patralekhā behind him, leaving Vaiçampāyana in charge of the camp, dismissing all his retinue, and followed by Keyūraka on another steed, he went to Hemakūṭa. (403) On his arrival, he dismounted at the gate of Kādambarī's palace, giving his horse to the doorkeeper, and, followed by Patralekhā, eager for the first sight of Kādambarī, he entered, and asked a eunuch who came forward where the lady Kādambarī was. Bending low, the latter informed him,

that she was in the ice-bower on the bank of the lotus-tank below the Mattamayūra pleasaunce; and then the prince, guided by Keyūraka, went some distance through the women's garden, and beheld day grow green, and the sunbeams turn into grass by the reflection of the plantain-groves with their emerald glow, and there he beheld Kādambarī. (410) Then she looked with tremulous glance at her retinue, as, coming in one after another, they announced Candrāpīḍa's approach, and asked each by name: 'Tell me, has he really come, and hast thou seen him? How far off is he?' She gazed with eyes gradually brightening as she saw him yet afar off, and rose from her couch of flowers, standing like a newly-caught elephant bound to her post, and trembling in every limb. She was veiled in bees drawn as vassals by the fragrance of her flowery couch, all murmuring; her upper garment was in confusion, and she sought to place on her bosom the shining necklace; (411) she seemed to beg the support of a hand from her own shadow as she laid her left hand on the jewelled pavement: she seemed to receive herself as a gift by sprinkling[1] with her right hand moist with the toil of binding together her falling locks: she poured forth tears of joy cool as though the sandal-juice of her sectarial mark had entered in and been united with them: she washed with a line of glad tears her smooth cheeks, that the pollen from her garland had tinged with gray, as if in eagerness that the image of her beloved might fall thereon; she seemed to be drawn forward by her long eyes fastened on Candrāpīḍa's face, with its pupil fixed in a sidelong glance, and her head somewhat bent, as if from the weight of the sandal-mark on her brow.

'"And Candrāpīḍa, approaching, bowed first before Mahāçvetā, then courteously saluted Kādambarī, and when she had returned his obeisance, and seated herself again on the couch, and the portress had brought him a gold stool with legs gleaming with gems, he pushed it away

[1] Pouring water into the hand was the confirmation of a gift. V. *supra*, p. 150.

with his foot, and sat down on the ground. Then Keyūraka presented Patralekhā, saying: 'This is Prince Candrāpīḍa's betel-box bearer and most favoured friend.' And Kādambarī, looking on her, thought: 'How great partiality does Prajāpati bestow on mortal women!' And as Patralekhā bowed respectfully, she bade her approach, and placed her close behind herself, amidst the curious glances of all her retinue. (412) Filled even at first sight with great love for her, Kādambarī often touched her caressingly with her slender hand.

'"Now, Candrāpīḍa, having quickly performed all the courtesies of arrival, beheld the state of Citraratha's daughter, and thought: 'Surely my heart is dull, in that it cannot even now believe. Be it so. I will, nevertheless, ask her with a skilfully-devised speech.'[1] Then he said aloud: 'Princess, I know that this pain, with its unceasing torment, has come on thee from love. Yet, slender maiden, it torments thee not as us. I would gladly, by the offering of myself, restore thee to health. For I pity thee as thou tremblest; and as I see thee fallen under the pain of love, my heart, too, falls prostrate. For thine arms are slender and unadorned, and thou bearest in thine eye a red lotus like a hybiscus[2] from the deep wasting of fever. And all thy retinue weep ceaselessly for thy pain. Accept thine ornaments. Take of thine own accord thy richest adornments; for as the creeper shines hidden in bees and flowers, so shouldst thou.'

'"Then Kādambarī, though naturally simple by reason of her youth, yet, from a knowledge taught by love, understood all the meaning of this darkly-expressed speech. (413) Yet, not realizing that she had come to such a point in her desires, supported by her modesty, she remained silent. She sent forth, however, the radiance of a smile at that moment on some pretext, as though to see his face darkened by the bees which were gathered round its sweetness. Madalekhā therefore replied: 'Prince, what shall I say? This pain is cruel beyond words. Moreover, in one of so

[1] Transpose *iti*.
[2] *Hybiscus mutabilis* changes colour thrice a day.

delicate a nature what does not tend to pain? Even cool lotus-fibres turn to fire and moonlight burns. Seest thou not the pain produced in her mind by the breezes of the fans? Only her strength of mind keeps her alive.' But in heart alone did Kādambarī admit Madalekhā's words as an answer to the prince. His mind, however, was in suspense from the doubtfulness of her meaning, and after spending some time in affectionate talk with Mahāçveta, at length with a great effort he withdrew himself, and left Kādambarī's palace to go to the camp.

'"As he was about to mount his horse, Keyūraka came up behind him, and said: 'Prince, Madalekhā bids me say that Princess Kādambarī, ever since she beheld Patralekhā, has been charmed by her, and wishes to keep her. She shall return later. (414) Having heard her message, thou must decide.' 'Happy,' replied the prince, 'and enviable is Patralekhā, in that she is honoured by so rare a favour by the princess. Let her be taken in.' So saying, he went to the camp.

'"At the moment of his arrival he beheld a letter-carrier well known to him, that had come from his father's presence, and, stopping his horse, he asked from afar, with eyes widened by affection: 'Is my father well, and all his retinue? and my mother and all the zenana?' Then the man, approaching with a reverence, saying, 'As thou sayest, prince,' gave him two letters. Then the prince, placing them on his head, and himself opening them in order, read as follows: 'Hail from Ujjayinī. King Tarāpīḍa, king of kings, whose lotus-feet are made the crest on the head of all kings, greets Candrāpīḍa, the home of all good fortune, kissing him on his head, which kisses the circle of the flashing rays of his crest jewels. Our subjects are well. Why has so long a time passed since we have seen thee? Our heart longs eagerly for thee. The queen and the zenana pine for thee. Therefore, let the cutting short of this letter be a cause of thy setting out.' And in the second letter, sent by Çukanāsa, he read words of like import. Vaiçampāyana, too, at that moment came up, and

showed another pair of letters of his own to the same effect. (415) So with the words, 'As my father commands,' he at once mounted his horse, and caused the drum of departure to be sounded. He instructed Meghanāda, son of Balāhaka, the commander-in-chief, who stood near him surrounded by a large troop: 'Thou must come with Patralekhā. Keyūraka will surely bring her as far as here, and by his lips a message must be sent with a salutation to Princess Kādambarī. Truly the nature of mortals deserves the blame of the three worlds, for it is discourteous, unfriendly, and hard to grasp, in that, when the loves of men suddenly clash, they do not set its full value on spontaneous tenderness. Thus, by my going, my love has become a cheating counterfeit; my faith has gained skill in false tones; my self-devotion has sunk into base deceit, having only a pretended sweetness; and the variance of voice and thought has been laid bare. But enough of myself. The princess, though a mate for the gods, has, by showing her favour to an unworthy object,[1] incurred reproach. For the ambrosially kind glances of the great, when they fall in vain on unfitting objects, cause shame afterwards. And yet my heart is not so much weighed down by shame for her as for Mahāçvetā. For the princess will doubtless often blame her for her ill-placed partiality in having painted my virtues with a false imputation of qualities I did not possess. What, then, shall I do? My parents' command is the weightier. Yet it controls my body alone. (416) But my heart, in its yearning to dwell at Hemakūṭa, has written a bond of slavery for a thousand births to Princess Kādambarī,[2] and her favour holds it fast[3] as the dense thicket holds a forester. Nevertheless, I go at my father's command. Truly from this cause the infamous Candrāpīḍa will be a byword to the people. Yet, think not that Candrāpīḍa, if he lives, will rest without again tasting the joy of worshipping the lotus-feet of the princess.

[1] Or, at a wrong time.
[2] Remove the stop after *asyāḥ* and *Candrāpīḍaḥ*, and place one after *gantum*.
[3] 'It is not allowed by her favour to move.'

Salute with bent head and sunwise turn the feet of Mahāçvetā. Tell Madalekhā that a hearty embrace, preceded by an obeisance, is offered her; salute Tamālikā, and inquire on my behalf after all Kādambarī's retinue. Let blessed Hemakūṭa be honoured by me with upraised hands.' After giving this message, he set Vaiçampāyana over the camp, instructing his friend to march[1] slowly, without overtasking the army. Then he mounted, accompanied by his cavalry, mostly mounted on young horses, wearing the grace of a forest of spears, breaking up the earth with their hoofs, and shaking Kailāsa with their joyful neighing as they set out; and though his heart was empty, in the fresh separation from Kādambarī, he asked the letter-carrier who clung to his saddle concerning the way to Ujjayinī.

(417-426 condensed) '"And on the way he beheld in the forest a red flag, near which was a shrine of Durgā, guarded by an old Dravidian hermit, who made his abode thereby.

(426) '"Dismounting, he entered, and bent reverently before the goddess, and, bowing again after a sunwise turn, he wandered about, interested in the calm of the place, and beheld on one side the wrathful hermit, howling and shouting at him; and at the sight, tossed as he was by passionate longing in his absence from Kādambarī, he could not forbear smiling a moment; but he checked his soldiers, who were laughing and beginning a quarrel with the hermit; and at length, with great difficulty, he calmed him with many a soothing and courteous speech, and asked him about his birthplace, caste, knowledge, wife and children, wealth, age, and the cause of his ascetic vow. On being asked, the latter described himself, and the prince was greatly interested by him as he garrulously described his past heroism, beauty, and wealth, and thus diverted his mind in its soreness of bereavement; and, having become friendly with him, he caused betel to be offered to him. (427) When the sun set, the princes encamped under the trees that chanced[2] to be near; the golden

[1] Read *suhṛidāpi gantavyam*, 'his friend must go.'
[2] Or, *sampanna*, 'full-grown, having fruit and flowers,' according to the commentary.

saddles of the steeds were hung on boughs; the steeds showed the exertions they had gone through, from the tossing of their manes dusty with rolling on the earth, and after they had taken some handfuls of grass and been watered, and were refreshed, they were tethered, with the spears dug into the ground before them: the soldiery, wearied[1] with the day's march, appointed a watch, and gladly went to sleep on heaps of leaves near the horses: the encampment was bright as day, for the darkness was drunk up by the light of many a bivouac fire, and Candrāpīḍa went to a couch prepared for him by his retinue, and pointed out to him by his porters, in front of the place where Indrāyudha was tethered. But the very moment he lay down restlessness seized his heart, and, overcome by pain, he dismissed the princes, and said nothing even to the special favourites who stood behind him. With closed eyes he again and again went in heart to the Kimpurusha land. With fixed thought he recalled Hemakūṭa. He thought on the spontaneous kindness of Mahāçvetā's favours.[2] He constantly longed for the sight of Kādambarī as his life's highest fruit. He continually desired the converse of Madalekhā, so charming in its absence of pride. He wished to see Tamālikā. He looked forward to Keyūraka's coming. He beheld in fancy the winter palace. He often sighed a long, feverish sigh. He bestowed on the Çesha necklace a kindness beyond that for his kin. (428) He thought he saw fortunate Patralekhā standing behind him. Thus he passed the night without sleep: and, rising at dawn, he fulfilled the hermit's wish by wealth poured out at his desire, and, sojourning at pleasant spots on the way, in a few days he reached Ujjayinī. A thousand hands, like lotuses of offering to a guest raised in reverent salutation, were raised by the citizens in their confusion and joy at his sudden coming, as he then unexpectedly entered the city. The king heard from the retinue[3] hastening to be first to tell him that Candrāpīḍa was at the gate, and

[1] Read *khinne*. [2] Read *prasādānām*.
[3] Read °*janāt*, etc.

bewildered by sudden gladness, with steps slow from the weight of joy, he went to meet his son. Like Mandara, he drew to himself as a Milky Ocean his spotless silk mantle that was slipping down; like the kalpa-tree, with its shower of choice pearls, he rained tears of gladness; he was followed by a thousand chiefs that were round him—chiefs with topknots white with age, anointed with sandal, wearing untorn[1] linen robes, bracelets, turbans, crests and wreaths, bearing swords, staves, umbrellas and cowries, making the earth appear rich in Kailāsas and Milky Oceans. The prince, seeing his father from afar, dismounted, and touched the ground with a head garlanded by the rays of his crest-jewels. Then his father stretched out his arms, bidding him approach, and embraced him closely; and when he had paid his respects to all the honourable persons who were there, he was led by the king to Vilāsavatī's palace. (429) His coming was greeted by her and her retinue, and when he had performed all the auspicious ceremonies of arrival, he stayed some time in talk about his expedition of conquest, and then went to see Çukanāsa. Having duly stayed there some time, he told him that Vaiçampāyana was at the camp and well, and saw Manoramā; and then returning, he mechanically[2] performed the ceremonies of bathing, and so forth, in Vilāsavatī's palace. On the morrow he went to his own palace, and there, with a mind tossed by anxiety, he deemed that not only himself, but his palace and the city, and, indeed, the whole world, was but a void without Kādambarī, and so, in his longing to hear news of her, he awaited the return of Patralekhā, as though it were a festival, or the winning of a boon, or the time of the rising of amṛita.

'"A few days later Meghanāda came with Patralekhā, and led her in; and as she made obeisance from afar, Candrāpīḍa smiled affectionately, and, rising reverently, embraced her; for though she was naturally dear to him, she was now yet dearer as having won a fresh splendour

[1] *V. supra*, p. 12, where the robes of the chiefs are torn by their ornaments in their hasty movements.

[2] *Paravaça iva*, or, 'with mind enslaved to other thoughts.'

from Kādambarī's presence. He laid his slender hand on Meghanāda's back as he bent before him, and then, sitting down, he said: 'Tell me, Patralekhā, is all well with Mahāçvetā and Madalekhā, and the lady Kādambarī? (430) And are all her retinue well, with Tamālikā and Keyūraka?' 'Prince,' she replied, 'all is well, as thou sayest. The lady Kādambarī, with her friends and retinue, do thee homage by making their raised hands into a wreath for their brows.' At these words the prince dismissed his royal retinue, and went with Patralekhā into the palace. Then, with a tortured heart, no longer able from its intense love to overcome his eagerness to hear, he sent his retinue far away and entered the house. With his lotus-feet he pushed away the pair of hamsas that were sleeping happily on the slope beneath a leafy bower that made an emerald banner; and, resting in the midst of a fresh bed of hybiscus, that made a sunshade with its broad, long-stalked leaves, he sat down, and asked: 'Tell me, Patralekhā, how thou hast fared. How many days wert thou there? What favour did the princess show thee? What talk was there, and what conversation arose? Who most remembers us, and whose affection is greatest?'[1] Thus questioned, she told him: 'Give thy mind and hear all. When thou wert gone, I returned with Keyūraka, and sat down near the couch of flowers; and there I gladly remained, receiving ever fresh marks of kindness from the princess. What need of words? (431) The whole of that day her eye, her form, her hand, were on mine; her speech dwelt on my name and her heart on my love. On the morrow, leaning on me, she left the winter palace, and, wandering at will, bade her retinue remain behind, and entered the maidens' garden. By a flight of emerald steps, that might have been formed from Jamunā's[2] waves, she ascended to a white summer-house, and in it she stayed some time, leaning against a jewelled pillar, deliberating with her heart, wishing to say something, and gazing on my face with fixed pupil and motion-

[1] Read *garīgasī*.
[2] The Jamunā is a common comparison for blue or green.

less eyelashes. As she looked she formed her resolve, and, as if longing to enter love's fire, she was bathed in perspiration; whereat a trembling came upon her, so that, shaking in every limb as though fearing to fall, she was seized by despair.

'"'But when I, who knew her thoughts, fixed my mind on her, and, fastening my eyes on her face, bade her speak, she seemed to be restrained by her own trembling limbs; with a toe that marked the floor as if for retreat, she seemed to rub out her own image in shame that it should hear her secret; (432) with her lotus foot—its anklets all set jingling by the scratching of the floor—she pushed aside the tame geese; with a strip of silk made into a fan for her hot face, she drove away the bees on her ear-lotuses; to the peacock she gave, like a bribe, a piece of betel broken by her teeth; and gazing often on every side lest a wood-goddess should listen, much as she longed to speak, she was checked in her utterance by shame, and could not speak a word.[1] Her voice, in spite of her greatest efforts, was wholly burnt up by love's fire, borne away by a ceaseless flow of tears, overwhelmed by onrushing griefs, broken by love's falling shafts, banished by invading sighs, restrained by the hundred cares that dwelt in her heart, and drunk by the bees that tasted her breath, so that it could not come forth. In brief, she made a pearl rosary to count her many griefs with the bright tears that fell without touching her cheeks, as with bent head she made the very image of a storm. Then from her shame learnt its full grace; modesty, a transcendant modesty; simplicity, simplicity; courtesy, courtesy; (433) fear, timidity; coquetry, its quintessence; despair, its own nature; and charm, a further charm. And so, when I asked her, "Princess, what means this?" she wiped her reddened eyes, and, holding a garland woven by the flowers of the bower with arms which, soft as lotus-fibres, seemed meant to hold her firmly in the excess of her grief, she raised one eyebrow, as if gazing on the path of death, and sighed a

[1] Placing a stop after *gaditum* instead of after *niḥçesham*.

long, fevered sigh. And as, in desire to know the cause of her sorrow, I pressed her to tell me, she seemed to write on the ketakī petals scratched by her nails in her shame, and so deliver her message. She moved her lower lip in eagerness to speak, and seemed to be whispering to the bees who drank her breath, and thus she remained some time with eyes fixed on the ground.

"'At last, often turning her glance to my face, she seemed to purify, with the tears that fell from her brimming eyes, the voice that the smoke of Love's fire had dimmed. And, in the guise of tears, she bound up with the rays of her teeth, flashing in a forced smile, the strange syllables of what she had meant to say, but forgotten in her tremor; and with great difficulty betook herself to speech. "Patralekhā," she said to me, "by reason of my great favour for thee, neither father, mother, Mahāçvetā, Madalekhā, nor life itself is dear to me as thou hast been since I first beheld thee. (434) I know not why my heart has cast off all my friends and trusts in thee alone. To whom else can I complain, or tell my humiliation, or give a share in my woe? When I have shown thee the unbearable burden of my woe, I will die. By my life I swear to thee I am put to shame by even my own heart's knowledge of my story; how much more by another's? How should such as I stain by ill report a race pure as moonbeams, and lose the honour which has descended from my sires, and turn my thoughts on unmaidenly levity, acting thus without my father's will, or my mother's bestowal, or my elders' congratulations, without any announcement, without sending of gifts, or showing of pictures? Timidly, as one unprotected, have I been led to deserve my parents' blame by that overweening Candrāpīḍa. Is this, I pray, the conduct of noble men? Is this the fruit of our meeting, that my heart, tender as a lotus filament, is now crushed? For maidens should not be lightly treated by youths; the fire of love is wont to consume first their reserve and then their heart; the arrows of love pierce first their dignity and then their life. Therefore, I bid thee farewell till our

meeting in another birth, for none is dearer to me than thou. (435) By carrying out my resolve of death, I shall cleanse my own stain." So saying, she was silent.

'"'Not knowing the truth of her tale, I sorrowfully, as if ashamed, afraid, bewildered, and bereft of sense, adjured her, saying: "Princess, I long to hear. Tell me what Prince Candrāpīḍa has done. What offence has been committed? By what discourtesy has he vexed that lotus-soft heart of thine, that none should vex? When I have heard this, thou shalt die on my lifeless body." Thus urged, she again began: "I will tell thee; listen carefully. In my dreams that cunning villain comes daily and employs in secret messages a caged parrot and a starling. In my dreams he, bewildered in mind with vain desires, writes in my earrings to appoint meetings. He sends love-letters with their syllables washed away, filled with mad hopes, most sweet, and showing his own state by the lines of tears stained with pigment falling on them. By the glow of his feelings he dyes my feet against my will. In his reckless insolence he prides himself on his own reflection in my nails. (436) In his unwarranted boldness he embraces me against my will in the gardens when I am alone, and almost dead from fear of being caught, as the clinging of my silken skirts to the branches hinders my steps, and my friends the creepers seize and deliver me to him. Naturally crooked, he teaches the very essence of crookedness to a heart by nature simple by the blazonry he paints on my breast. Full of guileful flattery, he fans with his cool breath my cheeks all wet and shining as with a breeze from the waves of my heart's longing. He boldly places the rays of his nails like young barley-sheaves on my ear, though his hand is empty, because its lotus has fallen from his grasp relaxed in weariness. He audaciously draws me by the hair to quaff the sweet wine of his breath, inhaled by him when he watered his favourite bakul-flowers. Mocked by his own folly, he demands on his head the touch of my foot, destined for the palace açoka-tree.[1] In his utter

[1] An allusion to the idea that the açoka would bud when touched by the foot of a beautiful woman.

love madness, he says: 'Tell me, Patralekhā, how a madman can be rejected?' For he considers refusal a sign of jealousy; he deems abuse a gentle jest; he looks on silence as pettishness; he regards the mention of his faults as a device for thinking of him; he views contempt as the familiarity of love; he esteems the blame of mankind as renown."

'"'A sweet joy filled me as I heard her say this, and I thought, (437) "Surely Love has led her far in her feelings for Candrāpīḍa. If this indeed be true, he shows in visible form, under the guise of Kādambarī, his tender feeling towards the prince, and he is met by the prince's innate and carefully-trained virtues. The quarters gleam with his glory; a rain of pearls is cast by his youth on the waves of the ocean of tenderness; his name is written by his youthful gaiety on the moon; his own fortune is proclaimed by his happy lot; and nectar is showered down by his grace as by the digits of the moon.

'"'Moreover, the Malaya wind has at length its season; moonrise has gained its full chance; the luxuriance of spring flowers has won a fitting fruit; the sharpness of wine has mellowed to its full virtue, and the descent of love's era is now clearly manifest on earth.

'"'Then I smiled, and said aloud: "If it be so, princess, cease thy wrath. Be appeased. Thou canst not punish the prince for the faults of Kāma. These truly are the sports of Love, the god of the Flowery Bow, not of a wanton Candrāpīḍa."

'"'As I said this, she eagerly asked me: "As for this Kāma, whoever he may be, tell me what forms he assumes."

'"'"How can he have forms?" replied I. "He is a formless fire. For without flame he creates heat; without smoke he makes tears flow; without the dust of ashes he shows whiteness. Nor is there a being in all the wide universe who is not, or has not been, or will not be, the victim of his shaft. Who is there that fears him not? (438) Even a strong man is pierced by him when he takes in hand his flowery bow.

'"'" Moreover, when tender women are possessed by him, they gaze, and the sky is crowded with a thousand images of their beloved. They paint the loved form; the earth is a canvas all too small. They reckon the virtues of their hero; number itself fails them. They listen to talk about their dearest; the Goddess of Speech herself seems all too silent. They muse on the joys of union with him who is their life; and time itself is all too short to their heart."

'"' She pondered a moment on this ere she replied: "As thou sayest, Patralekhā, Love has led me into tenderness for the prince. For all these signs and more are found in me. Thou art one with my own heart, and I ask thee to tell me what I should now do? I am all unversed in such matters. Moreover, if I were forced to tell my parents, I should be so ashamed that my heart would choose death rather than life."

'"' Then again I answered: "Enough, princess! Why this needless talk of death as a necessary condition?[1] Surely, fair maiden, though thou hast not sought to please him, Love has in kindness given thee this boon. Why tell thy parents? Love himself, like a parent, plans for thee; (439) like a mother, he approves thee; like a father, he bestows thee; like a girl friend, he kindles thine affection; like a nurse, he teaches thy tender age the secrets of love. Why should I tell thee of those who have themselves chosen their lords? For were it not so, the ordinance of the svayamvara in our law-books[2] would be meaningless. Be at rest, then, princess. Enough of this talk of death. I conjure thee by touching thy lotus-foot to send me. I am ready to go. I will bring back to thee, princess, thy heart's beloved."

'"' When I had said this, she seemed to drink me in with a tender glance; she was confused by an ardour of

[1] *Anubandha*, one of the four necessary conditions in writing. (*a*) Subject-matter; (*b*) purpose; (*c*) relation between subject treated and its end; (*d*) competent person to hear it.—*V.* 'Vedānta Sāra,' p. 2-4; 'Vācaspatya Dictionary.'

[2] 'Manu,' ix., 90.

affection which, though restrained, found a path, and burst through the reserve that Love's shafts had pierced. In her pleasure at my words, she cast off the silken outer robe which clung to her through her weariness, and left it suspended on her thrilling limbs.[1] She loosened the moon-beam necklace on her neck, put there as a noose to hang herself, and entangled in the fish ornaments of her swinging earring. Yet, though her whole soul was in a fever of joy, she supported herself by the modesty which is a maiden's natural dower, and said: "I know thy great love. But how could a woman, tender of nature as a young çirīsha-blossom, show such boldness, especially one so young as I? (440) Bold, indeed, are they who themselves send messages, or themselves deliver a message. I, a young maiden,[2] am ashamed to send a bold message. What, indeed, could I say? 'Thou art very dear,' is superfluous. 'Am I dear to thee?' is a senseless question. 'My love for thee is great,' is the speech of the shameless. 'Without thee I cannot live,' is contrary to experience. 'Love conquers me,' is a reproach of my own fault. 'I am given to thee by Love,' is a bold offering of one's self. 'Thou art my captive,' is the daring speech of immodesty! 'Thou must needs come,' is the pride of fortune. 'I will come myself,' is a woman's weakness. 'I am wholly devoted to thee,' is the lightness of obtruded affection. 'I send no message from fear of a rebuff,' is to wake the sleeper.[3] 'Let me be a warning of the sorrow of a service that is despised,' is an excess of tenderness. 'Thou shalt know my love by my death,' is a thought that may not enter the mind."' "'

[1] *I.e.*, the down on the body rises from joy (a common idea in Sanskrit writers), and holds the robe on its points.

[2] Read, *Saṃdiçantī*, and place the stop after *svayaṃ* instead of after *saṃdiçantī*.

[3] *I.e.*, awake a sleeping lion.

PART II.

(441) I HAIL, for the completion of the difficult toil of this unfinished tale, Umā and Çiva, parents of earth, whose single body, formed from the union of two halves, shows neither point of union nor division.

(442) I salute Nārāyaṇa, creator of all, by whom the man-lion form was manifested happily, showing a face terrible with its tossing mane, and displaying in his hand quoit, sword, club and conch.

I do homage to my father, that lord of speech, the creator by whom that story was made that none else could fashion, that noble man whom all honour in every house, and from whom I, in reward of a former life, received my being.

(443) When my father rose to the sky, on earth the stream of the story failed with his voice. And I, as I saw its unfinished state was a grief to the good, began it, but from no poetic pride.

For that the words flow with such beauty is my father's special gift; a single touch of the ray of the moon, the one source of nectar, suffices to melt the moonstone.

As other rivers at their full enter the Ganges, and by being absorbed in it reach the ocean, so my speech is cast by me for the completion of this story on the ocean-flowing stream of my father's eloquence.

Reeling under the strong sweetness of Kādambarī[1] as one intoxicated, I am bereft of sense, in that I fear not to

[1] Or, 'wine.'

compose an ending in my own speech devoid of sweetness and colour.

(444) The seeds that promise fruit and are destined to flower are forced by the sower with fitting toils; scattered in good ground, they grow to ripeness; but it is the sower's son who gathers them.[1]

'"Moreover," Kādambarī continued, "if the prince were brought, shame itself, put to shame by my weakness, would not allow a sight of him. (446) Fear itself, frightened at the crime of bringing him by force, would not enter his presence. Then all would be over if my friend Patralekhā did her utmost from love to me, and yet could not induce him to come, even by falling at his feet, either perchance from his respect for his parents, or devotion to royal duty, or love of his native land, or reluctance towards me. Nay, more. (448) I am that Kādambarī whom he saw resting on a couch of flowers in the winter palace, and he is that Candrāpīḍa, all ignorant of another's pain, who stayed but two days, and then departed. I had promised Mahāçvetā not to marry while she was in trouble, though she besought me not to promise, saying, that Kāma often takes our life by love even for one unseen. (449) But this is not my case. For the prince, imaged by fancy, ever presents himself to my sight, and, sleeping or waking, in every place I behold him. Therefore talk not of bringing him."

'(450) Thereupon I[2] reflected, "Truly the beloved, as shaped in the imagination, is a great support to women separated from their loves, especially to maidens of noble birth." (451) And I promised Kādambarī that I would bring thee, O Prince. (452) Then she, roused by my speech full of thy name, as by a charm to remove poison, suddenly opened her eyes, and said, "I say not that thy

[1] Bhūshaṇabhaṭṭa, after these introductory lines, continues Patralekhā's account of Kādambarī's speech, and completes the story.

[2] *I.e.*, Patralekhā.

going pleases me, Patralekhā. (453) It is only when I see thee that I can endure my life; yet if this desire possess thee, do what thou wilt!" So saying, she dismissed me with many presents.

'Then with slightly downcast face Patralekhā continued: "The recent kindness of the princess has given me courage, my prince, and I am grieved for her, and so I say to thee, 'Didst thou act worthily of thy tender nature in leaving her in this state?'"

'Thus reproached by Patralekhā, and hearing the words of Kādambarī, so full of conflicting impulses, the prince became confused; (454) and sharing in Kādambarī's feeling, he asked Patralekhā with tears, "What am I to do? Love has made me a cause of sorrow to Kādambarī, and of reproach to thee. (455) And methinks this was some curse that darkened my mind; else how was my mind deceived when clear signs were given, which would create no doubt even in a dull mind? All this my fault has arisen from a mistake. I will therefore now, by devoting myself to her, even with my life, act so that the princess may know me not to be of so hard a heart."

'(456) While he thus spoke a portress hastened in and said: "Prince, Queen Vilāsavatī sends a message saying, 'I hear from the talk of my attendants that Patralekhā, who had stayed behind, has now returned. And I love her equally with thyself. Do thou therefore come, and bring her with thee. The sight of thy lotus face, won by a thousand longings, is rarely given.'"

'"How my life now is tossed with doubts!" thought the prince. "My mother is sorrowful if even for a moment she sees me not. (457) My subjects love me; but the Gandharva princess loves me more. Princess Kādambarī is worthy of my winning, and my mind is impatient of delay;" so thinking, he went to the queen, and spent the day in a longing of heart hard to bear; (458) while the night he spent thinking of the beauty of Kādambarī, which was as a shrine of love.

'(459) Thenceforth pleasant talk found no entrance into

him. His friends' words seemed harsh to him; the conversation of his kinsmen gave him no delight. (460) His body was dried up by love's fire, but he did not yield up the tenderness of his heart. (461) He despised happiness, but not self-control.

'While he was thus drawn forward by strong love, which had its life resting on the goodness and beauty of Kādambarī, and held backwards by his very deep affection for his parents, he beheld one day, when wandering on the banks of the Siprā, a troop of horse approaching. (462) He sent a man to inquire what this might be, and himself crossing the Siprā where the water rose but to his thigh, he awaited his messenger's return in a shrine of Kārtikeya. Drawing Patralekhā to him, he said, "Look! that horseman whose face can scarce be descried is Keyūraka!"

'(463) He then beheld Keyūraka throw himself from his horse while yet far off, gray with dust from swift riding, while by his changed appearance, his lack of adornment, his despondent face, and his eyes that heralded his inward grief, he announced, even without words, the evil plight of Kādambarī. Candrāpīḍa lovingly called him as he hastily bowed and drew near, and embraced him. And when he had drawn back and paid his homage, the prince, having gratified his followers by courteous inquiries, looked at him eagerly, and said, "By the sight of thee, Keyūraka, the well-being of the lady Kādambarī and her attendants is proclaimed. When thou art rested and at ease, thou shalt tell me the cause of thy coming;" and he took Keyūraka and Patralekhā home with him on his elephant. (464) Then he dismissed his followers, and only accompanied by Patralekhā, he called Keyūraka to him, and said: "Tell me the message of Kādambarī, Madalekhā and Mahāçvetā."

'"What shall I say?" replied Keyūraka; "I have no message from any of these. For when I had entrusted Patralekhā to Meghanāda, and returned, and had told of thy going to Ujjayinī, Mahaçvetā looked upwards, sighed a long, hot sigh, and saying sadly, 'It is so then,' returned to her own hermitage to her penance. Kādambarī,

as though bereft of consciousness, ignorant of Mahāçvetā's departure, only opened her eyes after a long time, scornfully bidding me tell Mahāçvetā; and asking Madalekhā (465) if anyone ever had done, or would do, such a deed as Candrāpīḍa, she dismissed her attendants, threw herself on her couch, veiled her head, and spent the day without speaking even to Madalekhā, who wholly shared her grief. When early next morning I went to her, she gazed at me long with tearful eyes, as if blaming me. And I, when thus looked at by my sorrowing mistress, deemed myself ordered to go, and so, without telling the princess, I have approached my lord's feet. Therefore vouchsafe to hear attentively the bidding of Keyūraka, whose heart is anxious to save the life of one whose sole refuge is in thee. For, as by thy first coming that virgin[1] forest was stirred as by the fragrant Malaya wind, so when she beheld thee, the joy of the whole world, like the spring, love entered her as though she were a red açoka creeper. (466) But now she endures great torture for thy sake." (466-470) Then Keyūraka told at length all her sufferings, till the prince, overcome by grief, could bear it no longer and swooned.

'Then, awakening from his swoon, he lamented that he was thought too hard of heart to receive a message from Kādambarī or her friends, and blamed them for not telling him of her love while he was there.

(476) '"Why should there be shame concerning one who is her servant, ever at her feet, that grief should have made its home in one so tender, and my desires be unfulfilled? (477) Now, what can I do when at some days' distance from her. Her body cannot even endure the fall of a flower upon it, while even on adamantine hearts like mine the arrows of love are hard to bear. When I see the unstable works began by cruel Fate, I know not where it will stop. (478) Else where was my approach to the land of the immortals, in my vain hunt for the Kinnaras? where my journey to Hemakūṭa with Mahāçvetā, or my

[1] Literally, 'that forest of creepers, *sc.* maidens.'

sight of the princess there, or the birth of her love for me, or my father's command, that I could not transgress, for me to return, though my longing was yet unfulfilled? It is by evil destiny that we have been raised high, and then dashed to the ground. Therefore let us do our utmost to console[1] the princess." (479) Then in the evening he asked Keyūraka, "What thinkest thou? Will Kādambarī support life till we arrive? (480) Or shall I again behold her face, with its eyes like a timid fawn's?" "Be firm, prince," he replied. "Do thine utmost to go." The prince had himself begun plans for going; but what happiness or what content of heart would there be without his father's leave, and how after his long absence could that be gained? A friend's help was needed here, but Vaiçampāyana was away.

'(484) But next morning he heard a report that his army had reached Daçapura, and thinking with joy that he was now to receive the favour of Fate, in that Vaiçampāyana was now at hand, he joyfully told the news to Keyūraka. (485) "This event," replied the latter, "surely announces thy going. Doubtless thou wilt gain the princess. For when was the moon ever beheld by any without moonlight, or a lotus-pool without a lotus, or a garden without creeper? Yet there must be delay in the arrival of Vaiçampāyana, and the settling with him of thy plans. But I have told thee the state of the princess, which admits of no delay. Therefore, my heart, rendered insolent by the grace bestowed by thy affection, desires that favour may be shown me by a command to go at once to announce the joy of my lord's coming." (486) Whereat the prince, with a glance that showed his inward satisfaction, replied: "Who else is there who so well knows time and place, or who else is so sincerely loyal? This, therefore, is a happy thought. Go to support the life of the princess and to prepare for my return. But let Patralekhā go forward, too, with thee to the feet of the princess. For she is favoured by the princess." Then he called Meghanāda,

[1] So commentary.

and bade him escort Patralekhā, (487) while he himself would overtake them when he had seen Vaiçampāyana. Then he bade Patralekhā tell Kādambarī that her noble sincerity and native tenderness preserved him, even though far away and burnt by love's fire, (489) and requested her bidding to come. (491) After their departure, he went to ask his father's leave to go to meet Vaiçampāyana. The king lovingly received him, and said to Çukanāsa: (492) "He has now come to the age for marriage. So, having entered upon the matter with Queen Vilāsavatī, let some fair maiden be chosen. For a face like my son's is not often to be seen. Let us then gladden ourselves now by the sight of the lotus face of a bride." Çukanāsa agreed that as the prince had gained all knowledge, made royal fortune firmly his own, and wed the earth, there remained nothing for him to do but to marry a wife. "How fitly," thought Candrāpīḍa, "does my father's plan come for my thoughts of a union with Kādambarī! (493) The proverb 'light to one in darkness,' or 'a shower of nectar to a dying man,' is coming true in me. After just seeing Vaiçampāyana, I shall win Kādambarī." Then the king went to Vilāsavati, and playfully reproached her for giving no counsel as to a bride for her son. (494) Meanwhile the prince spent the day in awaiting Vaiçampāyana's return. And after spending over two watches of the night sleepless in yearning for him, (495) the energy of his love was redoubled, and he ordered the conch to be sounded for his going. (497) Then he started on the road to Daçapura, and after going some distance he beheld the camp, (501) and rejoiced to think he would now see Vaiçampāyana; and going on alone, he asked where his friend was. But weeping women replied: "Why ask? How should he be here?" And in utter bewilderment he hastened to the midst of the camp. (502) There he was recognised, and on his question the chieftains besought him to rest under a tree while they related Vaiçampāyana's fate. He was, they said, yet alive, and they told what had happened. (505) "When left by thee, he halted a day, and then gave the

order for our march. 'Yet,' said he, 'Lake Acchoda is mentioned in the Purāṇa as very holy. Let us bathe and worship Çiva in the shrine on its bank. For who will ever, even in a dream, behold again this place haunted by the gods?' (506) But beholding a bower on the bank he gazed at it like a brother long lost to sight, as if memories were awakened in him. And when we urged him to depart, he made as though he heard us not; but at last he bade us go, saying that he would not leave that spot. (508) 'Do I not know well,' said he, 'all that you urge for my departure? But I have no power over myself, and I am, as it were, nailed to the spot, and cannot go with you.' (510) So at length we left him, and came hither."

'Amazed at this story, which he could not have even in a dream imagined, Candrāpīḍa wondered: "What can be the cause of his resolve to leave all and dwell in the woods? I see no fault of my own. He shares everything with me. Has anything been said that could hurt him by my father or Çukanāsa?" (517) He at length returned to Ujjayinī, thinking that where Vaiçampāyana was there was Kādambarī also, and resolved to fetch him back. (518) He heard that the king and queen had gone to Çukanāsa's house, and followed them thither. (519) There he heard Manoramā lamenting the absence of the son without whose sight she could not live, and who had never before, even in his earliest years, shown neglect of her. (520) On his entrance the king thus greeted him: "I know thy great love for him. Yet when I hear thy story my heart suspects some fault of thine." But Çukanāsa, his face darkened with grief and impatience, said reproachfully: "If, O king, there is heat in the moon or coolness in fire, then there may be fault in the prince. (521) Men such as Vaiçampāyana are portents of destruction, (522) fire without fuel, polished mirrors that present everything the reverse way; (523) for them the base are exalted, wrong is right, and ignorance wisdom. All in them makes for evil, and not for good. Therefore Vaiçampāyana has not feared thy wrath, nor thought that his mother's life

depends on him, nor that he was born to be a giver of offerings for the continuance of his race. (524) Surely the birth of one so evil and demoniac was but to cause us grief." (525) To this the king replied: "Surely for such as I to admonish thee were for a lamp to give light to fire, or daylight an equal splendour to the sun. Yet the mind of the wisest is made turbid by grief as the Mānasa Lake by the rainy season, and then sight is destroyed. Who is there in this world who is not changed by youth? When youth shows itself, love for elders flows away with childhood. (528) My heart grieves when I hear thee speak harshly of Vaiçampāyana. Let him be brought hither. Then we can do as is fitting." (529) Çukanāsa persisted in blaming his son; but Candrāpīḍa implored leave to fetch him home, and Çukanāsa at length yielded. (532) Then Candrāpīḍa summoned the astrologers, and secretly bade them name the day for his departure, when asked by the king or Çukanāsa, so as not to delay his departure. "The conjunction of the planets," they answered him, "is against thy going. (533) Yet a king is the determiner of time. On whatever time thy will is set, that is the time for every matter." Then they announced the morrow as the time for his departure; and he spent that day and night intent on his journey, and deeming that he already beheld Kādambarī and Vaiçampāyana before him.

'(534) And when the time came, Vilāsavatī bade him farewell in deep sorrow: "I grieved not so for thy first going as I do now. My heart is torn; my body is in torture; my mind is overwhelmed. (535) I know not why my heart so suffers. Stay not long away." He tried to console her, and then went to his father, who received him tenderly, (539) and finally dismissed him, saying: "My desire is that thou shouldst take a wife and receive the burden of royalty, so that I may enter on the path followed by royal sages; but this matter of Vaiçampāyana is in the way of it, and I have misgivings that my longing is not to be fulfilled; else how could he have acted in so strange a way? Therefore, though thou must go, my son, return

soon, that my heart's desire may not fail." (540) At length he started, and spent day and night on his journey in the thought of his friend and of the Gandharva world. (544) And when he had travelled far the rainy season came on, and all the workings of the storms found their counterpart in his own heart. (548) Yet he paused not on his way, nor did he heed the entreaties of his chieftains to bestow some care on himself, but rode on all day. (549) But a third part of the way remained to traverse when he beheld Meghanāda, and, asking him eagerly concerning Vaiçampāyana, (550) he learnt that Patralekhā, sure that the rains would delay his coming, had sent Meghanāda to meet him, and that the latter had not been to the Acchoda lake. (552) With redoubled grief the prince rode to the lake, and bade his followers guard it on all sides, lest Vaiçampāyana should in shame flee from them: but all his search found no traces of his friend. (553) "My feet," thought he, "cannot leave this spot without him, and yet Kādambarī has not been seen. Perchance Mahāçvetā may know about this matter; I will at least see her." So he mounted Indrāyudha, and went towards her hermitage. There dismounting, he entered; but in the entrance of the cave he beheld Mahāçvetā, with difficulty supported by Taralikā, weeping bitterly. (554) "May no ill," thought he, "have befallen Kādambarī, that Mahāçvetā should be in this state, when my coming should be a cause of joy." Eagerly and sorrowfully he questioned Taralikā, but she only gazed on Mahāçvetā's face. Then the latter at last spoke falteringly: "What can one so wretched tell thee? Yet the tale shall be told. When I heard from Keyūraka of thy departure, my heart was torn by the thought that the wishes of Kādambarī's parents, my own longing, and the sight of Kādambarī's happiness in her union with thee had not been brought about, and, cleaving even the bond of my love to her, I returned home to yet harsher penance than before. (555) Here I beheld a young Brahman, like unto thee, gazing hither and thither with vacant glance. But at the sight of me his eyes were fixed on me alone, as

if, though unseen before, he recognised me, though a stranger, he had long known me, and gazing at me like one mad or possessed, he said at last: 'Fair maiden, only they who do what is fitting for their birth, age, and form escape blame in this world. Why toilest thou thus, like perverse fate, in so unmeet an employment, in that thou wastest in stern penance a body tender as a garland? (556) The toil of penance is for those who have enjoyed the pleasures of life and have lost its graces, but not for one endowed with beauty. If thou turnest from the joys of earth, in vain does Love bend his bow, or the moon rise. Moonlight and the Malaya wind serve for naught.' "

' " But I, caring for nothing since the loss of Puṇḍarīka, asked no questions about him, (557) and bade Taralikā keep him away, for some evil would surely happen should he return. But in spite of being kept away, whether from the fault of love or the destiny of suffering that lay upon us, he did not give up his affection; and one night, while Taralikā slept, and I was thinking of Puṇḍarīka, (559) I beheld in the moonlight, clear as day, that youth approaching like one possessed. The utmost fear seized me at the sight. 'An evil thing,' I thought, 'has befallen me. If he draw near, and but touch me with his hand, this accursed life must be destroyed; and then that endurance of it, which I accepted in the hope of again beholding Puṇḍarīka, will have been in vain.' While I thus thought he drew near, and said: 'Moon-faced maiden, the moon, Love's ally, is striving to slay me. Therefore I come to ask protection. Save me, who am without refuge, and cannot help myself, for my life is devoted to thee. (560) It is the duty of ascetics to protect those who flee to them for protection. If, then, thou deign not to bestow thyself on me, the moon and love will slay me.' At these words, in a voice choked by wrath, I exclaimed: 'Wretch, how has a thunderbolt failed to strike thy head in the utterance of these thy words? Surely the five elements that give witness of right and wrong to mortals are lacking in thy frame, in that earth and air and fire and the rest have not

utterly destroyed thee. Thou hast learnt to speak like a parrot, without thought of what was right or wrong to say. Why wert thou not born as a parrot? (561) I lay on thee this fate, that thou mayest enter on a birth suited to thine own speech, and cease to make love to one such as I.' So saying, I turned towards the moon, and with raised hands prayed: 'Blessed one, lord of all, guardian of the world, if since the sight of Puṇḍarīka my heart has been free from the thought of any other man, may this false lover by the truth of this my saying, fall into the existence pronounced by me.' Then straightway, I know not how, whether from the force of love, or of his own sin, or from the power of my words, he fell lifeless, like a tree torn up by the roots. And it was not till he was dead that I learnt from his weeping attendants that he was thy friend, noble prince." Having thus said, she bent her face in shame and silently wept. But Candrāpīḍa, with fixed glance and broken voice, replied: "Lady, thou hast done thine utmost, and yet I am too ill-fated to have gained in this life the joy of honouring the feet of the lady Kādambarī. Mayest thou in another life create this bliss for me." (562) With these words his tender heart broke, as if from grief at failing to win Kādambarī, like a bud ready to open when pierced by a bee.

'Then Taralikā burst into laments over his lifeless body and into reproaches to Mahāçvetā. And as the chieftains, too, raised their cry of grief and wonder, (564) there entered, with but few followers, Kādambarī herself, attired as to meet her lover, though a visit to Mahāçvetā was the pretext of her coming, and while she leant on Patralekhā's hand, she expressed her doubts of the prince's promised return, (565) and declared that if she again beheld him she would not speak to him, nor be reconciled either by his humility or her friend's endeavours. Such were her words; but she counted all the toil of the journey light in her longing to behold him again. But when she beheld him dead, with a sudden cry she fell to the ground. And when she recovered from her swoon, she gazed at him with

fixed eyes and quivering mouth, like a creeper trembling under the blow of a keen axe, and then stood still with a firmness foreign to her woman's nature. (566) Madalekhā implored her to give her grief the relief of tears, lest her heart should break, and remember that on her rested the hopes of two races. "Foolish girl," replied Kādambarī, with a smile, "how should my adamantine heart break if it has not broken at this sight? These thoughts of family and friends are for one who wills to live, not for me, who have chosen death; for I have won the body of my beloved, which is life to me, and which, whether living or dead, whether by an earthly union, or by my following it in death, suffices to calm every grief. It is for my sake that my lord came hither and lost his life; how, then, could I, by shedding tears, make light of the great honour to which he has raised me? or how bring an ill-omened mourning to his departure to heaven? or how weep at the joyous moment when, like the dust of his feet, I may follow him? Now all sorrow is far away. (567) For him I neglected all other ties; and now, when he is dead, how canst thou ask me to live? In dying now lies my life, and to live would be death to me. Do thou take my place with my parents and my friends, and mayest thou be the mother of a son to offer libations of water for me when I am in another world. Thou must wed the young mango in the courtyard, dear to me as my own child, to the mādhavī creeper. Let not a twig of the açoka-tree that my feet have caressed be broken, even to make an earring. Let the flowers of the mālatī creeper I tended be plucked only to offer to the gods. Let the picture of Kāma in my room near my pillow be torn in pieces. The mango-trees I planted must be tended so that they may come to fruit. (568) Set free from the misery of their cage the maina Kālindī and the parrot Parihāsa. Let the little mongoose that rested in my lap now rest in thine. Let my child, the fawn Taralaka, be given to a hermitage. Let the partridges on the pleasure-hill that grew up in my hand be kept alive. See that the haṃsa that followed my steps be

not killed. Let my poor ape be set free, for she is unhappy in the house. Let the pleasure-hill be given to some calm-souled hermit, and let the things I use myself be given to Brahmans. My lute thou must lovingly keep in thine own lap, and anything else that pleases thee must be thine own. But as for me, I will cling to my lord's neck, and so on the funeral pyre allay the fever which the moon, sandal, lotus-fibres, and all cool things have but increased." (569) Then she embraced Mahāçvetā, saying: "Thou indeed hast some hope whereby to endure life, even though its pains be worse than death; but I have none, and so I bid thee farewell, dear friend, till we meet in another birth."

'As though she felt the joy of reunion, she honoured the feet of Candrāpīḍa with bent head, and placed them in her lap. (570) At her touch a strange bright light arose from Candrāpīḍa's body, and straightway a voice was heard in the sky: "Dear Mahāçvetā, I will again console thee. The body of thy Puṇḍarīka, nourished in my world and by my light, free from death, awaits its reunion with thee. The other body, that of Candrāpīḍa, is filled with my light, and so is not subject to death, both from its own nature, and because it is nourished by the touch of Kādambarī; it has been deserted by the soul by reason of a curse, like the body of a mystic whose spirit has passed into another form. Let it rest here to console thee and Kādambarī till the curse be ended. Let it not be burnt, nor cast into water, nor deserted. It must be kept with all care till its reunion."

'All but Patralekhā were astounded at this saying, and fixed their gaze on the sky; but she, recovering, at the cool touch of that light, from the swoon brought on by seeing the death of Candrāpīḍa, rose, hastily seizing Indrāyudha from his groom, saying: "However it may be for us, thou must not for a moment leave thy master to go alone without a steed on his long journey;" and plunged, together with Indrāyudha, into the Acchoda Lake. (571) Straightway there rose from the lake a young ascetic,

and approaching Mahāçvetā, said mournfully: "Princess of the Gandharvas, knowest thou me, now that I have passed through another birth?" Divided between joy and grief, she paid homage to his feet, and replied: "Blessed Kapiñjala, am I so devoid of virtue that I could forget thee? And yet this thought of me is natural, since I am so strangely ignorant of myself and deluded by madness that when my lord Puṇḍarīka is gone to heaven I yet live. (572) Tell me of Puṇḍarīka." He then recalled how he had flown into the sky in pursuit of the being who carried off Puṇḍarīka, and passing by the wondering gods in their heavenly cars, he had reached the world of the moon. "Then that being," he continued, "placed Puṇḍarīka's body on a couch in the hall called Mahodaya, and said: 'Know me to be the moon! (573) When I was rising to help the world I was cursed by thy friend, because my beams were slaying him before he could meet his beloved; and he prayed that I, too, might die in the land of Bharata, the home of all sacred rites, knowing myself the pains of love. But I, wrathful at being cursed for what was his own fault, uttered the curse that he should endure the same lot of joy or sorrow as myself. When, however, my anger passed away, I understood what had happened about Mahāçvetā. Now, she is sprung from the race that had its origin in my beams, and she chose him for her lord. Yet he and I must both be born twice in the world of mortals, else the due order of births will not be fulfilled. I have therefore carried the body hither, and I nourish it with my light lest it should perish before the curse is ended, and I have comforted Mahāçvetā. (574) Tell the whole matter to Puṇḍarīka's father. His spiritual power is great, and he may find a remedy.' And I, rushing away in grief, leapt off another rider in a heavenly chariot, and in wrath he said to me: 'Since in the wide path of heaven thou hast leapt over me like a horse in its wild course, do thou become a horse, and descend into the world of mortals.' To my tearful assurance that I had leapt over him in the blindness of grief, and not from contempt, he replied:

'The curse, once uttered, cannot be recalled. But when thy rider shall die, thou shalt bathe and be freed from the curse.' Then I implored him that as my friend was about to be born with the moon-god, in the world of mortals, I might, as a horse, constantly dwell with him. (575) Softened by my affection, he told me that the moon would be born as a son to King Tārāpīḍa at Ujjayinī, Puṇḍarīka would be the son of his minister, Çukanāsa, and that I should be the prince's steed. Straightway I plunged into the ocean, and rose as a horse, but yet lost not consciousness of the past. I it was who purposely brought Candrāpīḍa hither in pursuit of the kinnaras. And he who sought thee by reason of the love implanted in a former birth, and was consumed by a curse in thine ignorance, was my friend Puṇḍarīka come down to earth."

'Then Mahāçvetā beat her breast with a bitter cry, saying: "Thou didst keep thy love for me through another birth, Puṇḍarīka; I was all the world to thee; and yet, like a demon, born for thy destruction even in a fresh life, I have received length of years but to slay thee again and again. (576) Even in thee, methinks, coldness must now have sprung up towards one so ill-fated, in that thou answerest not my laments;" and she flung herself on the ground. But Kapiñjala pityingly replied: "Thou art blameless, princess, and joy is at hand. Grieve not, therefore, but pursue the penance undertaken by thee; for to perfect penance naught is impossible, and by the power of thine austerities thou shalt soon be in the arms of my friend."

'(577) Then Kādambarī asked Kapiñjala what had become of Patralekhā when she plunged with him into the tank. But he knew naught of what had happened since then, either to her, or his friend, or Candrāpīḍa, and rose to the sky to ask the sage Çvetaketu, Puṇḍarīka's father, to whom everything in the three worlds was visible.

'(577-578) Then Mahāçvetā counselled Kādambarī, whose love to her was drawn the closer from the likeness of her sorrow, that she should spend her life in ministering to the

body of Candrāpīḍa, nothing doubting that while others, to gain good, worshipped shapes of wood and stone that were but images of invisible gods, she ought to worship the present deity, veiled under the name of Candrāpīḍa. Laying his body tenderly on a rock, Kādambarī put off the adornments with which she had come to meet her lover, keeping but one bracelet as a happy omen. She bathed, put on two white robes, rubbed off the deep stain of betel from her lips, (579) and the very flowers, incense, and unguents she had brought to grace a happy love she now offered to Candrāpīḍa in the worship due to a god. That day and night she spent motionless, holding the feet of the prince, and on the morrow she joyfully saw that his brightness was unchanged, (581) and gladdened her friends and the prince's followers by the tidings. (582) The next day she sent Madalekhā to console her parents, and they sent back an assurance that they had never thought to see her wed, and that now they rejoiced that she had chosen for her husband the incarnation of the moon-god himself. They hoped, when the curse was over, to behold again her lotus-face in the company of their son-in-law. (583) So comforted, Kādambarī remained to tend and worship the prince's body. Now, when the rainy season was over, Meghanāda came to Kādambarī, and told her that messengers had been sent by Tarāpīḍa to ask the cause of the prince's delay, (584) and that he, to spare her grief, had told them the whole story, and bade them hasten to tell all to the king. They, however, had replied that this might doubtless be so; yet, to say nothing of their hereditary love for the prince, the desire to see so great a marvel urged them to ask to be allowed to behold him; their long service deserved the favour; and what would the king say if they failed to see Candrāpīḍa's body? (585) Sorrowfully picturing to herself what the grief of Tārāpīḍa would be, Kādambarī admitted the messengers, (586) and as they tearfully prostrated themselves, she consoled them, saying that this was a cause for joy rather than sorrow. "Ye have seen the prince's face, and his body free

from change; therefore hasten to the king's feet. Yet do not spread abroad this story, but say that ye have seen the prince, and that he tarries by the Acchoda Lake. For death must come to all, and is easily believed; but this event, even when seen, can scarce win faith. It profits not now, therefore, by telling this to his parents, to create in them a suspicion of his death; but when he comes to life again, this wondrous tale will become clear to them." (587) But they replied: "Then we must either not return or keep silence. But neither course is possible: nor could we so greet the sorrowing king." She therefore sent Candrāpīḍa's servant Tvaritaka with them, to give credit to the story, for the prince's royal retinue had all taken a vow to live there, eating only roots and fruits, and not to return till the prince himself should do so.

(589) 'After many days, Queen Vilāsavatī, in her deep longing for news of her son, went to the temple of the Divine Mothers of Avantī,[1] the guardian goddesses of Ujjayinī, to pray for his return: and on a sudden a cry arose from the retinue: "Thou art happy, O Queen! The Mothers have shown favour to thee! Messengers from the prince are at hand." Then she saw the messengers, with the city-folk crowding round them, asking news of the prince, or of sons, brothers, and other kinsfolk among his followers, (591) but receiving no answers. She sent for them to the temple court, and cried: "Tell me quickly of my son. (592) Have ye seen him?" And they, striving to hide their grief, replied: "O Queen, he has been seen by us on the shore of the Acchoda Lake, and Tvaritaka will tell thee the rest." "What more," said she, "can this unhappy man tell me? For your own sorrowful bearing has told the tale. Alas, my child! Wherefore hast thou not returned? When thou didst bid me farewell, I knew by my forebodings that I should not behold thy face again. (593) This all comes from the evil deeds of my former birth. Yet think not, my son, that I will live without thee, for how could I thus even

[1] Avantī is the province of which Ujjayinī is the capital. For the Divine Mothers, *V. supra*, p. 56.

face thy father? And yet, whether it be from love, or from the thought that one so fair must needs live, or from the native simplicity of a woman's mind, my heart cannot believe that ill has befallen thee." (594) Meanwhile, the news was told to the king, and he hastened to the temple with Çukanāsa, and tried to rouse the queen from the stupor of grief, saying: (593) "My queen, we dishonour ourselves by this show of grief. Our good deeds in a former life have carried us thus far. We are not the vessel of further joys. That which we have not earned is not won at will by beating the breast. The Creator does what He wills, and depends on none. We have had the joy of our son's babyhood and boyhood and youth. We have crowned him, and greeted his return from his world conquest. (596) All that is lacking to our wishes is that we have not seen him wed, so that we might leave him in our place, and retira to a hermitage. But to gain every desire is the fruit of very rare merit. We must, however, question Tvaritaka, for we know not all yet." (597) But when he heard from Tvaritaka how the prince's heart had broken, he interrupted him, and cried that a funeral pyre should be prepared for himself near the shrine of Mahākāla. (598) All his treasure was to be given to Brahmans, and the kings who followed him were to return to their own lands. Then Tvaritaka implored him to hear the rest of the story of Vaiçampāyana, and his grief was followed by wonder; while Çukanāsa, showing the desire of a true friend to forget his own grief and offer consolation, said: (599) "Sire, in this wondrous transitory existence, wherein wander gods, demons, animals and men, filled with joy and grief, there is no event which is not possible. Why then doubt concerning this? If from a search for reason, how many things rest only on tradition, and are yet seen to be true? As the use of meditation or certain postures to cure a poisoned man, the attraction of the loadstone, the efficacy of mantras, Vedic or otherwise, in actions of all kinds, wherein sacred tradition is our authority. (600) Now there are many stories of curses in the Purāṇas, the

Rāmāyaṇa, the Mahābhārata, and the rest. For it was owing to a curse that Nahusha[1] became a serpent, Saudāsa[2] a cannibal, Yayāti decrepit, Tṛiçaṃku[3] a Caṇḍāla, the heaven-dwelling Mahābhisha was born as Çāntanu, while Gangā became his wife, and the Vasus,[4] his sons. Nay, even the Supreme God, Vishṇu, was born as Yamadagni's son, and, dividing himself into four, he was born to Daçaratha, and also to Vasudeva at Mathurā. Therefore the birth of gods among mortals is not hard of belief. And thou, sire, art not behind the men of old in virtue, nor is the moon greater than the god from whom the lotus springs. Our dreams at our sons' birth confirm the tale; the nectar that dwells in the moon preserves the prince's body, (601) and his beauty that gladdens the world must be destined to dwell in the world. We shall therefore soon see his marriage with Kādambarī, and therein find all the past troubles of life more than repaid. Do then thine utmost by worshipping gods, giving gifts to Brahmans, and practising austerities, to secure this blessing." (602-604) The king assented, but expressed his resolve to go himself to behold the prince, and he and the queen, together with Çukanāsa and his wife, went to the lake. (605) Comforted by the assurance of Meghanāda, who came to meet him, that the prince's body daily grew in brightness, he entered the hermitage; (606) while, at the news of his coming, Mahāçvetā fled in shame within the cave, and Kādambarī swooned. And as he looked on his son, who seemed but to sleep, the queen rushed forward, and with fond reproaches entreated Candrāpīḍa to speak to them. (608) But the king reminded her that it was her part to comfort Çukanāsa and his wife. "She also, to whom we shall owe the joy of again beholding our son alive, even the Gandharva princess, is yet in a swoon; do thou take her in thine arms, and bring her back to consciousness." Then she tenderly touched Kādambarī, saying "Be comforted, my

[1] *V. supra*, pp. 19, 20, 47.
[2] A king of the solar race.
[3] *V. supra*, p. 6.
[4] Read *ashṭānām api Vasūnām*.

mother,[1] for without thee, who could have preserved the body of my son Candrāpīḍa? Surely thou must be wholly made of amṛita, that we are again able to behold his face." (609) At the name of Candrāpīḍa and the touch of the queen, so like his own, Kādambarī recovered her senses, and was helped by Madalekhā to pay due honour, though with face bent in shame, to his parents. She received their blessing—"Mayest thou live long, and long enjoy an unwidowed life"—and was set close behind Vilāsavatī. The king then bade her resume her care of the prince, and took up his abode in a leafy bower near the hermitage, provided with a cool stone slab, and meet for a hermit, (610) and told his royal retinue that he would now carry out his long-cherished desire of an ascetic life, and that they must protect his subjects. "It is surely a gain if I hand over my place to one worthy of it, and by this enfeebled and useless body of mine win the joys of another world."

'So saying, he gave up all his wonted joys, and betook himself to the unwonted life in the woods; he found a palace beneath the trees; the delights of the zenana, in the creepers; the affection of friends, in the fawns; the pleasure of attire, in rags and bark garments. (611) His weapons were rosaries; his ambition was for another world; his desire for wealth was in penance. He refused all the delicacies that Kādambarī and Mahāçvetā offered him, and so dwelt with his queen and Çukanāsa, counting all pains light, so that every morning and evening he might have the joy of seeing Candrāpīḍa.'

Having told this tale,[2] the sage Jābāli said with a scornful smile to his son Hārīta and the other ascetics: 'Ye have seen how this story has had power to hold us long, and to charm our hearts. And this is the love-stricken being who by his own fault fell from heaven, and became on earth Vaiçampāyana, son of Çukanāsa. He it is who, by the curse of his own wrathful father, and by Mahāçvetā's

[1] The commentary says 'mother' is said to a daughter-in-law, just as *tāta*, 'father,' is said to a son.

[2] The parrot's own history is now continued from p. 47.

appeal to the truth of her heart, has been born as a parrot.' (612) As he thus spoke, I awoke, as it were, out of sleep, and, young as I was, I had on the tip of my tongue all the knowledge gained in a former birth; I became skilled in all arts; I had a clear human voice, memory, and all but the shape of a man. My affection for the prince, my uncontrolled passion, my devotion to Mahāçvetā, all returned. A yearning arose in me to know about them and my other friends, and though in deepest shame, I faintly asked Jābāli: 'Now, blessed saint, that thou hast brought back my knowledge, my heart breaks for the prince who died in grief for my death. (613) Vouchsafe to tell me of him, so that I may be near him; even my birth as an animal will not grieve me.' With mingled scorn and pity he replied: 'Wilt thou not even now restrain thine old impatience? Ask, when thy wings are grown.' Then to his son's inquiry how one of saintly race should be so enslaved by love, he replied that this weak and unrestrained nature belonged to those born, like me, from a mother only. For the Veda says, 'As a man's parents are, so is he,' (614) and medical science, too, declares their weakness. And he said my life now would be but short, but that when the curse was over, I should win length of years. I humbly asked by what sacrifices I should gain a longer life, but he bade me wait, and as the whole night had passed unobserved in his story, (615) he sent the ascetics to offer the morning oblation, while Hārīta took me, and placed me in his own hut near his couch, and went to his morning duties. (616) During his absence, I sorrowfully thought how hard it would be to rise from being a bird to being a Brahman, not to say a saint, who has the bliss of heaven. Yet if I could not be united to those I loved in past lives why should I yet live? But Hārīta then returned, and told me that Kapiñjala was there. (617-618) When I saw him weary, yet loving as ever, I strove to fly to him, and he, lifting me up, placed me in his bosom, and then on his head. (619) Then he told me, 'Thy father Çvetaketu knew by divine insight of thy plight, and has begun a rite to help thee. As he began

it I was set free from my horse's shape; (620) but he kept me till Jābāli had recalled the past to thee, and now sends me to give thee his blessing, and say that thy mother Lakshmī is also helping in the rite.' (621) Then, bidding me stay in the hermitage, he rose to the sky, to take part in the rite. (622) After some days, however, my wings were grown, and I resolved to fly to Mahāçvetā, so I set off towards the north; (623) but weariness soon overtook me, and I went to sleep in a tree, only to wake in the snare of a terrible Caṇḍāla. (624) I besought him to free me, for I was on the way to my beloved, but he said he had captured me for the young Caṇḍāla princess, who had heard of my gifts. With horror I heard that I, the son of Lakshmī and of a great saint, must dwell with a tribe shunned even by barbarians; (625) but when I urged that he could set me free without danger, for none would see him, he laughed, and replied: 'He, for whom there exist not the five guardians of the world,[1] witnesses of right and wrong, dwelling within his own body to behold his actions, will not do his duty for fear of any other being.' (626) So he carried me off, and as I looked out in hope of getting free from him, I beheld the barbarian settlement, a very market-place of evil deeds. It was surrounded on all sides by boys engaged in the chase, unleashing their hounds, teaching their falcons, mending snares, carrying weapons, and fishing, horrible in their attire, like demoniacs. Here and there the entrance to their dwellings, hidden by thick bamboo forests, was to be inferred, from the rising of smoke of orpiment. On all sides the enclosures were made with skulls; (627) the dustheaps in the roads were filled with bones; the yards of the huts were miry with blood, fat, and meat chopped up. The life there consisted of hunting; the food, of flesh; the ointment, of fat; the garments, of coarse silk; the couches, of dried skins; the household attendants, of dogs; the animals for riding, of cows; the men's employment, of wine and women; the

[1] The commentary explains these as Indra, Yama, Varuṇa, Soma and Kuvera. The Calcutta translation apparently translates a reading *mahābhūtāni*.

oblation to the gods, of blood; the sacrifice, of cattle. The place was the image of all hells. (628) Then the man brought me to the Caṇḍāla maiden, who received me gladly, and placed me in a cage, saying: 'I will take from thee all thy wilfulness.' What was I to do? Were I to pray her to release me, it was my power of speech that had made her desire me; were I silent, anger might make her cruel; (729) still, it was my want of self-restraint that had caused all my misery, and so I resolved to restrain all my senses, and I therefore kept entire silence and refused all food.

Next day, however, the maiden brought fruits and water, and when I did not touch them she said tenderly: 'It is unnatural for birds and beasts to refuse food when hungry. If thou, mindful of a former birth, makest distinction of what may or may not be eaten, yet thou art now born as an animal, and canst keep no such distinction. (630) There is no sin in acting in accordance with the state to which thy past deeds have brought thee. Nay, even for those who have a law concerning food, it is lawful, in a time of distress, to eat food not meet for them, in order to preserve life. Much more, then, for thee. Nor needst thou fear this food as coming from our caste; for fruit may be accepted even from us; and water, even from our vessels, is pure, so men say, when it falls on the ground.' I, wondering at her wisdom, partook of food, but still kept silence.

'After some time, when I had grown up, I woke one day to find myself in this golden cage, and beheld the Caṇḍāla maiden as thou, O king, hast seen her. (631) The whole barbarian settlement shewed like a city of the gods, and before I could ask what it all meant, the maiden brought me to thy feet. But who she is and why she has become a Caṇḍāla, and why I am bound or brought hither, I am as eager as thou, O king, to learn.'

Thereupon the king, in great amazement, sent for the maiden, and she, entering, overawed the king with her majesty, and said with dignity: 'Thou gem of earth, lord

of Rohiṇī, joy of Kādambarī's eyes—thou, O moon, hast heard the story of thy past birth, and that of this foolish being. Thou knowest from him how even in this birth he disregarded his father's command, and set off to seek his bride. Now I am Lakshmī, his mother, and his father, seeing by divine insight that he had started, bade me keep him in safety till the religious rite for him was completed, and lead him to repentance. (632) The rite is now over. The end of the curse is at hand. I brought him to thee that thou mightest rejoice with him thereat. I became a Caṇḍāla to avoid contact with mankind. Do ye both therefore, straightway leave bodies beset with the ills of birth, old age, pain, and death, and win the joy of union with your beloved.' So saying, she suddenly rose to the sky, followed by the gaze of all the people, while the firmament rang with her tinkling anklets. The king, at her words, remembered his former birth and said: 'Dear Puṇḍarīka, now called Vaiçampāyana, happy is it that the curse comes to an end at the same moment for us both'; but while he spoke, Love drew his bow, taking Kādambarī as his best weapon, and entered into the king's heart to destroy his life. (635) The flame of love wholly consumed him, and from longing for Mahāçvetā, Vaiçampāyana, who was in truth Puṇḍarīka, endured the same sufferings as the king.

Now at this time there set in the fragrant season of spring, as if to burn him utterly, (636) and while it intoxicated all living beings, it was used by Love as his strongest shaft to bewilder the heart of Kādambarī. On Kāma's festival she passed the day with great difficulty, and at twilight, when the quarters were growing dark, she bathed, worshipped Kāma, and placed before him the body of Candrāpīḍa, washed, anointed with musk-scented sandal, and decked with flowers. (637) Filled with a deep longing, she drew nigh, as if unconsciously and suddenly, bereft by love of a woman's native timidity, she could no longer restrain herself, and clasped Candrāpīḍa's neck as though he were yet alive. At her ambrosial embrace the prince's life came back to him, and, clasping her closely, like one

awakened from sleep (638), he gladdened her by saying: 'Timid one, away with fear! Thine embrace hath brought me to life; for thou art born of the Apsaras race sprung from nectar, and it was but the curse that prevented thy touch from reviving me before. I have now left the mortal shape of Çūdraka, that caused the pain of separation from thee; but this body I kept, because it won thy love. Now both this world and the moon are bound to thy feet. Vaiçampāyana, too, the beloved of thy friend Mahāçvetā, has been freed from the curse with me.' While the moon, hidden in the shape of Candrāpīḍa, thus spoke, Puṇḍarīka descended from the sky, pale, wearing still the row of pearls given by Mahāçvetā, and holding the hand of Kapiñjala. (639) Gladly Kādambarī hastened to tell Mahāçvetā of her lover's return, while Candrāpīḍa said: 'Dear Puṇḍarīka, though in an earlier birth thou wast my son-in-law,[1] thou must now be my friend, as in our last birth.' Meanwhile, Keyūraka set off to Hemakūṭa to tell Haṃsa and Citraratha, and Madalekhā fell at the feet of Tārāpīḍa, who was absorbed in prayer to Çiva, Vanquisher of Death, and Vilāsavatī, and told them the glad tidings. (640) Then the aged king came, leaning on Çukanāsa, with the queen and Manoramā, and great was the joy of all. Kapiñjala too brought a message to Çukanāsa from Çvetakatu, saying: 'Puṇḍarīka was but brought up by me; but he is thy son, and loves thee; do thou therefore keep him from ill, and care for him as thine own. (641) I have placed in him my own life, and he will live as long as the moon; so that my desires are fulfilled. The divine spirit of life in me now yearns to reach a region surpassing the world of gods.' That night passed in talk of their former birth; and next day the two Gandharva kings came with their queens, and the festivities were increased a thousandfold. Citraratha, however, said: 'Why, when we have palaces of our own, do we feast in the forest? Moreover, though marriage resting only on mutual love is lawful

[1] As the betrothed of Mahāçvetā, who was of the moon-race of Apsarases.

among us,[1] yet let us follow the custom of the world.' 'Nay,' replied Tārāpīḍa. 'Where a man hath known his greatest happiness, there is his home, even if it be the forest.[1] (642) And where else have I known such joy as here?[2] All my palaces, too, have been given over to thy son-in-law; take my son, therefore, with his bride, and taste the joys of home.' Then Citraratha went with Candrāpīḍa to Hemakūṭa, and offered him his whole kingdom with the hand of Kādambarī. Haṃsa did the same to Puṇḍarīka; but both refused to accept anything, for their longings were satisfied with winning the brides dear to their hearts.

Now, one day Kādambarī, though her joy was complete, asked her husband with tears: 'How is it that when we all have died and come to life, and have been united with each other, Patralekhā alone is not here, nor do we know what has become of her?' 'How could she be here, my beloved?' replied the prince tenderly. 'For she is my wife Rohiṇī, and, when she heard I was cursed, grieving for my grief, she refused to leave me alone in the world of mortals, and though I sought to dissuade her, she accepted birth in that world even before me, that she might wait upon me. (643) When I entered on another birth, she again wished to descend to earth; but I sent her back to the world of the moon. There thou wilt again behold her.' But Kādambarī, in wonder at Rohiṇī's nobility, tenderness, loftiness of soul, devotion, and charm, was abashed, and could not utter a word.

The ten nights that Candrāpīḍa spent at Hemakūṭa passed as swiftly as one day; and then, dismissed by Citraratha and Madirā, who were wholly content with him, he approached the feet of his father. There he bestowed on the chieftains who had shared his sufferings a condition like his own, and laying on Puṇḍarīka the burden of government, followed the steps of his parents, who had given up all earthly duties. Sometimes from love of his

[1] For gāndharva marriage, *v.* Manu., iii. 32.

[2] *Cf.* M. Arnold:

> 'Ah, where the spirit its highest life hath led,
> All spots, match'd with that spot, are less divine.'

native land, he would dwell in Ujjayinī, where the citizens gazed at him with wide, wondering eyes; sometimes, from respect to the Gandharva king, at Hemakūṭa, beautiful beyond compare; sometimes, from reverence to Rohiṇī, in the world of the moon, where every place was charming from the coolness and fragrance of nectar; sometimes, from love to Puṇḍarīka, by the lake where Lakshmī dwelt, on which the lotuses ever blossomed night and day, and often, to please Kādambarī, in many another fair spot.

With Kādambarī he enjoyed many a pleasure, to which the yearning of two births gave an ever fresh[1] and inexhaustible delight. Nor did the Moon rejoice alone with Kādambarī, nor she with Mahāçvetā, but Mahāçvetā with Puṇḍarīka, and Puṇḍarīka with the Moon, all spent an eternity of joy in each other's company, and reached the very pinnacle of happiness.

[1] *Apunarukta*, 'without tautology.'

APPENDIX.

DESCRIPTION OF UJJAYINĪ.

(102) There is a town by name Ujjayinī, the proudest gem of the three worlds, the very birthplace of the golden age, created by the blessed Mahākāla,[1] Lord of Pramathas,[2] Creator, Preserver and Destroyer of the Universe, as a habitation meet for himself, like a second earth. It is encompassed by a moat deep as hell—as by the ocean, mistaking it for another earth—and surrounded by fenced walls, white with plaster, like Kailāsa, with its many points showing clear against the sky, through joy at being the dwelling of Çiva.

It is adorned with large bazaars, like the oceans when their waters were drunk by Agastya, stretching far, with gold-dust for sand, with conch and oyster pearls, coral and emeralds laid bare. The painted halls that deck it are filled with gods, demons, Siddhas,[3] Gandharvas, genii, and snakes, (103) and show like a row of heavenly chariots come down from the sky to behold fair women at ceaseless festivals. Its crossways shine with temples like Mandara whitened by the milk raised up by the churning stick, with spotless golden vases for peaks, and white banners stirred by the breeze like the peaks of Himālaya with the heavenly Ganges falling on them. Commons gray with ketakī pollen, dark with green gardens, watered by buckets constantly at work, and having wells adorned with brick seats, lend their charm. Its groves are darkened by bees vocal with honey draughts, its breeze laden with the sweetness of

[1] Çiva. [2] Fiends attendant on Çiva. [3] *Vide* p. 98.

creeper flowers, all trembling. It pays open honour to Kāma, with banners marked with the fish on the house-poles, with bells ringing merrily, with crimson pennons of silk, and red cowries steady, made of coral, standing upright in every house. Its sin is washed away by the perpetual recitation of sacred books. (104) It resounds with the cry of the peacocks, intent on a wild dance with their tails outspread from excitement in the bathing-houses, wherein is the steady, deep sound of the drums, and a storm caused by the heavy showers of spray, and beautiful rainbows made by the sunbeams cast upon it. It glitters with lakes, fair with open blue water-lilies, with their centre white as unclosed moon-lotuses, beautiful in their unwavering gaze,[1] like the thousand eyes of Indra. It is whitened with ivory turrets on all sides, endowed with plantain groves, white as flecks of ambrosial foam. It is girt with the river Siprā, which seems to purify the sky, with its waves forming a ceaseless frown, as though jealously beholding the river of heaven on the head of Çiva, while its waters sway over the rounded forms of the Mālavīs, wild with the sweetness of youth.

The light-hearted race that dwell there, like the moon on the locks of Çiva, spread their glory[2] through all the earth, and have their horn filled with plenty;[3] like Maināka, they have known no *pakshapāta*;[4] like the stream of the heavenly Ganges, with its golden lotuses, their heaps of gold and rubies[5] shine forth; like the law-books, they order the making of water-works, bridges, temples, pleasure-grounds, wells, hostels for novices, wayside sheds for watering cattle, and halls of assembly; like Mandara, they have the best treasures of ocean drawn up for them; though they have charms against poison,[6] yet they fear snakes;[7] though they live on the wicked,[8] they give their best to the good;

[1] Or, with fishes.
[2] Or, light.
[3] Literally (*a*) whose wealth is crores of rupees; (*b*) in the case of the moon, 'whose essence is in its horns.'
[4] (*a*) Partizanship; (*b*) cutting of pinions. When the rest of the mountains lost their wings, Maināka escaped.
[5] Or, *padma*, 1000 billions.
[6] Or, emeralds.
[7] Or, rogues.
[8] Or, granaries.

though bold, they are very courteous; though pleasant of speech, they are truthful; though handsome,[1] content with their wives; though they invite the entrance of guests, they know not how to ask a boon; though they seek love and wealth, they are strictly just; though virtuous, they fear another world.[2] They are connoisseurs in all arts, pleasant[3] and intelligent. They talk merrily, are charming in their humour, spotless in their attire, (106) skilled in foreign languages, clever at subtleties of speech,[4] versed in stories of all kinds,[5] accomplished in letters, having a keen delight in the Mahābhārata, Purāṇas, and Rāmāyaṇa, familiar with the Bṛihatkathā, masters of the whole circle of arts, especially gambling, lovers of the çāstras, devoted to light literature, calm as a fragrant spring breeze, constantly going to the south;[6] upright,[7] like the wood of Himālaya; skilled in the worship of Rāma,[8] like Lakshmaṇa; open lovers of Bharata, like Çatrughna;[9] like the day, following the sun;[10] like a Buddhist, bold in saying 'Yes' about all kinds of gifts;[11] like the doctrine of the Sāṃkhyā philosophy, possessed of noble men;[12] like Jinadharma, pitiful to life.

The city seems possessed of rocks, with its palaces; it stretches like a suburb with its long houses; it is like the tree that grants desires with its good citizens; it bears in its painted halls the mirror of all forms. Like twilight, it shines with the redness of rubies;[13] (107) like the form of the Lord of Heaven, it is purified with the smoke of a hundred sacrifices; like the wild dance of Çiva, it has the smiles, which are its white markets;[14] like an old woman, it has its beauty worn;[15] like the form of Garuḍa, it is

[1] Or, learned.
[2] Or, though full of energy, they fear their enemies.
[3] Or, liberal.
[4] *V.* Sāhitya-Darpaṇa, 641.
[5] *Ibid.*, 568.
[6] Or, offering gifts.
[7] Or, containing pine-trees.
[8] Or, attentive to women.
[9] Brother of Rāma and Bharata.
[10] Or, their friends.
[11] Or, of the Sarvāstivādin School (a subdivision of the Vaibhāshika Buddhists).
[12] Or, matter and spirit.
[13] Or, lotus-hued.
[14] In the case of Çiva, 'loud laughter, bright as nectar.'
[15] It has treasure vaults.

pleasing in being the resting-place of Vishṇu ;[1] like the hour of dawn, it has its people all alert : like the home of a mountaineer, it has palaces in which ivory cowries[2] are hanging ; like the form of Çesha,[3] it always bears the world : like the hour of churning the ocean, it fills the end of the earth with its hubbub ;[4] like the rite of inauguration, it has a thousand gold pitchers[5] at hand ; like Gaurī, it has a form fit to sit on the lion-throne ; like Aditi, honoured in a hundred houses of the gods ; like the sports of Mahāvarāha, showing the casting down of Hiraṇyāksha ;[6] like Kadrū, it is a joy to the race of reptiles ;[7] like the Harivamça, it is charming with the games of many children.[8] (108) Though its courts are open to all, its glory is uninjured ;[9] though it glows with colour,[10] it is white as nectar ; though it is hung with strings of pearls, yet when unadorned[11] it is adorned the most ; though composed of many elements,[12] it is yet stable, and it surpasses in splendour the world of the immortals.

There the sun is daily seen paying homage to Mahākāla, for his steeds vail their heads at the charm of the sweet chant of the women singing in concert in the lofty white palaces, and his pennon droops before him. There his rays fall on the vermeil floors like the crimson of eve ; and on the emerald seats, as though busy in creating lotus beds ; on the lapis-lazuli, as though scattered on the sky ; on the circling aloe smoke, as though eager to break its dense gloom ; on the wreaths of pearl, as though disdaining the clusters of stars ; (109) on the women's faces, as though kissing unfolding lotuses ; on the splendour of crystal walls, as though falling amid the pale moonlight of morn-

[1] Or, keeping its covenants firm.
[2] Or, houses whitened with ivory and cowries.
[3] Or, having splendid mountains always at hand.
[4] Or, false.
[5] Or, gold pieces.
[6] (*a*) Demon ; (*b*) golden dice.
[7] Or, rogues.
[8] Or, the sporting of King Bāla.
[9] Though the free intercourse with women is allowed, it is of irreproachable conduct.
[10] Its castes are loved.
[11] *Vihāra* (*a*) without necklaces ; (*b*) having temples.
[12] Having many citizens.

ing; on the white silken banners, as though hanging on the waves of the heavenly Ganges; on the sun-gems, as though blossoming from them; on the sapphire lattices, as though entering the jaws of Rāhu. There darkness never falls, and the nights bring no separation to the pairs of cakravākas; nor need they any lamps, for they pass golden as with morning sunshine, from the bright jewels of women, as though the world were on fire with the flame of love. There, though Çiva is at hand, the cry of the haṃsas in the houses, arising sweet and ceaseless, at the kindling of love, fills the city with music, like the mourning of Rati for the burning of the God of Love. There the palaces stretch forth their flags, whose silken fringes gleam and flutter at night in the wind, like arms to remove the mark of the moon put to shame by the fair lotus-faced Mālavīs. (110) There the moon, deer-marked, moves, in the guise of his reflection, on the jewel pavement, cool with the sprinkling of much sandal-water, as though he had fallen captive to Love at the sight of the faces of the fair city dames resting on the palace roofs. There the auspicious songs of dawn raised by the company of caged parrots and starlings, though they sing their shrillest, as they wake at night's close, are drowned and rendered vain by the tinkling of women's ornaments, reaching far and outvying the ambrosial voices of the tame cranes.[1] (111) There dwells Çiva, who has pierced the demon Andhaka with his sharp trident, who has a piece of the moon on his brow polished by the points of Gaurī's anklets, whose cosmetic is the dust of Tripura, and whose feet are honoured by many bracelets fallen from Rati's outstretched arms as she pacifies him when bereft of Kāma.

DESCRIPTION OF TĀRĀPĪḌA.[2]

(112) Like hell, he was the refuge of the lords of earth,[3] fearing when their soaring pride was shorn;[4] like the stars, he was followed by the wise men;[5] like Love, he destroyed

[1] Then follows: 'There—demons,' p. 47, l. 18.
[2] Follows p. 48, l. 17, 'gay.'
[3] Read °*kulaiḥ*; (*a*) Kings; (*b*) mountains.
[4] Loss of dependencies; or, loss of wings.
[5] Or, by the star Budha.

strife;[1] like Daçaratha, he had good friends;[2] (113) like Çiva, he was followed by a mighty host;[3] like Çesha, he had the weight of the earth upon him;[4] like the stream of Narmadā, his descent was from a noble tree.[5] He was the incarnation of Justice, the very representative of Vishṇu, the destroyer of all the sorrows of his people. He re-established justice, which had been shaken to its foundations by the Kali Age, set on iniquity, and mantled in gloom by the spread of darkness, just as Çiva re-established Kailāsa when carried off by Rāvaṇa. He was honoured by the world as a second Kāma, created by Çiva when his heart was softened by the lamentations of Rati.

(113-115) Before him bowed conquered kings with eyes whose pupils were tremulous and quivering from fear, with the bands of the wreaths on their crest ornaments caught by the rays of his feet, and with the line of their heads broken by the lotus-buds held up in adoration. They came from the Mount of Sunrise,[6] which has its girdle washed by the ocean waves, where the flowers on the trees of its slopes are doubled by stars wandering among the leaves, where the sandal-wood is wet with the drops of ambrosia that fall from the moon as it rises, where the clove-trees[7] blossom when pierced by the hoofs of the horses of the sun's chariot, where the leaves and shoots of the olibanum-trees are cut by the trunk of the elephant Airāvata; (114) from Setubandha, built with a thousand mountains seized by the hand of Nala,[8] where the fruit on the lavalī-trees is carried off by monkeys, where the feet of Rāma are worshipped by the water-deities coming up from the sea, and where the rock is starred with pieces of shell broken by the fall of the mountain; from Mandara, where the stars are washed by the waters of pure waterfalls, where the stones are polished by the rubbing of the edge of the fish ornament

[1] Or, his body was destroyed.
[2] Or, Sumitrā, wife of Daçaratha.
[3] Or, by the 'Lord of Battles,' *i.e.*, Kārtikeya.
[4] Or, was honoured for his patience.
[5] (*a*) A great family; (*b*) a great bamboo from which the river is said to rise.
[6] *V. supra*, p. 162.
[7] Read *lavaṅga*.
[8] A monkey chief.

of Kṛishṇa rising at the churning of ambrosia, where the slopes are torn by the weight of the feet moving in the effort of drawing hither and thither Vāsuki coiled in the struggles of Gods and demons, where the peaks are sprinkled with ambrosial spray; from Gandhamādana, beautiful with the hermitage of Badarikā marked with the footprints of Nara and Nārāyaṇa, where the peaks are resonant with the tinkling of the ornaments of the fair dames of Kuvera's city, where the water of the streams is purified by the evening worship of the Seven Ṛishis, and where the land around is perfumed by the fragments of lotuses torn up by Bhīma.

CANDRĀPĪḌA'S ENTRY INTO THE PALACE.

(188) Preceded by groups of chamberlains, hastening up and bowing, he received the respectful homage of the kings, who had already taken their position there, who came forward on all sides, who had the ground kissed by the rays of the crest-jewels loosened from their crests and thrown afar, and who were introduced one by one by the chamberlains; at every step he had auspicious words for his dismounting uttered by old women of the zenana, who had come out from inside, and were skilled in old customs; having passed through the seven inner courts crowded with thousands of different living beings, as if they were different worlds, he beheld his father. The king was stationed within, surrounded by a body-guard whose hands were stained black by ceaseless grasping of weapons, who had their bodies, with the exception of hands, feet, and eyes, covered with dark iron coats of mail, (189) like elephant-posts covered with swarms of bees ceaselessly attracted by desire of the scent of ichor, hereditary in their office, of noble birth, faithful; whose heroism might be inferred from their character and gestures, and who in their energy and fierceness were like demons. On either side he had white cowries ceaselessly waved by his women; and he sat on a couch white as a wild goose, and bright as a fair island, as if he were the heavenly elephant on the water of Ganges.

VILĀSAVATĪ'S ATTENDANTS.

(190) Approaching his mother, he saluted her. She was surrounded by countless zenana attendants in white jackets, like Çrī with the waves of milk, and was having her time wiled away by elderly ascetic women, very calm in aspect, wearing tawny robes, like twilight in its clouds, worthy of honour from all the world, with the lobes of their ears long, knowing many stories, relating holy tales of old, reciting legends, holding books, and giving instructions about righteousness. (191) She was attended by eunuchs using the speech and dress of women, and wearing strange decorations; she had a mass of cowries constantly waved around her, and was waited upon by a bevy of women seated around her, bearing clothes, jewels, flowers, perfumes, betel, fans, unguents, and golden jars; she had strings of pearls resting on her bosom, as the earth has the stream of Ganges flowing in the midst of mountains, and the reflection of her face fell on a mirror close by, like the sky when the moon's orb has entered into the sun.

ÇUKANĀSA'S PALACE.

(192) He reached Çukanāsa's gate, which was crowded with a troop of elephants appointed for the watch, obstructed by thousands of horses, (193) confused with the hustling of countless multitudes, visited day and night by Brahmans, Çaivas, and red-robed men skilled in the teaching of Çākyamuni, clothed as it were in the garments of righteousness, sitting on one side by thousands, forming circles, coming for various purposes, eager to see Çukanāsa, having their eyes opened by the ointment of their several çāstras, and showing their respectful devotion by an appearance of humility. The gateway was filled with a hundred thousand she-elephants of the tributary kings who had entered the palace with double blankets drawn round the mahouts who sat on their shoulders, having their mahouts asleep from weariness of their long waiting, some saddled and some not, nodding their heads

from their long standing motionless. The prince dismounted in the outer court, as though he were in a royal palace, though not stopped by the guards standing in the entrance and running up in haste; and having left his horse at the entrance, leaning on Vaiçampāyana, and having his way shown by circles of gatekeepers, who hastened up, pushing away the bystanders, he received the salutes of bands of chiefs who arose with waving crests to do him homage, and beheld the inner courts with all the attendants mute in fear of the scolding of cross porters, and having the ground shaken by hundreds of feet of the retinues of neighbouring kings frightened by the moving wands, (194) and finally entered the palace of Çukanāsa, bright inside with fresh plaster, as if it were a second royal court.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT.

(196) The brightness of day approached the west, following the path of the sun's chariot-wheels, like a stream of water. Day wiped away all the glow of the lotuses with the sun's orb hastening downwards like a hand roseate as fresh shoots. The pairs of cakravākas, whose necks were hidden in swarms of bees approaching from familiarity with the scent of lotuses, were separated as if drawn by the noose of destiny. The sun's orb poured forth, under the guise of a rosy glow, the lotus honey-draught, as it were, drunk in with its rays till the end of day, as if in weariness of its path through the heavens. And when in turn the blessed sun approached another world, and was a very red lotus-earring of the West, when twilight shone forth with its lotus-beds opening into the lake of heaven, (197) when in the quarters of space lines of darkness showed clear like decorations of black aloes; when the glow of eve was driven out by darkness like a band of red lotuses by blue lotuses dark with bees; when bees slowly entered the hearts of red lotuses, as if they were shoots of darkness, to uproot the sunshine drunk in by the lotus-beds; when the evening glow had melted away, like the garland round the face of the Lady of night; when the oblations in honour of the

goddess of twilight were cast abroad in all quarters; when the peacock's poles seemed tenanted by peacocks, by reason of the darkness gathered round their summits, though no peacocks were there; when the doves, very ear-lotuses of the Lakshmī of palaces, were roosting in the holes of the lattices; when the swings of the zenana had their bells dumb, and their gold seats motionless and bearing no fair dames; when the bands of parrots and mainas ceased chattering, and had their cages hung up on the branches of the palace mango-trees; when the lutes were banished, and their sound at rest in the ceasing of the concert; when the tame geese were quiet as the sound of the maidens' anklets was stilled; (198) when the wild elephants had the clefts of their cheeks free from bees, and their ornaments of pearls, cowries, and shells taken away; when the lights were kindled in the stables of the king's favourite steeds; when the troops of elephants for the first watch were entering; when the family priests, having given their blessing, were departing; when the jewelled pavements, emptied almost of attendants on the dismissal of the king's suite, spread out wide, kissed by the reflection of a thousand lights skining in the inner apartments, like offerings of golden campak-blossoms; when the palace tanks, with the splendours of the lamps falling on them, seemed as if the fresh sunlight had approached to soothe the lotus-beds grieved by separation from the sun; when the caged lions were heavy with sleep; and when Love had entered the zenana like a watchman, with arrows in hand and bow strung; when the words of Love's messenger were uttered in the ear, bright in tone as the blossoms in a garland; when the hearts of froward dames, widowed by grief, were smouldering in the fire transmitted to them from the sun-crystals; and when evening had closed in, Candrāpīḍa . . . went to the king's palace. . . .

THE REGION OF KAILĀSA.

(243) The red arsenic-dust scattered by the elephants' tusks crimsoned the earth. The clefts of the rock were

festooned with shoots of creepers, now separating and now uniting, hanging in twists, twining like leafage; the stones were wet with the ceaseless dripping of gum-trees; the boulders were slippery with the bitumen that oozed from the rocks. The slope was dusty with fragments of yellow orpiment broken by the mountain horses' hoofs; powdered with gold scattered from the holes dug out by the claws of rats; lined by the hoofs of musk-deer and yaks sunk in the sand and covered with the hair of rallakas and rañkus fallen about; filled with pairs of partridges resting on the broken pieces of rock; with the mouths of its caves inhabited by pairs of orang-outangs; with the sweet scent of sulphur, and with bamboos that had grown to the length of wands of office.

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[1] The figures refer to the page and line of the Nirṇaya-Sāgara edition of Kādambarī.
[2] Passages marked * are condensed, and only occasional phrases are translated.

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES AND SANSKRIT WORDS.

GENERAL INDEX.[1]

[1] Names given in the Sanskrit Index are not generally repeated here.

THE END.

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